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## THE ENGLISH LAKES.\*

AMONG the many changes that have taken place since the days of our great-grandfathers, perhaps we scarcely sufficiently recognize the wonderful alterations in our modes of travelling. Packed up in a snug carriage, impervious alike to summer storms and winter snows, whisked along from London to Liverpool between breakfast and dinner, it is scarcely possible for us to realize the anxieties and fears with which a journey of some hundreds of miles was contemplated in the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries. See worthy Matthew Henry making especial note in his diary of that expedition with his wife from Chester to London which occupied only four days! and his gratitude that although the Warrington coach came to grief at Northampton, the Chester jolted safely

\* *The Lake Country*. By E. LYNN LINTON, with a map and one hundred illustrations, drawn and engraved by W. J. LINTON. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

on, even to the end of the journey. Or read the advertisements fifty years later of "the New Expedition Coach, warranted to perform the journey from Norwich to London in two days; leaving Norwich at seven o'clock on Wednesday morning, and arriving at the Boar in Aldgate on Friday!" When such were the difficulties and delays of travelling even on our high roads, is it to be wondered at that our great-grandfathers contented themselves with ruralizing nearer home, or at farthest with a visit to Tunbridge Wells, or to Bath or Clifton? Ill would such quiet doings suit the present generation; so our forefathers, in addition to the many grievous charges already brought against them, are now accused of an utter insensibility to the attractions of natural scenery; and, strange indeed, even our elder poets have been included in the indictment. Now how any critic whose poetical reading had scarcely extended beyond a half-a-crown selection of English poetry should have made so extravagant an assertion, passes our comprehension;

and yet we have lately been gravely told so by writers who must have ignored Milton and all his grand pictures of earth and sky, and Spenser and the glorious landscapes he has painted in his *Faery Queen*, and Drayton, who touched off, though with a ruder pencil, so many truly English scenes, and Beaumont and Fletcher and Shakespeare; and foremost and earliest of all, the father of English poetry, Chaucer, who looked abroad on the face of nature five hundred years ago with the loving enthusiasm of Wordsworth himself, and whose "Boke of the Duchesse," and that sweetest of all his poems, the "Floure and the Lefe," might form a veritable landscape album. Wherefore, because our grand old poets did not visit the Lakes and the Highlands, are they to be taunted with indifference to nature?

That public taste in the days of our great-grandfathers was not so inclined to excursions and tours as in the present day, is readily conceded. But we think we have supplied a sufficient reason for it—if the highways presented so many difficulties, who could think of venturing upon byways? And even if our great-grandfathers preferred the blossoming hedgerows and lovely scenery of Kent, or the fair landscapes round Bath, to more rugged views, who shall blame them? Beauty is various, and every variety of natural scenery has a charm of its own. It is as well, too, to remember that, in regard to popular taste, there is a fashion in scenery just as there is in dress or furniture. Scores who annually fall into due raptures at the sight of Helvellyn and Ben Lomond, would some eighty years ago just as rapturously have admired the formal flower-beds, the clipped trees, and "les grands eaux" of Versailles.

We are, however, gossiping about travellers and tourists, while a lady with a very pleasant volume, filled with pleasant illustrations, is awaiting our notice. But the remarks we have made are scarcely out of place, inasmuch as it has been chiefly in reference to mountain scenery—especially that of the Lake country—that all these grievous charges against our forefathers have been made; just as though they deserved censure for not admiring what they really never had a chance of seeing. It seems to have

been completely forgotten that the Lake district lay far away from the northern highroad, separated by wide moors and almost impassable ways, while the characteristics of its inhabitants in the old time were such, that the travelling trader willingly led his pack-horses a long way about, rather than encounter the Cumberland reivers, whose boast it was that they could carry off everything "that was not too hot or too heavy," and one of whom is reported to have bitterly exclaimed when contemplating a huge haystack, "an ye had but four legs, ye should gang."

But those days of the strong hand passed away; a peaceful agricultural race succeeded; but still "the North" was a name of distrust, if not of fear, from the days of the revolution to "the Forty-five." There was the stronghold of Jacobitism; there plot after plot had been arranged, and from thence came the warmest English adherents of the Pretender—Armstrong, Fenwick, and, most to be pitied of all, hapless Derwentwater—with their misguided but devoted followers, whose heads for so many years frowned grimly above Carlisle gates. What inducement had our great-grandfathers to visit such a region?

And thus the eighteenth century passed away; but ere its close the French Revolution had turned old usages upside-down. What changes in dress, in furniture, in social habits; and how eagerly the youth of their day flung aside brodered waistcoat, and ruffles, and silk stockings, for the loose coat and pantaloons; and how soon after, rejoicing in their simple garb, they set forth on pedestrian expeditions—a mode of travelling until then totally unknown, save to packmen and tinkers. How must the old conservatives of that day have shaken their heads and prophesied ruin, when the young gentleman who might have ordered his postchaise in a laudable and orthodox way, shouldered his wallet, and set forth with a walking-stick to wander like a very gypsy! It is very suggestive, too, to observe how, with that long closing of the Continent against us, the excursive habits of Englishmen were compelled to find scope at home, and how many of those wild and picturesque localities now visited by



thousands, owe, we might almost say, their discovery, not to improved roads and convenient inns, not even to the pleasant stage-coach and its magnificent four-in-hand, but to the wandering tourist, who with wallet and staff, heedless of turnpike roads, sought his way across the pathless moors, and up the difficult mountain passes, and was rewarded by glimpses of Alpine scenery even in the heart of England! And what pleasant tales of adventure had the tourist to tell on his return! No hackneyed stories about bad inns, and broken-down horses, and all the commonplace adventures of a commonplace journey; but wanderings beside Windermere and Ullswater, one moment bathed in sunshine, the next shrouded in mist, and the marvellous glories of mountain scenery, the ruby glow of eventide, the amethystine splendor of the twilight!

Just about this time, too, as though the new-found region should have its own especial poet, Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads* appeared, and if they met with abuse and ridicule from some, by a large number they were hailed with delight. They spoke to the feelings of the times, wearied with sentimental inanities, and willing to be pleased with the commonest things, were they but true to nature. So more and more frequent did visits to the Lakes become, for the sake of the scenes the poet had so vividly painted; while ere long another attraction—of far less interest indeed—aroused "the fashionable world," and became for a time paramount. Among the young gentlemen who visited the Lakes, there was one who, not content with indulging his raptures in letters, felt how pleasant it would be to "see himself in print," and accordingly gave to the world not only a most glowing description of the Lake scenery, but what was most unfortunate in its results, an equally glowing description of the beauty of the maid of the inn where he lodged. Thus held up "as the sad gazing-stock of all the idle, and curious, and dissolute, down for a month's holidays at the Lakes," can we wonder that poor Mary of Buttermere eagerly caught at the gilded bait of a nobleman's brother offering her marriage? Nor can we much wonder that the adventurer who married her proved to be no brother of Lord Hopetoun, but

James Hatfield, a gambler and forger, and already a married man. There was nothing so very striking in this tale, but in some way it laid strange hold on the public mind, and from the time that Hatfield's deception was discovered, to the day when he hung at the door of Carlisle jail for forgery, the story of Mary of Buttermere became "the rage" (to use the fashionable phrase of some sixty years ago) throughout London Society.

It seems strange to us, how in the very midst of the political excitement of those times, in the very hottest of our war with France, a story like this should awaken such general interest; but portraits of Mary of Buttermere, with eyes of intensest blue, were to be seen in every print-shop, dolorous ballads, deploring her sad fate, were sung alike in the drawing room and in the street. Old Bartholomew Fair, ever faithful to popular feeling, exhibited her in wax-work "for the small charge of one penny," and by a living representative at its chief theatre for sixpence; while the managers of the regular London theatres actually sent proposals—of course rejected—to Mary herself to come up to be exhibited for a handsome "consideration!" No wonder the following summer beheld a larger company than ever bound to the Lakes—even delicate ladies "roughing it" with hardy pedestrians to catch a sight of the unfortunate heroine, while Grasmere and Rydal water were left in comparative solitude by the crowds that flocked to Buttermere. Ere another season came, Mary of Buttermere's story was half forgotten; and in a few years the heroine, then the wife of a respectable yeoman, must have wondered at the temporary interest she had excited. She lived at Caldbeck, surviving her beauty, which, however, she transmitted to her daughters, who were happily preserved from her luckless fate. The Lakes had now attained a sufficient celebrity, and for the last fifty years each summer and autumn has sent a numerous company of visitors, eager to behold scenes of so much wild beauty, and made famous by the residence or temporary abode of so many of our poets.

The pleasant volume before us, as the author in her lively preface assures us, is—

"Neither a hand-book, telling what inns to go to, and how much to pay for breakfast and dinner, nor yet an exhaustive monograph, which would have needed thrice the time and space; but a book on the Lakes, giving such portions of the general and local history as fell in with our plan, while doing our best to worthily illustrate and describe the most beautiful places, both those popularly known and those which only the residents ever find out."

As both Mr. and Mrs. Linton are "natives and old inhabitants," and enthusiastic admirers of their native scenery, the book is, indeed, as they claim for it, "a love-book given to the world in the earnest desire for others to share in their experiences, and to receive the same joy and healthy excitement as they themselves have had."

The work commences with a short chapter on the early history of the Lake country, from the days of the original inhabitants, the Brigantes, who kept the Romans well employed in attempting to subjugate them, a task which they were unable completely to effect—down to the sixteenth century, when feuds almost as continuous were carried on between the English and Scottish borderers. Notwithstanding its distance from the capital, the Lake country abounds in relics of Roman occupaney; for under Agricola a large military force was stationed here, and the troops were employed for some years in erecting fortresses and constructing roads. These roads, of which in many parts portions may still be traced, have been a sore puzzle to local antiquaries, as to whence they came, and whither they ultimately tended. It is certain, however, that one went from Ambleside to Penrith, and one from Penrith to Kendal, meeting in High Street; that another was on the east border of Satterthwaite, and that another skirted the lower part of the township of Ulverston, from the "Spina Alba" on Conishead Bank, by Linton, Dalton, and Goldmire to Roanhead on Duddon Bank; and Roman luxury seems to have found a place even in this far-off region. Some eighty years ago, in digging the foundation of a building upon Curwen's Island on Windermere, the workmen found the remains of what must have been a stately villa—drains, flues, firebricks, together with fragments of beautiful tessellated pavement;

while several curious gravel-walks seemed to prove that even the rare luxury of a garden had been added. After the withdrawal of the Romans, the history of the Lake country fades, like the history of the other parts of our land, into a mere collection of myths. Ambrosius, Uther Pendragon, and even his mightier son, Arthur—dear alike to romance and poetry—pleasant names as they are in fiction, have no place in a historical summary; and that the Saxons partly subdued the Brigantes, partly amalgamated with them, and formed with Northumberland the kingdom of Deira, is as much as authentic records warrant us to assert.

It has been conjectured by some of our most learned antiquaries, that Druidism continued the religion of this people to a period far later than is generally believed. That numerous Druidical relics exist would not alone prove this, but the usages and superstitions of the people are said to bear a close affinity to those of the ancient Britons; while, according to Bede, the chief priest who so heartily responded to the preaching of Paulinus, and so eagerly accepted the challenge of King Edwin to desecrate the temples and altars of heathenism, was named Coifi. Now, "Coifi," Sir Francis Palgrave points out, actually means "chief Druid."

Little can be learned respecting the Lake country and its inhabitants from this time until the Conquest, save that the Danes largely colonized these northern regions, scarcely to the "disaster of the country," for the writer herself allows that "still throughout these provinces are types of pure Scandinavian beauty and manhood; features more finely cut, and forms more grandly framed, than in any other part of England." Under William, Ivo Taillebois became Earl of Kendal, and doubtless obtained a large share of the Lake country. His great-grandson was permitted to call himself De Lancastre; but Edmund Crouchback, Henry III.'s second son, was the first earl—the first to bear the title of "time-honored Lancaster." His son Thomas was the "good earl," whose hearty adherence to the popular cause, and whose cruel judicial murder by his cousin, Edward II., rendered him in the popular belief a fellow-saint with Simon

de Montfort, and pledged, like him, to watch over the liberties of Englishmen. His estates were in the next reign restored to his brother, who dwelt in almost royal state in his castle of Leicester, where his son in due time succeeded him, and whose daughter Blanche was married to John of Gaunt, and became Duchess of Lancaster—the “duchess” whom Chaucer celebrated, and whose death he deploras. We rather doubt the extent of benefit the “noble house of Lancaster” bestowed on their wide possessions in the north. Lancaster Castle seems to have been seldom visited; and there is no record of any of that noble and royal house spending even a short summer holiday among the woods and forests of the far north. Merrily rang the hunting bugles along the green alleys of Charnwood, but their pleasant sounds never awakened the echoes of the Westmoreland and Cumberland woods and mountains. It was of little consequence, therefore, to the dwellers in the Lake district when the duchy of Lancaster, by the accession of Henry Bolingbroke, became merged in the crown. The whole district, however, was far behind the more southern parts of the kingdom, both in cultivation and civilization. Towards the close of the thirteenth century we find Lancashire sent two knights of the shire, but the sheriff’s return adds, “there is no city in the county of Lancaster.” Nearly a century later, we find that the boroughs which might send representatives were unable to do so, “by reason of their debility and poverty.” In the wars of the Roses the Lake country took part; and Lambert Simnel subsequently landed on the coast, and on Swart’s Moor the battle was fought which defeated the hopes of the adventurer. From this time it is chiefly in reference to the Border wars, carried on so continuously throughout the sixteenth century, that we meet with notices of this district. The suppression of the monasteries affected the Lake country but little. A few small priories, mostly offshoots of larger and wealthier religious houses more favorably placed, were all that could be seized, with the exception of Cartmel, a priory of Augustine canons, valued at £212 yearly rental, and the Cistercian abbey of Furness, valued at £805; and nearer the borders,

Holm Cultram, also a Cistercian abbey, valued at £537; and Lannercost Priory, not of large money value, but deserving of note for the very interesting chronicle published some years ago that bears its name. The disadvantage of these sudden suppressions of monasteries throughout the land ere a suitable arrangement had been made for the relief of the poor, is curiously illustrated by a record of the city of Lancaster, dated July 10th, 1569, which states that a search was then made, lasting from nine on the Sunday morning to four in the afternoon of the next day, whereby some thousands of “masterless men,” with no visible means of living but from games, bowling, archery, and the like, were passed to their own counties, apparently only for them to return again, for we find that the same process had to be repeated monthly until November.

The charm of the Lake country, however, is not in its historical memorials, or even in its local traditions, but in the wild beauty and rugged grandeur of its scenery, which Mrs. Linton most lovingly points out, as taking you by the hand she leads you along eighteen pleasant walks, beginning with Windermere, on a bright May morning, full of beauty, although “the spring you left behind in London fully matured, is here shy, and tender, and undeveloped;” and ending with Furness Abbey, “in the chill autumn, with the sun sinking, and ruins and relics the only world before us.”

The largest of the lakes is Windermere, and as it is less wild and romantic than its sisters, Mrs. Linton recommends the first visit to be paid to it. And pleasant, indeed, are the walks by its side. Elleray woods, so beautiful in their springtide dress—Elleray, the cherished abode for so many years of Wilson, whose first residence, an unpretending little cottage, now overshadowed by a magnificent sycamore, is given in a pretty vignette. And very delightful, even picturesque, would all the scenery be, but unfortunately “the hand of improvement” has been striving to do what can never be done—improve nature. Pieces of rock are made to do duty as parts of garden walls, old trees are carefully fenced round, wild flowers are planted on gate-tops and banks, and thus, as Mrs. Linton naively remarks,

"it is nature under the tuition of a landscape gardener — Wordsworth's mountain child with a perpetual Sunday frock on, and curls newly taken out of paper."

Very different is the scene farther on, the road from Bowness to Ambleside, fair with "the loving grace of growing wood and crumbling crag;" and still farther on toward Waterhead, past Mrs. Heman's cottage, Dove's Nest, growing richer in woodland beauty, "fringed with beeches, dropping their golden buds quite into the ripple, globe flowers, and marsh-marigolds, gilding the gray stones—here a bit of sedgy shore, wooded and flowery, twisted roots of trees, lying bare like snakes in the water—at every ten yards the aspect of the whole scene changing, until the lake dwindles into a mere tarn;" and then in a few steps more you are in the quaint, steep, clustered streets of Ambleside.

"Many and beautiful are the walks about Ambleside," says the writer, but from thence to Rydal is one of the most suggestive; for along this road the great poet—not of the Lakes only, but of universal nature—took his last walk. It was a favorite walk of his. Was it with a premonition that his work was done, and to bid farewell to scenes endeared by almost fifty years' loving fellowship, that Wordsworth that bright April evening set forth? There is a vignette of Rydal Mount, that most prosaic of houses, but commanding a view "set against Nab Scar as its shelter, the steep of Loughrigg in front, Holm Crag at its side, and the gentle little mere at its feet," worthy a poet's dwelling place. Still the lover of Wordsworth will rather press on to Grasmere, not only to gaze upon its placid and picturesque beauty, but to visit the spot where he and his sister Dorothy (that veritable "God's-gift" to him) first set up their simple housekeeping; and whither Mary Hutchinson was ere long brought to be for so many years the cherished light of his hearth, and where all his sweetest earlier poems were written. Independently of these associations, Grasmere is worthy notice as one of the loveliest of the Lake villages. Not clipped, and trimmed, and whitewashed into a "model village," Grasmere is a scattered collection of dwellings, each with its own garden, "or special plot of greenery,"

standing amid pleasant meadows and lovely little lanes, full of flowers and trees, perfect in its quiet beauty, a veritable old English hamlet.

From Ambleside Mrs. Linton leads us to Keswick, and the Vale of Derwentwater, and to Derwentwater, "the gem of the whole:"

"Whatever there is of beauty special to the other districts, is here in ripest fulness. Crag and fell, the evidence of the mountain top and the secrets of the dale; gentle river and brawling stream, the turbulent ghyll and the grander force; the lake hiding itself away in bays starred with water-lilies and blue with lobelia, or dashing round rocky promontories where it beats up waves that are almost billows in the heavy winds of winter, or bossed over with islands endeared by legend and beautified by poems, distant prospects leading down to the dark blue sea, and over to Cumberland's old enemy, Scotland, beyond, and home-views that touch the heart like the face of a fair child. Nothing is wanting, nothing is left unfinished."

It is in this beautiful lake that the strange appearance, the Floating Island, is sometimes seen. This curious island generally makes its appearance during the hotter days of summer, and is supposed to be a portion of the bottom of the lake, torn up by some agency as yet undetermined by the scientific. It is, however, mostly believed to be owing "to the generation of gases—carburetted hydrogen and azote in equal parts, with a little carbonic acid—underneath the lake bottom, in very hot weather, by which means a portion is at last torn and lifted up bodily, and floated to the surface." This is probably the correct explanation; but how much of wonder and mystery has been lost to the dwellers beside Derwentwater by this solution!

Keswick is an uninteresting town, with no historical relics, and scarcely any modern buildings worthy notice; two battered figures of a knight and lady, and one or two brasses, being all in the way of antiquity that even the old church can show. But outside the town is Greta Hall, where Southey lived and wrote for so many years, working so hard that the strong man broke down before his time. Poor Southey! there has always seemed to us something like drudgery in his life—his three or four desks, so arranged that he could turn from history to review, from poetry to



correspondence. Would that some wiser friend had cried to him, "Up, up, my friend, and quit your books," and that, like Wordsworth, he had oftener gone forth into the woods and fields. But how different was his lot from Wordsworth's. The crowd of "womankind" that certainly "made his house lively," though it was not the kind of liveliness best suited to a studious man—those three sisters, Coleridge's "gentle Sarah!" and Mrs. Lloyd, and the poet's Edith, who so fiercely assured Shelley that the plum-cakes, with which she rewarded her husband's meek acceptance of his cold dinner, were made after she had actually washed her hands! Read in the light of that uncongenial home, there is deep pathos in his graceful lines:

"My days among the dead are past."

Gray might have written them in his solitude at Cambridge, or Thomas Warton amid the crowding memories that the grand old Bodleian Library might awaken; but Southey, with a houseful of merry children, with all the beautiful scenery of Derwentwater at his door! we can almost excuse that sad mistake, his second marriage, but for the unmerited suffering it brought to one of the sweetest of our minor female poets; and we visit his grave in the churchyard hard by with a hearty *requiescat*.

Keswick and its neighborhood was the chief resort of the poets who have made the Lake famous. Frequently visited by Wordsworth and Mrs. Hemans, Shelley lived here for some time, and Coleridge here wrote second part of his "Christabel." We might have thought that the poet who has told "Thalaba's most wild and wondrous tale," and even the wilder story of "Kehama," would have felt strong mental, if not brotherly sympathy with him who has given us the "Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel;" but there seems to have been little sympathy on the part of Southey with Coleridge, even independently of family reasons. How different it was with Wordsworth; how he delighted in that "marvellous dreamer's" conversation, and how he loved the man, dwelling after his death so minutely and lovingly even on his personal appearance:

"The rapt one of the godlike forehead,  
The heaven-eyed creature."

But justice has never yet been done to Wordsworth's large-heartedness. Because he has so beautifully said:

"To me, the meanest flower that blows can  
give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for  
tears,"

his readers have forgotten that the love and sympathy that "danced with the daffodils," and went forth toward the wren in her sheltered nest, the hunted deer dying beside the wellspring, toward that loveliest of his creations—the white Doe of Rylston—went forth with warmer heart throb toward the meanest peasant he met in his daily walks; while with what hearty self-forgetfulness did he celebrate Scott, Southey, Mrs. Hemans, Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Hogg—we might make the list much longer—and how sadly did he mourn their death!

The Keswick walks are many and beautiful. The scenery is wilder, too, as you approach Borrowdale. Here is a pretty piece of word-painting, describing the changeful glories of Helvellyn, on a clear summer sunset:

"The Borrowdale Fells just over against the little village (Rosthwaite) are one broad band of reddened gold; and beyond, but looking far too close to have Thirlmere in the dip between, is the Helvellyn range, a burning purple in the chrysolite-colored sky. While you look, the shadows lengthen and the band of red gold contracts, an exquisite greenness mounting, or rather flowing up into it—a green through which the gold faintly strikes like the changing hue of an opal; Helvellyn gets more sombre in color, but clearer in outline—each form against the liquid heavens. Every gradation of hue is before you, from the cold green and gray of the shadowed fell, which yet, when you look into it, is full of lingering touches of warmth, through the blue, and violet, and red of Helvellyn, up to the gold of the sky. And here the intense orange in the line next to the mountain fades from orange to yellow, and from yellow to primrose, and then through a pale cream tint to almost white; till, looking higher, you see the pure blue, and the rose-red clouds, turning gently westward to catch the last of the sunshine. And then the shadow finally conquers the golden band of the fell top; Helvellyn burns itself out and gets dark and slaty; and the glory fades from the sky, to be caught back and flung down in reflected light from the higher crimsoned clouds, and then the white moon rises behind amethystine Glaramara, and the daylight

flows into the moonlight, in the commingling of indistinguishable beauty."

"This is Borrowdale in dry summer weather," adds the writer, and there are doubtless few who would not delight to behold a scene so lovely; but see it when the rain has fallen for "twelve hours."

"Lodore, which had scarcely a cupful of water trickling through its stones, is now a turbulent and turbid force, in the place of a limpid stream rippling musically from stone to stone. The river into which it subsides—a mere silver line before—is now a boiling whirlpool, white or brown as it holds itself together in its sullen flood, or breaks passionately into spray and foam upon the rocks. The fall comes down, parting into three fierce streams before they join again in one, with just one or two black rocks putting out their heads above the waters; but all the rest are covered, and their places marked only by the fiercer rush and the louder roar. . . . The mountains are loud with water-courses, and not a trace of that gorgeous coloring of twenty-four hours ago is to be seen. All yesterday Skiddaw was hidden under a smoke-colored coverlet, to-day it is washed clean out of the picture as the storm traverses the vale. So with Glaramara and the mountains at the head of Borrowdale. You see nothing but a driving heavy mist, or a fiercer wrath of rain pitiless as hail; nothing but trees bent in the wind, and waters foaming from the hillsides, and the rain pouring down a level torrent, and the paths of the mountain ghylls filled with raging mountain streams. This is what twelve hours' rain among the mountains has brought."

Really some of those early visitors to the Lakes, who described this scenery as gloomy, and almost terrific, might well be pardoned if their visit to Borrowdale had been made on such a rainy day as this.

Then among the Keswick walks is that to Borrow Falls and Lodore, well remembered from Southey's humorous description. It is strange that the height of this waterfall cannot be accurately ascertained; some declare it to be three hundred and sixty feet, while others have estimated it at only one hundred and fifty, or even at one hundred. Lodore, however, Mrs. Linton tells us, is not often seen in perfection during summer except in the July rains; indeed, "as with so many points in this country, only residents and natives know its beauty by heart." There are many

other pleasant walks about Keswick, one "a microcosm of loveliness, ten miles only in length." We cannot but smile at the "only," for ten miles in a mountainous district is a tolerable walk for a dweller in towns. Mrs. Linton, however, seems to rejoice in unusual pedestrian exploits, for further on she points out many pleasant walks of twelve, fifteen, and even twenty miles length, which she seems to have manfully performed. "The Druid Circle is another Keswick possession worth seeing;" and strangely weird do the forty-eight old gray stones on the barren plain hemmed round by mountains appear. But the writer blunders strangely when she represents both the Druids and their votaries as "no better than the Zulu Kaffir, or the tattooed Maori." Surely the ancient Britons, who could work metals and construct war chariots, who were so skilful in some manufactures that the Romans did not disdain to seek after their finely spun wool, and their beautiful grass-woven baskets, must have been rather beyond Zulu Kaffirs; while that the Druids possessed knowledge brought from the far East, is the belief of those most competent to decide, although much obscurity exists both as to the kind and degree of that knowledge. The powerful picture, therefore, of the Druidical wholesale human sacrifice, may be passed over as a mere fancy piece.

A pleasant though toilsome walk is that to the Skiddaw range, taking the way beside the pleasant Greta to Threlkeld, where Sir Launcelot sheltered the young Lord Clifford, as the bard in that stirring "Song at the Feast at Brougham Castle" has told us. And then on the road to Blencathra, you might visit Bawscale Tarn, where the "undying fish" are still believed to swim, just as when, centuries ago, they did homage to the "Shepherd Lord." We wish Mrs. Linton had given us a chapter on the "folklore" of the Lake country. This, as a native, she is well qualified to do, and we doubt not that it would supply very curious, indeed valuable, information.

There are many superstitious beliefs among these dwellers in the vales of Westmoreland and Cumberland, that we do not recollect having ever met

with in other parts. This, of the pair of undying fish, for instance; and the glass vessel, the fairy gift to the Musgraves, with its distich:

"Should this glass ever break or fall,  
Farewell the luck of Eden Hall."

We have no similar tradition elsewhere. And then that curious "Shadow of the Danish Boy," which Wordsworth has so lovingly sung—a spectre, not of midnight, but of noonday; not appalling the gazer, but rather enchaining him with his calm and gentle beauty, playing his harp while the flocks on the neighboring hill look up and listen, and "the mountain ponies prick their ears;" where, throughout the whole range of English "folklore," have we a ghost story so free from every element of terror, so full of poetry? We can scarcely believe that such a graceful superstition was brought from Scandinavia, notwithstanding its name; if it were, we should be inclined to refer it to that earliest cycle of fiction, to which many of the old Norse legends unquestionably belong, brought from the far East in the very dawn of historic tradition. And to a similar source we should trace the others. Fish occupy an important station, both in Eastern mythology and in Eastern tales, and so does the enchanted cup; but in the general "folklore" of England we never find notice of them.

For those of our readers who have not seen "the Luck of Eden Hall," we may as well say that it is a glass vessel, shaped like a very tall tumbler, widening at the top, which has a double rim of glass, and two similar rings a little distance from each other at the base. The glass is ornamented with an interlacing pattern, very much like those we see in the ivory carvings and metal chasing of the eleventh and twelfth centuries; this is of colored enamel, chiefly blue and yellow, and very neatly executed. Although not by any means to be compared with the beautiful Venetian glasses of the fifteenth century, this venerable "Luck" is a very respectable specimen of ancient glass-making. It is most probably Byzantine, and we should date it about the twelfth century. Doubtless some pilgrim Musgrave, perhaps crusader, brought the precious vessel home in safety; and admiring what to its own-

ers was its rare beauty, it is not surprising that they assigned to it such mysterious power. Eden Hall is on the banks of the Eamont, and a pleasant pilgrimage may be made to it by the Lake visitor, and to half a dozen ancient halls and castles besides.

While remarking upon the rich coloring of the mountain scenery, Mrs. Linton again and again points out the singular beauty of those "small mountain sheets of water," the tarns. "It is very lovely," she says, "to watch the ripple of a tarn:"

"Ever changing in line, and yet so uniform in law, the artist and hydrographer might learn some valuable truths from half a day's study of one of these small mountain sheets of water. Now the broad, smooth, silky curves flow steadily across; now a fine network spreads over these, and again another network, smaller and finer still, breaks up the rest into a thousand fragments; then the tarn bursts out into tiny silver spangles, like a girl's causeless laughter; and then comes a gray sweep across the waters, as if it shivered in the wind; and then again all subsides, and one long silky flow sets in again, with quiet shadows, and play of green and gray in the transparent shallows. It is like a large diamond set in emerald; for the light of the water is radiance simply, not color, and the grass, with the sun striking through, is as bright as an emerald."

Ullswater is the next lake to which Mrs. Linton leads us. "There is greater stillness here than with either of the other large lakes; the hills press round with closer grasp, the dales are more lonesome." It is indeed an "old world" place, where even the wild deer will stand at gaze as you pass a long, unscared as yet by the railway whistle. The famous Greenside Lead Mines are here, not improving the scenery, but "worth the cost of a solid streamlet, and the destruction of a few yards of Lake beauty." There are many interesting localities about this neighborhood. "The Countess's Pillar," where Lady Anne Clifford parted from her mother two hundred and fifty years ago, with the stone table on which the annual dole, in remembrance of that affectionate parting, is still distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham. And there is the site of the Hartshorn Tree, so famed in northern tradition, where the pursuer and pursued, hound and hart, alike fell, for here—

"Hercules killed Hart of grease,  
And Hart of grease killed Hercules."

And there is that more solemn Druidical relic, described so finely by Wordsworth, the seventy-two old gray stones, and the huge one overlooking the others—"Long Meg and her daughters."

But Mrs. Linton's delights are evidently on "the difficult mountain's top," so she next proceeds on an expedition to Hawes Water and High Street—a beautiful journey, the earlier part across the lake, and then along rich pastures and cornfields, and Dalemian Woods in the middle distance, but changing as you proceed to a wild barren moor, and on the edge a few lonely dwellings. Hawes Water has, however, grand views; and although not generally visited by the sight-seer, "is well worth travelling far to see," although a journey, Mrs. Linton admits, fitted rather for pedestrians, and they good walkers. High Street, however, will try them far more; for after passing "a vicious-looking crag," and farther onward "feeling as though about to be crushed by the rocks," you only begin your real work, and then you have to get over "sharp cuttings higher than your head," narrow sheep-walks to be warily trodden, loose stones, and slanting slides—illustrated by a vignette that makes you almost giddy to look at—and then, after still more peril and danger, you gain the top of High Street, a broad turfed table-land, contrasting strongly with the rugged way to it. The view from hence scarcely repays the climber for his trouble, for prospects as fine may be met with at less cost. The descent seems less perilous, but this expedition can only be attempted by vigorous pedestrians.

Helvellyn and Fairfield offer a pleasanter road, and the former rewards you with finer views. There is much of mountain grandeur too, stern and terrific, in "the Edges:"

"There they stretch in a grand, wide sweep above Red Tarn, the broken line of Striding Edge, like a mere knotted cord; and the sharp sides, and jags, and crags, are all green, and brown, and gray, as you stand on the top and look down into this fierce mountain bay, with the still mountain lake in its heart, lying nearly eight hundred feet below."

The locality has also especial attractions

for the botanist, for many rare plants are to be met with here. Mrs. Linton's visit to Fairfield was made under a sky "heavy with dark rain beds," and although she asserts she was rewarded richly, we think very few of our readers would have enjoyed her experience. She passed through a complete cloud-land, but not of bright and glorious beauty, but gray and lurid, seething up, "like the ideal mouth of the pit;" then succeeded "a white and ghostly world of cloud, illusive, impenetrable, and formless." Then a cold, thin, gray mist, in which all forms were exaggerated, and which made "a sheep look like an elephant, and then dissolve away like a phantom;" which made a low mountain wall seem a steep precipice; in short, a scene of weird glamour, such as might have suited the Walpurgis night. Thankfully enough should we have descended to the beauty and gladness of the lower earth; but after her vivid picture, we think Mrs. Linton should scarcely have censured so severely those "old world" visitors of the lakes, who, wholly unaccustomed to such scenes, called them horrible, and even "maniacal."

Mrs. Linton seems to have been determined to "do" all the mountains of her beloved lake country; so we find her setting out to Scawfell, and the perilous ascent is illustrated by Mr. Linton in a series of interesting drawings. It must have been a terrible journey, judging from them; precipitous rocks, loose stones sliding down at every footstep, and pointed crags, until they reached the summit, and stood beside the pole set up by the Ordnance surveyors, marking the highest point in England, thirty two hundred and thirty feet above the level of the sea. The view from hence was very fine. Borrowdale and Derwentwater, and the Scottish mountains beyond the Skiddaw range; Penrith plains, too, and Windermere, and down the vale of the Duddon, and the sun shining on the distant sea. In true mountaineer fashion, here they bivouacked, taking possession of one of the huts built for the Ordnance surveyors; but apparently affording cold comfort, for it was not only doorless, but roofless. Here "making our beds of the flattest stones we could get," they rested that clear summer night, and were re-



warded by beholding a glorious sunrise from the top of Scawfell.

With the ascent of Scawfell we take leave of mountain scenery, and the path of our pleasant guide now leads towards the sea-coast. Calder Abbey, Egremont, and Ennerdale, are first visited; scenes different indeed from the rugged mountain and bleak moor. Ponsonby Hall, with its beautiful grounds, and the picturesque through modern church; and the venerable ruins of Calder Abbey, standing in the midst of those luxuriant meadows, and fine old trees so rich in foliage, which always mark the conventual site, telling for how many centuries the hand of man had labored there. And then there is the sparkling trout stream running merrily among the old oaks, a suitable landscape for the fair old abbey, with its ruined arches so gracefully wreathed with ivy, and shrubs and flowers in rich profusion clothing the base of every pillar.

From Calder to Ennerdale you pass Ennerdale Bridge, the scene of Wordsworth's touching poem of "The Brothers;" and at Egremont, hard by, are the ruins of the castle, with its tradition of the two very different brothers—the younger, who so cruelly sought the death of his elder brother, and stealthily came home to seize his broad lands; but the elder returned after long years, and although he stood an unknown stranger at the gate, he put his lips boldly to the horn—

"Which none could sound,  
No one upon living ground,  
Save he who came as rightful heir,  
To Egremont's domains and castle fair,"

and thus regained his inheritance. The name suggests a memory too of "The Boy of Egremont," engulfed in rapid Wharfe, and the "endless sorrow" of his stricken mother; a story that has been told throughout the "North country" for seven hundred years, and which, we doubt not, is "true altogether," although fastidious antiquaries have sought to throw discredit on it.

In the neighborhood of Ennerdale Water is the mountain named Revelin, which is truly a northern Hymettus; for every summer and autumn hundreds of hives are brought up to Ennerdale and set on Revelin, for the bees to get

strength and sustenance before winter, for the honey gathered from the heather thereabouts is considered the finest of all. Revelin has been worked for iron ore, which is very abundant about these parts, but the yield failing, it has returned to its earlier and more picturesque function of honey yielding. Ennerdale Water is seldom visited, its quiet beauty not possessing sufficient attraction to allure visitors to whom well-dressed dinners and comfortable lodgings are indispensable. These, however, they may obtain at St. Bees, the favorite watering place of the Lake district, a remarkably pleasant locality, with pretty country walks and flowery lanes, and "a glorious sea-beach," with wide belt of sand, and a bed of rock, as full apparently of starfish and splendid sea anemones, and Medusæ of rare beauty, and loveliest sea-weed, as the South Devon coast, so pleasantly described by Mr. Gosse. It is a tradition that some two hundred and fifty years ago a giant was discovered at St. Bees. He was four yards and a half long, and his teeth measured six inches; he was also in complete armor. We have little doubt that this was the skeleton of some huge Saurian, whose bony covering in detached pieces looks not at all unlike fragments of plate armor.

Near at hand is Black Combe, "the grand culmination of the mountain system on the southern side. The view from the top has the widest range of any—fourteen counties being seen from it; even Ireland is sometimes visible from thence, but only in the clear dawn of early morning. Although the head of Black Combe is, as its name imports, black, the fells around it are rich in color. The bronze of the seeding gorse, the still green bracken, and the purple heather, "make, in the early autumn days, a glorious arrangement of hillside coloring." And pleasant is the ramble up the Duddon, and pleasant are the writer's descriptions; although who can forget the fine sonnets dedicated to that fair river, on whose banks the great poet so often played in childhood?

At Conistone and Hawkeshead, we are again surrounded with memories of Wordsworth. All the walks about, as he tells us in his "Prelude," were the scenes of his early rambles while a schoolboy at Hawkeshead Grammar

School; and it was during an evening walk, when scarcely fourteen, between Hawkeshead and Ambleside, that he first marked the boughs and leaves of the oak darken, and come out so finely against the sunset. It was there that the beauty and glory of the visible creation first revealed themselves to the future poet — it was there that his genius received its special consecration.

Hawkeshead Mrs. Linton describes as a "desolate-looking town enough, bleak and uncomfortable, as if it wanted blankets and counterpanes on winter nights;" it has, however, an old picturesque hall, with noble trees about it, and the brawling Hawkeshead Beck running through the grounds. Coniston, beside the Coniston Water, is, however, a pleasant town, with scenery as beautiful as elsewhere, except, perhaps, the choicest parts about Keswick and Ullswater, "but still it is the least known and least loved." And yet the circuit round the lake offers much variety and beauty: the quaint village of Church Coniston, with the ancient deer park, and ivied and venerable Coniston Hall, for so many generations the seat of the Flemings, although now only a farmhouse; the rude hamlet of Jerver, too, farther on, where some of the dwellers occupy the same lands which their fathers tilled hundreds of years ago; and then onward under the hoary fells clothed with gorse and bracken, then past pretty copses and pleasant becks, until you reach Church Coniston again.

"But the day of days at Coniston," exclaims Mrs. Linton, with her customary enthusiasm, "is the day spent on the Old Man, that big old patriarch of twenty-six hundred and sixty feet high, with his wife and son in his arms, and Wetherlaw, his friend, by his side." It seems to be a difficult ascent, but it is none the worse for that in the estimation of the writer; and she gives a vivid description of her toilsome journey, and the fine view that rewarded her labor at the top. "It sweeps round from Crossfell to Ingleborough—some adding to the list Snowdon; Black Combe is there, dark against the brightness, Scawfell and Wastwater, the Borrowdale hills, Skiddaw, Blencathra, and all the huge Helvellyn range, including Fairfield and the low-

er heights." The lakes lie spread out in beauty at your feet, and there is a glimpse of the sea beyond the valley. A fine panorama this of Lake scenery.

The last visit is to Furness Abbey, in the old days the chief conventual establishment in these parts, and founded by Stephen before he came to the crown for monks of the Cistercian order. The valley in which it was built seems to have had a bad reputation, for its original name was "Bekangs Ghyll," the Glen of Deadly Nightshade. But like beautiful Clairvaux of the great founder of the order, which from being named the Valley of Wormwood, was cultivated and improved into loveliness by the patient labors of the white-robed brethren, and became "Fair Valley," so ere long this valley lost its deadly name, and for centuries the abbey was known as Furness. It was a noble pile of buildings, of red sandstone, but none of the original structure seems to have remained, for the ruins exhibit the sharp-pointed arch of the earlier Gothic. With Bolton, Fountains, Netley, Tintern, we may not compare it; but it is a venerable spot, and well deserving of a loving pilgrimage. As one of the great "show places" of these parts, every facility has been afforded for tourists to visit it; but we were scarcely prepared to find that "old things have passed away" so utterly; that a grand hotel for summer tourists has actually been built *within* "these glorious grounds, where formerly the mighty abbot and his monks walked, and prayed, and framed the laws for their generation;" and that under these venerable trees and broken arches young gentlemen can smoke and read newspapers, or improvise with the dashing lady visitants a merry game of croquet on the rich green sward, trodden by sandalled feet seven centuries ago. "A greater contrast this," says Mrs. Linton most truly, "than even a row of modern barracks, or a union, or a police station would have been. 'The Furness Abbey Hotel' is an essay in itself on the change of society included in the title."

With Furness Abbey this pleasant and admirably illustrated volume ends; a volume which may be recommended to those who have never visited the Lakes, as supplying much interesting

description, while even to visitants to whom the Lake country is familiar, it will not only afford many a vivid reminiscence, but hints for many a new and pleasant excursion during the coming season.

Leisure Hour.

OXFORD AND ITS COLLEGES.

II.

WE follow the general example of writers on Oxford in commencing our discussion of Oxford colleges with Christ Church. Although Christ Church is for all practical purposes one of the Oxford colleges, it is an example, to which there is no parallel, of the union of a cathedral and a collegiate establishment, and is spoken of by its members as the House. The episcopal see was transferred by Henry VIII. from Oseney to Oxford, and the church of St. Frideswide was constituted a cathedral by the name of the Cathedral Church of Christ in Oxford. The foundation now consists of a dean, seven canons (the number is to be reduced to six), with chaplains, clerks, schoolmaster, organist, and choristers, and twenty-eight senior students, and fifty-two junior students. In any view of Oxford the imposing mass of the Christ Church buildings is always the most conspicuous feature, with the venerable spire of the cathedral, the long line of the hall, the vast quadrangle, and the large Peckwater quadrangle, the imposing façade of four hundred feet, with the splendid gateway crowned by a tower, the work of Sir Christopher Wren.

The cathedral is both the cathedral of the diocese and the chapel of the college. The hall, next to Westminster Hall, is the most remarkable in England: the quadrangle is the largest, the frontage the longest, in Oxford. In the tower is the famous bell, Tom of Oxford (double the weight of the great bell of St. Paul's), which every night at nine tolls one hundred and one times, that being the number of the students on the foundation before the changes made by the ordinance of the Royal Commissioners. Presently we will traverse in succession those courts and quadrangles, and look more at our leisure into those

noble buildings. But on this ground the influence of association is more powerful than any mere influence of art. Many of the most celebrated men in England have looked upon Christ Church as the foster-mother of their youth. No other similar foundation approaches her in the number of the illustrious statesmen which she has given to our country. Look at our present or recent history; those late great Viceroys of India, Lords Elgin and Dalhousie, and the late Sir George Cornwall Lewis, and Sir Robert Peel, and the illustrious Canning, and, at present, to pass over others, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Mr. Gladstone, were all Christ Church men. And then, again, among the statesmen of history, Godolphin, Nottingham, Arlington, Wyndham, Carteret, Bolingbroke, Lyttleton, Mansfield, etc. Perhaps the foremost name of Christ Church worthies will be considered to be that of John Locke. One might construct a good portion of the history of England out of the lives of these great men. And then there are such men as Ben Jonson and Sir Phillip Sydney among writers, and Casaubon and Gaisford among scholars. And Wycliffe, the translator of the Bible, the morning star of the Reformation, belonged to this foundation; and I especially love to think of those two illustrious brothers, John and Charles Wesley, who were students of Christ Church. It was while they were studying within these walls, or meditating in these studious walks and groves, that it pleased God to touch their hearts and prepare them for their wondrous career, as famous and far more beneficial than that of statesman or author, in kindling what may be called, after all drawbacks, a second English reformation. And royalty, too, has been numbered among those who have studied at Christ Church. King Charles I., a King of Bohemia, and a Prince of Orange are reckoned up as belonging to it; and our own Prince of Wales, on October 17th, 1859, was duly entered on the books of Christ Church, and was a diligent and exemplary student for upward of a year.

And now we will say a few words respecting the history of this grand religious and educational foundation. In

the troubled period of the civil wars of the fifteenth century, the University of Oxford sought protection in putting itself under the guardianship of powerful nobles and prelates. At the commencement of the sixteenth century it became a matter of serious alarm whether the attacks which were being made upon religious foundations might not also be extended to the Universities. The University of Oxford resigned itself unconditionally into the hands of Cardinal Wolsey. In 1518 Queen Katharine honored Oxford with a visit, and Wolsey was in attendance. King Henry stayed behind, with his court, at Abingdon. Wolsey then told the University that, if it would surrender to him all its charters and statutes, he would plead its cause with the King. This was accordingly done, and after four anxious years they were restored, with additional safeguards and privileges. Wolsey, moreover, determined to erect a college where the new literature, which then at its prosperous flood was pouring over Europe, should be cultivated in the service of the old Church. He determined that his college should be erected on a scale so magnificent and vast that no other foundation in Europe could be put in comparison. The name of the college was to be Cardinal College. It is remarkable that this great effort of Wolsey on behalf of the old Church, eminently contributed to its fall. The small ecclesiastical endowments which were diverted for the benefit of Wolsey's college were made a precedent for the subsequent great spoliations of the Church. No less than two-and-twenty priories and convents were thus swept away, and their revenues devoted to the support of Cardinal College. It was his intention that there should be a hundred and sixty members, that there should be ten professors, forty priests, and sixty canons. He also founded a great school at Ipswich, which was to be connected with his college, as Winchester is with New College, Oxford, and Eton with King's College, Cambridge. The first stone was laid by Wolsey in 1525, and the building rapidly proceeded. In the first year alone its expenses, which Wolsey magnificently defrayed from his own resources, amounted to eight thousand pounds, equivalent at least to eighty

thousand of the present money. The kitchen was the first part of the building completed, which has given rise to sundry obvious witticisms. The buildings rose fast on the site of the ancient abbey of St. Frideswide, whose priory, in an altered form, he intended to retain for college use, and at the same time to erect a large and splendid chapel on the north side of the quadrangle. Far and near the Cardinal sought for great scholars who should worthily carry out his intentions. The completion of his wonderful projects was nigh at hand when matters were arrested by his fall. It is touching to see how almost the last thoughts of the fallen statesman were busy with his Oxford plans. He addressed most earnest and touching letters to King Henry on behalf of his beloved foundation, which sufficiently attest that he was really capable of great and generous things. Our readers will probably remember the lines :

"Ever witness for him

Those twins of learning that he raised in you,  
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with  
him,

Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;  
Tho other, though unfinished, yet so famous,  
So excellent in art, and skill so rising,  
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue."

Let me first speak of the sacred edifice which Wolsey appropriated to the use of his foundations. It is, as I have said, both the chapel of the college, and the cathedral of the diocese. Generally speaking, the cathedral of a city is its finest architectural ornament; but it is not so in Oxford—the city of palaces. As a college chapel it is a noble fane; as a cathedral it is disappointing. Formerly it was the minister of a priory of Augustinian canons: in 1545 it was constituted a cathedral. It is of very ancient date; the ninth century is now elapsing since the time when the tower was first begun. The first approach to the pointed arch can be seen in the aisles: "that beautiful shape, more graceful and majestic than any mathematical figure." Wolsey effected several improvements: he built the vaulting of the choir and the clerestory (clear story). He had intended to rebuild a college chapel on a scale commensurate with his magnificent foundation, and with this



intention he had destroyed the original west front, with four bays of the nave, and the west alley of the cloister. The Norman tower was, in its lowest story, completed during the twelfth century. The belfry has a musical peal of ten bells; and one of the most accomplished of the deans of Christ Church has celebrated them in the favorite glee, "Hark, the bonnie Christ Church bells." The great bell, in honor of Queen Mary I. was called after her name; and it is said that Jewel was writing a complimentary letter to her Highness, from the University of Oxford, when it first began to chime. "How musically doth sweet Mary sound!" exclaimed Dr. Tresham, who was then in company with Jewel. "Alas!" says old Fuller, in his usual vein of wise, sad humor, "it rang the knell of Gospel truth." In the vaulting of the choir, which in architectural language is called Perpendicular, are remarkably carved pendants of stones brought from Oseney Abbey, which never fail to elicit wondering admiration, "like frost on drooping forest branches turned into pale marble." Of late years great improvements have been effected in the cathedral, though probably much might yet be advantageously done. The former east window, designated by Sir James Thornhill, was in 1854 replaced by glazing representing the events of our Lord's life. The work was only partially completed by the French artist Gerante, who died of cholera during its progress. Latterly, also, a great deal of incongruous woodwork has been removed, the organ has been set back in the south transept, and the choir has been prolonged into the nave, giving additional accommodation for divine service. This work is due to the present dean, Dr. Liddell, who so worthily presides over this greatest college of Europe. When these alterations were being effected, a curious reliquary chamber was discovered between the north and south piers of the tower. Christ Church Cathedral is the only place in England where the service of the Church of England is still celebrated in the Latin language, or was so until a very recent date. Besides the full cathedral services twice a day, there is an earlier service and a later; the first of these is attended by all the members of

the college, or the House as it is called. On the north of the choir are two chapels; the farther one is called the Lady or Latin Chapel; the other is called the Dean's Chapel, or St. Frideswide's Chapel, and sometimes the Dormitory, from the number of eminent persons who are laid beneath its pavement. Many of the cathedral monuments possess a very high degree of interest. The most imposing is that which is called the Shrine of St. Frideswide. This is now supposed not to be the shrine itself, but the watch-chamber in which the keeper of the shrine guarded its treasures. The shrine was a rich one, and attracted many pilgrims, among the last of whom was Catherine of Aragon. A very curious piece of later history belongs to it. Peter Martyr was the first Protestant canon here, and brought his wife into residence, who was the first lady to live in college or cloister. She was buried beside St. Frideswide, but Cardinal Pole, on the accession of Mary, caused her to be dug up and buried beneath a dung-hill. On the accession of Elizabeth the bones of St. Frideswide himself were dug up, and the bones of Martyr's wife mixed with his in the same coffin, which bore the inscription, "Hic requiescat religio cum superstitione." In Saint Frideswide's Chapel is the monument of Richard Burton, the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pococke, the Orientalist, is also buried here. In the garden of Dr. Pusey's house (the Regius Professor of Hebrew, and Canon of Christ Church) is the oldest fig tree in England, which Pococke imported from the Levant. Here Bishop Berkeley is buried, with the one well-known line from Pope over his tombstone: "To Berkeley every virtue under heaven." In the south aisle lies Bishop King, the last abbot of Oseney and first Bishop of Oxford, the background of whose portrait, on stained glass, give us some notion of Oseney Abbey. The last dean, Dr. Gaisford, lies in the ante-chapel. In the north transept is one of Chantrey's most beautiful works, the monument of Dr. Cyril Jackson. This admirable and greatly beloved dean abdicated his lofty post, and went into retirement. He is buried with these words as the epitaph over his grave: "Lord in thy sight shall no man living be justified." When Chantrey de-

clared that a stained window would be necessary to sober the light thrown upon his statue of Dean Jackson, that at the southwest corner of the cathedral was removed for the purpose; but in consequence of the indignant remonstrances of Bishop Lloyd, who, from the entrance from his house (the Regius Professor of Divinity's) being under that window, considered it his especial property, its place was supplied by a stained window from the north side of the cathedral. Much precious ancient glass was destroyed in the time of the Commonwealth, and one of the Republican canons is depicted to us as "furiously stamping upon the windows, when they were taking down, and utterly defacing them." In the fine oak pulpit of the cathedral, brought from Oseney Abbey, the University sermons are frequently preached. Christ Church is noted in University history for its customs, one of which corresponds to a custom observed in St. George's Chapel, Windsor; the versicle, "O Lord, save the Queen," with the response, are chanted at the end of the anthem, before the prayer for the Queen.

The Cloister opens at its end upon an entrance to the famous Broad Walk. The cloisters are so small, and their condition so unfavorable, that they hardly deserved the name; it had been Wolsey's intention, as the architectural remains still testify, that cloisters should surround the long quadrangle. It has, however, one very beautiful window of the fifteenth century. One end of the cloisters opens upon Chaplain's Quadrangle, which was once an ancient refectory, and afterwards the old library, which name it still retains. A little passage beyond this leads into a sort of quadrangle, one side of which is formed of the hall and the cathedral grammar school beneath it (chiefly for the use of choristers), which is often called Skeleton Corner. Here is the Anatomical Museum, the contents of which are removed to the Museum. On the left a door opens from Fell's Buildings.

The chapter house is a beautiful and very remarkable chamber. It has five beautiful lancet lights, divided by shafts of Parbeck marble. When Charles I. resided at Oxford he used to use this

room as a council chamber. The renowned hall of Christ Church was the place where his House of Commons used to assemble. In this chapter house is preserved the foundation stone of Cardinal Wolsey's school at Ipswich. The Cardinal's portrait is here, in profile, on account of a squint in one of his eyes. Here is Henry VIII.'s portrait, full face. When Holbein wished to draw him in profile, he said, "If you paint my ears, which are very ugly, I will cut off yours." As you proceed from the cathedral to the great quadrangle, you pass through the vestibule of the hall, which is supported by a single pillar of great beauty, and the fan tracery is very remarkable. A wide flight of steps in several ranges conducts into its magnificent hall.

The gardens of the Deanery extend to the rear of the noble library. This was built at the commencement of the last century. The lower part is devoted to a fine gallery of pictures, the bequest of General Guise. They include works of great masters, from Raphael to Vandyke. There is a wonderful picture by Annibal Caracci, which has a fabulous value belonging to it. The painter, to check the conceit of his wife, painted all his sons in the attire of butchers. The picture gallery, though unequal in its contents, is perhaps more valuable than seems to be generally thought. Above is the library, one of the most striking rooms in Oxford, and peculiarly venerable in its assemblage of antique folios. Wolsey's Prayer Book is shown here, the last work illuminated in England. There is a fine collection of Oriental coins, and munificent benefactions from Archbishop Wake, who was educated here, and from other scholars. Any member of the House has the privilege, on paying a very small fee for a key, of coming to read here; but the solitude which prevails is not often interrupted.

The walks and grounds of Christ Church are of great extent, and really beautiful. The Broad Walk extends from the rear of the Fell buildings down to the banks of the Cherwell, bordered on each side by magnificent elm trees, which form a leafy cloister, about a quarter of a mile in extent.

"Duly at morn and eve, with constant feet,  
To pace the long fair avenue be mine,

A natural cloister; when dear June divine  
 Crowds with her music the green arches high,  
 Or when the hale October's passing sigh  
 Rains down the brown and gold of autumn leaves,  
 While every breath i' the quivering branches weaves  
 A trellis of their shadows soft and fleet;  
 Or later, when the mist's long dewy arm  
 Creeping, dun twilight, from the river shore  
 Clothes the live oriel, not without a charm,  
 With sombre drapery; so evermore  
 A shrine it seems where one may fittest raise  
 A morn and even song of prayer and praise."

Leaving the Merton Meadows on your left, you turn to the right, and continue your walk round the Christ Church meadow, along the shaded banks of the Cherwell. You pass a beautiful island abounding with gnarled trees, which in summer is one mass of dark-green foliage. The Cherwell runs swift and deep, and, a little farther on, it falls into the broad stream of the Isis, or of the Thames, as it should be rather called. There are melancholy associations connected with this reach of the river, for beyond this point several fatal accidents have occurred on the water. Five young fellows, members of the University, have intrusted themselves to perilous skiffs, though unable to swim, and so have hazarded their lives, and sometimes lost them. Next we come to the long line of magnificent barges belonging to the different colleges. These are fitted up inside as writing and reading rooms. Two of them once belonged to London companies, and figured in ancient processions on the Thames. During the boat races these barges are crowded with spectators; and also in Commemoration week, when the procession of boats takes place. Then there is a perfect fleet of boats and little sailing vessels lying off the old bridge, which has the odd name of Folly Bridge. This name is derived from the Tower of Folly which once stood on the bridge, and which is traditionally ascribed to Friar Bacon. Sometimes, in the winter, Christ Church meadow and the land on the Berkshire side of the river are flooded far and wide by inundating waters, and

the appearance presented is highly picturesque. Nothing, to those who love the sport, is more delightful than skating over the vast meadows, when the green grass below is clearly visible though the slight depth of water. Then the path turning aside from the river leads you into a lane that runs by the side of the college walls, and has a gate that opens into a retired quadrangle, and so on into St. Aldate's-street, pronounced by Oxonians St. Ode's.

Oxford is imperishably associated with the recollection of the Marian Martyrs, and this connection is perpetuated by the exquisite Martyrs' Memorial. Christ Church is especially identified with the memory of Archbishop Cranmer. We are sorry to see in the records of old Fox that Dr. Marshall, Dean of Christ Church, was one of those who bore witness against him. "And, to the intent they might win him easily," says Fox, "they had him to the Dean's house of Christ's Church in the said University, where he lacked no delicate fare, played at the bowls, had his pleasure for walking, and all other things that might bring him from Christ." The Cathedral of Christ Church was the final scene of Cranmer's degradation before he was handed over for execution to the secular arm. Thirlby and Bonner, as the delegates of the Pope, and with a new commission from Rome, summoned Cranmer before them, to appear before the high altar in the choir of Christ Church Cathedral. The cruel and insulting proceedings are fully narrated by Fox, in his *Book of Martyrs*. First he was clothed with surplice and alb, and apparelled with all other priestly vestments. "Then they invested him in all manner of robes of a bishop and archbishop, as he is at his installing, saving that, as everything then is most rich and costly, so everything in this is of canvas and old clouts, with a mitre and a pall of the same suit done upon him in mockery, and then the crosier staff was put in his hand." Then Bonner made the sacred walls of Christ Church Cathedral resound with his angry and spiteful invective; after which the ceremony of degradation took place. "They took from him his pastoral staff, and after the pall, the ensign of an archbishop, was taken away, a barber clipped his hair round

about; and the tops of his fingers where he had been anointed were scraped, wherein Bishop Bonner behaved himself roughly and unmannerly." They stripped him of his gown, and put on him the gown of a poor yeoman beadle, "full bare, and nearly worn, and as evil-favoredly made as one might lightly see, and a townsman's cap on his head." Thus was the degradation complete, and Cranmer formally handed over to the secular arm. Bonner exulted at the scene: "Now you are head no more," he exclaimed, and, turning to the people, spoke contemptuously of him as "This gentleman here." And so, "with great compassion and pity of every man," the martyr was carried away to prison beyond the walls of Christ Church.

A few words may here be said on the subject of the Martyrs' Memorial. It was erected about fifteen years ago, by Mr. George Gilbert Scott, who followed the model—which he has in some respects surpassed—of Queen Eleanor's Cross at Waltham. It is divided into three stories, in the centre of which are the figures of the bishops by Mr. Weekes, the chief sculptor in Chantrey's studio, and whom Chantrey recommended for the purpose. The spot where the martyrs suffered cannot be considered as exactly ascertained. A cross in the pavement opposite Balliol College was thought to point towards the spot where they suffered. Some time since, in constructing a sewer, opposite the door of the Master of Balliol, a stake was found, the upper portion of which had evidently been subjected to the action of fire, surrounded with a large quantity of blackened earth and portions of charred wood. This seems to point to the site of the fire. It has generally been supposed that the martyrdom occurred in the Town Ditch, but it has been discovered that the water-line would have prevented any fire being kindled in the ditch at the time, as it would then have contained a good deal of water. One may therefore regard the actual site of the stake as fixed by the cross. The spot of the memorial is very appropriate, as the bishops were imprisoned in Bocardo, the chief northern gate of the city. They were imprisoned in the room over the gateway, where the prisoners for debt,

"the poor Bocardo birds," were confined. The heavy oak door of St. Mary Magdalen's church was brought from this prison. The northern aisle of this church was entirely rebuilt as a part of the Martyrs' Memorial, and is called the Martyrs' Aisle.

In one of the recent volumes of Mr. Froude's *History of England* we have an interesting account of a visit paid by Queen Elizabeth to Christ Church and the University: "The approach was by the long north avenue leading to the north gate; and, as she drove along it, she saw in front of her the black tower of Bocardo, where Cranmer had been long a prisoner, and the ditch where, with his brother martyrs, he had given his life for the sins of the people. The scene was changed from that chill sleety morning, and the soft glow of the August sunset was no unfitting symbol of the change of times; yet how soon such another season might tread upon the heels of the departed summer—none knew better than Elizabeth. She went on under the archway, and up the corn market, between rows of shouting students . . . . A few more steps brought her down to the great gate of Christ Church, the splendid monument of Wolsey, and the glory of the age that was gone. She left the carriage and walked under a canopy across the magnificent quadrangle to the cathedral. The Dean, after evening service, entertained her at his house. . . . So five bright days passed swiftly, and on the sixth she rode away over Magdalen Bridge to Windsor. As she crested Headington Hill she reined in her horse, and once more looked back. There at her feet lay the city in its beauty, the towers and spires springing from amid the clustering masses of the college elms; there wound beneath their shade the silvery lines of the Cherwell and the Isis. 'Farewell, Oxford,' she cried; 'farewell, my good subjects there! Farewell, my dear scholars; and may God prosper your studies! Farewell, farewell.'"

In the time of James II. Christ Church was made a field of the great battle between Popery and Protestantism, which, by a merciful Providence, was overruled for the security of our religion and liberties and the expulsion of the



House of Stuart. "No course was too bold for James," writes Lord Macaulay. "The deanery of Christ Church became vacant. That office was, both in dignity and in emolument, one of the highest in the University of Oxford. The dean was charged with the government of a greater number of youths of high connections and of great hopes than could then be found in any other college. He was also the head of the cathedral. In both characters it was necessary that he should be a member of the Church of England. Nevertheless John Massey, who was notoriously a member of the Church of Rome, and who had not one single recommendation, except that he was a member of the Church of Rome, was appointed by virtue of the dispensing power; and soon within the walls of Christ Church an altar was decked at which mass was daily celebrated. To the nuncio the King said that what had been done at Oxford should very soon be done at Cambridge." This appointment of Massey was one of the exciting causes of the Revolution, and it is hardly necessary to say that the Revolution caused matters to be set right at Oxford.

Lord Macaulay, in one of his essays, speaks of the wide and just reputation to which Christ Church, after the Revolution, attained. Since that stormy time Christ Church has continued to do good service to Church and State, and has enjoyed, what is really a blessing and happiness, the possession of very little public history.

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London Society.

### GAMBLING SKETCHES.

THE CLOSING AND OPENING OF A COUPLE OF RHINE  
KURSAALS.

PART I.—HOMBOURG VOR DER HÖHE.

#### I. THE SALONS DE JEU.

CURIOSITY, accidental proximity to the spot, dyspepsia, a passion for play, the desire to put an elaborate mathematical calculation, which had been revolving in my brain for months, to the test, one, or more, or possibly none of these reasons took me to Hombourg vor der Höhe—Hombourgs monts—Hombourg among the mountains, as it is called, to distin-

guish it from other Hombourgs far and near—just as March was piping his farewell symphonies by way of prelude to the coming spring. The weather, which was unusually cold, became more chilly as the evening drew in. The Taunus mountains were a mass of deep opaque blue, against which the white walls of Hombourg Schloss stood out in full relief. Hombourg, for the time of year, seemed to be overflowing with life. A perfect crowd alighted from the railway train. Droskies rattled along the Luisenstrasse. The Kursaal was ablaze with light. Stylishly dressed women and men, in evening and lounging costume, paced the long corridor or flitted through the ante-rooms. The concert hall was three parts filled. The *salons de jeu*, if not inconveniently crowded, had their full complement of players. There were the same calculating old fogies, the same *blasé* looking young men, the same young girls and full-blown women, with a nervous quivering about the lips, the same old sinners of both sexes whom one has known at these places the last ten or fifteen years, busily engaged at *trente et quarante*. At the roulette table, too, one had no difficulty in recognizing the old familiar set. The handsome-looking young Russian noble who spots the board with louis—the fat bejewelled-fingered Jew who seeks to emulate the Muscovite seigneur with florins—the Englishman and his wife, evidently residents—who play against each other, quite unconsciously, at opposite ends of the table—the youthful, yet "used-up" little French marquis, who dresses in the English fashion, and brings with him his own particular pocket rake, that he may hook in his golden rouleaux the more readily—the elegantly dressed, shrivelled, hagfaced woman who plays for the run on the colors—the nervous, careworn young Englishman, who plays heavily against the see-saw, with other nervous fellow-countrymen staking their rouleaux or their double Fredericks on *douze premier, milieu, or dernier*—professional gamblers, well and ill-dressed, with sharply-defined Mephistophelean features, quick, restless eyes, and villainously compressed lips, who, after trying all systems, generally get landed croupiers or blacklegs in the end—seedy-looking Poles of the last emigration,

who prudently place their florins *à cheval*, *transversal*, and *le carré*, and deep calculating Germans, who make ventures with painful hesitation, and after long intervals of abstention, and, as a matter of course, almost invariably lose; with *filles du monde*—French, German, English, Polish, Italian, and Jewish—of every nationality—most of them young—so young, in fact, that the world may well be called their mother, robed like princesses, and be-coiffured, be-jewelled, and be-gloved as only *filles du monde* ever seem to be, and who lay down their louis with charming indifference, though with a decided partiality for “*quatre premier*” and “*zero*.” These, with the watchful old women and Germans of hang-dog look that beset every public gambling table, waiting for a chance to pounce upon the stakes of the more unsuspecting players, are some of the characters which we recognized around the roulette table that night when the play ruled high and the players were more than usually eager.

It wants but little more than a minute to eleven, the hour the bank closes. Croupier proclaims that the wheel is about to whirl, and the marble be set spinning for the last time. As is commonly the case after this notification has been given, the stakes are numerous and heavy. Nervous young Englishman has half a dozen 1000-franc notes on “*rouge*”—Muscovite seigneur has burst open three rouleaux to spot the board—fat-fingered Jew tries to follow suit with florins—puny-looking French marquis piles up his notes on “*passe*”—deep calculating Germans once more put their systems to the test—shrivelled old woman in satins still plays for the “*run*”—gamblers of every degree back their luck—young *filles du monde*, this time, languidly push their louis to any part of the table except “*zero*.” The wheel revolves; click goes the marble, careering along on its uncertain course. “*Rien ne va plus*.” The marble has ceased its gyrations, the revolutions of the wheel are checked, and “*Zero*”—“O word of fear, unwelcome to the gambler’s ear”—is proclaimed aloud by the croupier. The bank sweeps the board,\* hauls in

by this one coup upwards of £1000 sterling, at which Muscovite seigneur—care-worn, nervous Englishman—puny-looking, used-up Gallic marquis—hag in satins—seedy Poles—fat-fingered Jews, deep-pondering Germans, professional gamblers, and *filles du monde*, retire from the *salon* in disgust.

## II.—DEATH AT THE HUNTING-LODGE.

This, though no one suspected it at the time, was the last whirl of the Hombourg roulette wheel for many a day to come—pity it were not for ever—that wheel which has been revolving for twelve hours per diem, save on one day in the year (the fête day of the patron saint of the town), ever since the inauguration of the Kursaal, “after an appropriate service, and with the usual solemnities,”\* on the 17th day of August, 1843, a period of well-nigh a quarter of a century.

For on the following morning, in a lone hunting-lodge at the end of the long stately poplar avenue, and on the skirts of the fir-forest that stretches to the foot of the Taunus mountains, while the snow flakes are drifting against the window-panes, and settling on the roof, an old man of eighty-three lies wrestling with death. When life, at upwards of fourscore, is summoned to so unequal a contest, who doubts of the result? Precisely at seven o’clock, Ferdinand Henry Frederick, high-born sovereign-landgrave of Hesse-Hombourg, and oldest reigning prince in Europe, expired in the arms of two weeping, widowed women—one his niece, the Princess Reuss, the other his aged sister, the Dowager Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

Landgrave Ferdinand Henry Frederick was the last survivor of a family of eight brothers, four of whom preceded him in the government of the Landgraveate. Their father, Frederick V., was ejected by Napoleon from the principality of Hesse-Hombourg in the year 1806, but he had the good luck to get it retored to him, with the province of Meisenheim, beyond the Rhine, by the Vienna Congress. All his sons were, of course, soldiers, and several of them gallant ones. Frederick, who married a

\* When “Zero” turns up at the last round the bank sweeps away all the stakes.

\* Vide Hombourg Guide Book.

daughter of our George III., fought in Hungary against the Turks, commanded the first column at the battle of Leipsic, and took part in engagements at Dijon and Lyons in 1814, receiving in these various actions some half-a-dozen wounds. Louis William, who succeeded him, was a Prussian general of infantry, and fought with desperate courage at Lautern, Grossbeeren, and Dennewitz, and subsequently at Leipsic, where, while in command of the three Prussian battalions which forced the Grimma gate and effected an entrance into the town, he was severely wounded and carried off from the field of battle. Philip, another brother, also fought at Leipsic, in Italy, and on the Rhine, and received his fair share of wounds if not of glory.

Ferdinand, the late Landgrave, held a command in the Austrian service, and fought with some distinction in his younger days against the French in Italy. He succeeded to the Landgravate at an unfortunate moment—in the year of revolutions—1848—when, like many other potentates, he found himself forced to confer a constitution on his subjects, which, like other potentates, he withdrew so soon as all danger was past. He had the grace, however, to abolish civil death—that is, the abrogation of all civil rights to which political offenders were then subject, and also the right of confiscation, the pillory, branding, and the stick. Landgrave Ferdinand's distinguishing characteristic was, however, this—he was the champion of public gambling, a true paladin of the croup, who set the Frankfort parliament at defiance, and disregarded all remonstrances on the part of his fellow sovereigns earnestly desirous of putting down a gigantic evil, of getting rid of a monstrous public scandal, the disgrace of which they felt attached itself to the entire German people.

Ferdinand simply looked at the matter from one point of view. He found that by driving a hard bargain with the gang of French and German speculators who farmed from him the right of keeping open the gambling salons at Hombourg, he could have the town paved, and lighted with gas, and supplied with water, and improved and beautified, all for nothing; and, moreover, that he

could attract thither a gay company, prodigal of expenditure, and so give a fillip, as it were, to trade. Even the country people, too, shared in the common benefit, for a market was opened to them for their pigs and their poultry, their butter and their milk, their grapes, their apples, and their eggs. And more than this, he contrived to extract a considerable annual money payment from the Kursaal, which went some way towards the pay of his standing army of four hundred and eighty-eight men, and thereby lightened the general burden of taxation.

### III.—HOMBOURG IN SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

Hombourg, all unconscious of the loss it has sustained, had begun to bestir itself for another routine day. Burgermeister Stumpff and Polizei-Director des Noyer, were giving directions for clearing the streets of the snow, when a mounted groom, booted and spurred, and wearing the Landgrave's livery, dashed into the town with a letter from Dr. Muller, Landgrave's physician in ordinary, to Burgermeister Stumpff, announcing the Landgrave's decease. The two officials were equal to the duties which they plainly saw devolved upon them. The Burgermeister writes hurried notes to Military Commandant and Chief-Justice Zurbuch, and summons a meeting of councillors at the Amthaus; municipal official telegram is dispatched to the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, and the requisite steps are taken to carry on the government of the town and Landgravate until his Serene Highness's pleasure shall become known.

There are no disaffected people in this quiet little principality for Polizei-Director des Noyer to place under surveillance or arrest; the only dangerous class he has any knowledge of is the class blackleg, at the Kursaal. He contents himself, therefore, with notifying the event to some few of the chief inhabitants, and then betakes himself to the residences of the Kurhaus-Commissärs, whom he apprises of the melancholy intelligence, intimating at the same time that it will necessitate the closing of the Kursaal till further orders.

Military Commandant does not think it necessary to take any special precau-

tions; the sentinels are not even doubled, nor are the troops generally ordered to remain under arms. Shopkeepers close up their shops again, and engage in earnest conversation with each other at their doorsteps; hotel-keepers pull long faces; money changers are the very pictures of despair.

Kurhaus-Commissärs meet and issue orders for the doors of the *salons de jeu* to be doubled-locked, for the band to be prohibited from playing, for a *relâche* at the Théâtre Français, and for a written notice to be immediately affixed in the vestibule of the Kursaal, apprising visitors and the public generally, that "in token of mourning for the loss of their high-born, well-beloved sovereign-Landgrave, the *salons de jeu* are closed until further notice." All of which is duly done.

#### IV.—EXCITEMENT AT THE KURSAAL.

News, like the railway train, travels anything but briskly in small German states, even when it chances to tell of a ruler's death; and those who heard of the event the last, were precisely those who thought they ought to have been apprised of it the first. These were the patrons of the Kursaal. Precisely at eleven o'clock, they began to sally forth from the different hotels, sauntered leisurely into the Kurhaus, passed along the handsome corridor, crossed the vestibule, took the well-known lobby on the left hand that leads into the large ante-room, tried the doors of the *salons de jeu*, and found them—locked! Yes, there was no mistake about it, actually locked! What on earth had happened? Had some dishonest director or croupier bolted in the night with all the cash, and left the bank without the wherewithal to meet its foes? More than one astonished individual had, according to his own account, known Hombourg Kursaal for upwards of twenty years, and such a thing had never happened before. Where were all the officials? Where the tall *chasseurs* who did flunkey's duty at the Kurhaus? One and all were absent from their posts. To whom was one to appeal for an explanation? At length the notice-board is referred to, and there—hemmed in by a crowd of announcements of yesterday's rates of exchange on the Frankfort Bourse, of the

times of departure and arrival of the railway trains, of the programmes of the day's concert and the evening's theatrical performance, of the prohibition against children entering the *salons de jeu*—and grown people even—without duly authorized tickets, of the terms for lessons in German, music, and singing—the official notification (drawn up by order of Kurhaus-Commissärs) of the Landgrave's death, and the consequent closing of the salons, is discovered and read, and re-read, word for word.

Deeply disgusted individual presents himself at Commissariat-bureau; asks for an explanation of that dubious phrase "until further notice." Does it mean next day, next week, next month, or next year? Kurhaus Commissioner is very polite; but he can afford him no more exact information than can be gleaned from the notice itself. Disgusted individual retires, and communicates the result of his interview to the crowd of disappointed gamblers who have by this time assembled in the vestibule. Discussion soon becomes animated. "What's the best thing to do?" each one asks his fellow; "remain in this dull hole, or run over to Frankfort or Wiesbaden?" Among the Babel of tongues, one overhears this little dialogue between two indignant fellow-countrymen:

"When will they bury him?"

"Can't say."

"It won't be long first, for they have a capital law abroad, you know; corpses mustn't be kept above ground for more than eight-and-forty hours."

"Yes, but he's a Landgrave."

"What of that? Why, didn't the papers the other day have an account of a French bishop, who had been buried alive, petitioning the Senate against this law, and it wouldn't listen to him? Surely a French bishop—and he was a cardinal, too, I think—is as good as any German Landgrave. Besides, he's eighty-three; not much chance of his ever coming to life again. I don't see why they shouldn't tuck the old boy underground within the next eight-and-forty hours, and fling open the doors of the Kursaal."

"Yes, but you see, German people are so confoundedly slow. What Sterne says is quite true—they do manage these things better in France."



## V.—INDIFFERENCE AT THE SCHLOSS.

While this sort of excitement prevails at the Kursaal, how is it, thought we, up at the old Schloss; and to the Schloss we betake ourselves. There life seemed to be going on very much the same as usual. Sentinels paced unconcernedly up and down; soldiers sat smoking and playing cards in the guard-room; a great wagon of firewood was being unladen in the outer court, while the children from the neighboring school scampered in and out among the logs. We pass through that marvellous gateway which leads to the inner court, and the outside of which is sculptured over with the arms and quarterings of a long line of Landgraves and their many high and mighty alliances, and which has on its inside an equestrian statue of Frederick, with the silver leg, clad in a suit of plate armor, his head enveloped in a splendid, full-bottomed wig, vaulting, as it were, through an opening above the archway, as though he contemplated alighting in the paved court below. Passing through this gateway, we note the tall Swiss porter sunning himself at the entrance to the private apartments, and catch sight of the cook gossiping with the butcher at the buttery-door. Young girls drawing water from the fountain, are chattering together as only young girls and magpies chatter; and each, I find, has a saucy answer for the sentinel, should he venture to address her as she passes by with her pails and cans. Old women are raking the flower-beds of the terrace-garden, and the gardener is busy nailing up his wall-trees. Whether it is Landgrave Ferdinand or Grand Duke Ludwig is all one, it seems, to these people. In the left wing of the Schloss the blinds are drawn down, which is the only visible symbol of death having, but a few hours since, struck down its late owner.

## VI.—A PATENT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

On Sunday morning, when the Hombourg people turned out of their beds, they found the town placarded over with a "Patent," signed by Ludwig II., Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, wherein was set forth the death of the high-born Sovereign-Landgrave, Ferdinand Henry Frederick, and, in accordance with treaties, the consequent ab-

sorption of the Landgraviate into the parent Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt; whereupon the Grand Duke notifies that he assumes the reins of government, and enjoins due and loving submission to his lawful authority.

On the heels of this patent comes a notice from the Grand Ducal Chamberlain commanding a fortnight's mourning for the late well-beloved Landgrave, who, dressed up in his Austrian Field-Marshal-Lieutenant's uniform, is to lie in state in the Hall of Audience of the gaunt old Schloss, with his shako and his cavalry sabre, and his stars and garters at the coffin's foot. April 8th is appointed a day of "penitence and prayer" (*Buss-und-Betttag*). The effect of this on the visitors is electric. Hotel bills are hastily called for, portmanteaus are hurriedly packed; luggage-laden droskies rattle along the Luisenstrasse, bound for the railway station, where it is found necessary to add on extra carriages to the departing trains. It is a stampede, in fact — one would think Hombourg was plague-stricken. Deserted are the handsome corridors and splendid salons of the Kursaal, deserted the reading rooms and the restaurant, the terrace and the Kurgartens, the baths and the wells, the hotels, and the lodging-houses. Hotel and lodging-house keepers, bankers and money-changers, shopkeepers, waiters, commissioners, porters, drosky-drivers, even the director of the "Lombard" establishment, all contribute their notes of wailing to the universal moan.

## PART II.—WIESBADEN.

## I. SPECULATIONS.

Finding one's self the last remaining visitor in Hombourg, which under its gayest aspects is anything but a lively town, and in sackcloth and ashes is simply intolerable, we pack up our portmanteau, and, following the stream of emigration, turn our back upon the place.

I had for several days past observed advertisements in unusually large type on the back pages of the foreign journals, announcing the "Ouverture du Kursaal" at Wiesbaden on April 1st; so to Wiesbaden I betook myself, that I might be present at the coming ceremony. One had seen a good number of *ouvertures* in one's time. British Parliaments,

French Chambers of Deputies and Corps Législatifs, Spanish Cortes, Dutch Staten Generaals, Bavarian Walhallas, Grand London and Paris International Exhibitions and Sydenham Crystal Palaces, together with coronations at London, Paris, and Moscow, meetings of crowned heads, royal marriages, receptions of emperors, kings, warriors, and patriots; but one had never seen the opening of a Kursaal. What was it like? What, thought we, will be the attendant ceremony? Something impressive, most unquestionably; for the Kursaal, be it remembered, is an acknowledged institution on the Rhine, "inaugurated with an appropriate service and the usual solemnities."

Will his Serene Highness the Herzog of Nassau, thought we, drive over from that brickdust-tinted, rickety old Schloss of his at Bieberich, where groups of battered, headless statues crown the semi-circular central front, and accompanied by chamberlains and a military escort, and by the Kurhaus-Commissärs, who on such an occasion would occupy, befittingly enough, the posts of his ordinary responsible advisers, go in state to the Kursaal, and from a temporary throne in the ball-room deliver a speech to the assembled audience, addressing a portion of those present as "high-born, well-experienced players at rouge et noir," as though—the stakes being higher at this game—they were a sort of upper chamber, and the other portion simply as "gamblers of the roulette table," as if they were the lower house? Will he, thought we, express the pleasure he feels at again meeting them, and after thanking them for their liberal supplies of last year—the result of that system of high play which he will always do his best to encourage—point out to them the requirements of the coming season, the estimates for which will, of course, have been prepared with a due regard to economy, consistent with the efficiency of the service of the Kursaal; and which comprise the erection of a new orchestra in the Kurgarten, of a new fountain in the Theater-Platz, and probably the engagement of Mdlle. Patti and that other *diva* named of the "Alcazar," Mdlle. Thérèse, for a limited number of nights? Will he next express his gratification at the friendly as-

surances he continues to receive from those various petty potentates who, like himself, foster public gambling—from young King Leopold of the Belgians, who he trusts will follow in his venerated father's footsteps, and resist all attempts to suppress the gaming tables at Spa—from his Serene Highness of Baden-Baden, who he is happy to hear has recently renewed the lease of M. Benazet—from the Prince of Monaco and the Elector of Hesse-Cassel? Will he then express his deep regret at the irreparable loss which the cause they have so much at heart has sustained by the death of the Landgrave of Hesse-Hombourg, who always led the van when the sacred rights of the croup were assailed, who grappled successfully with the Frankfurt Parliament, and kept Hombourg Kurhaus open, spite of its decrees? Will he also express his hope that his successor in the Landgraviate will follow the example thus set him, and not suffer himself to be bullied or cajoled by the English newspapers into closing this splendid establishment merely because a young son of his chanced to marry a daughter of Queen Victoria? And will he hint his belief that the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, jealous of the handsome Kursaal which under the auspices of the Elector has been recently reared at Naueim on Hessian territory, will welcome his magnificent succession of Hombourg with a firm resolve that its interests "shall not perish in his hands?"

#### II.—NOTES OF PREPARATION.

Well, we are at Wiesbaden, which there is no need to describe for the thousand-and-first time—Wiesbaden, clean and wholesome smelling, and pleasantly situated if not over picturesque town, capital of the Duchy of Nassau; the older portion, with its narrow winding streets and somewhat antique looking houses, inclosed on all sides, as it were, by handsome buildings opening on to wide thoroughfares, and pleasant boulevards with long avenues of lime trees. Old Wiesbaden is represented by a massive arched gateway, a rather picturesque Rathhaus, a mediæval fountain in the market place, with a gilt rampant lion supporting a shield, whereon are displayed the arms of Nassau. The public buildings of new Wiesbaden are the

ministerial hotel and hall of the legislature, the museum, the mint, the theatre, the cavalry barracks, and the Kursaal, which last, with its open "platz," its colonnades, its really magnificent ball-room, its *salons de jeu*, its reading rooms, its restaurant, and the charming gardens in the rear, with their lakes, fountains, running streams, rustic bridges, rock-girt islands, pavilions, parterres of flowers, grassy hillocks, winding walks and shady groves, is as pretty a place as any of its kind on the banks of the Rhine.

Everything betokens active preparation for the coming 1st. Wiesbaden town is getting itself trim. Shopkeepers display their latest Parisian consignments, chapeaux Pamela and Lamballe, jupons Lavalliere, and cachemire, and chains, and coiffures Bénédicton. Long strings of carts laden with stone for the repair of the public roads descend the Sonnenberg; load after load of gravel is spread over the Kurgarten walks; huge rollers are kept constantly at work; scores of gardeners are busily engaged clipping the grass plots and raking the flower beds; the new orchestra is rapidly approaching completion. In front of the Kursaal polished silver reflectors are affixed to the gas burners; the *briefkastens*, or letter boxes, are hung up in their places. Inside the building the upholsterer's tin-tack hammer is going all day long; gaudy wall paintings are cleaned and varnished, gilt mouldings reburnished, mirrors polished, velvet-covered settees stripped of their canvas skins, floors brushed till they acquire the requisite degree of slipperiness to render them dangerous to walk upon. The shutters of the *salons de jeu* are kept rigorously closed, that no profane eye may penetrate the mysteries enacting within their sacred precincts. Chevet engages his staff of waiters, gets his dining saloon in order, and arranges his tables and chairs on the banks of the lake and around the new orchestra. The jet in the centre of the lake sends up a volume of water some fifty feet, which the sun streaks with rainbow tints. Everything is in readiness and all looks charming. The sacrificial altar is bestrewn with flowers and awaits the coming victims.

### III.—"IT IS OUR OPENING DAY."

The eventful morning has arrived at last. Wiesbaden puts on a holiday aspect. People are abroad in their gayest apparel. The railway trains bring crowds of strangers. The living stream flows steadily towards the Kursaal. What numbers of pretty girls, all seemingly so happy; what a multitude of handsome children, charming little maidens, and beautiful fair-haired, chubby-faced boys. How is it that these last grow up, for the most part, such plain-looking men? Is it the smoking and the beer drinking that do the mischief? The pipe, we know, is hardly ever out, and there are beer gardens where the *kellner* watches your flagon, and replenishes it when empty with lightning speed—where the rule is to fill and evermore to fill until the command be given to stop. No wonder that he who drinks beer not only thinks beer, as Longfellow says, but looks beer as well.

Somewhat before ten o'clock a crowd of well-dressed, and, to all appearance, most respectable-looking men—many of them possibly fathers of families and props of the State—congregate around one of the side entrances, and are instantly admitted. These, reader, you would hardly believe to be the croupiers—that unfortunate race vilified of all men. To what lower level do they descend when age and infirmities overtake them—when they are no longer quick of eye, and the hand has lost its cunning! It is commonly believed that, victims to the fascination of play, on receipt of their salaries they resort to some neighboring kursaal, and there work out their little systems until they have parted with their last florin. In this case they can put nothing by. Possibly the Rhine potentates who encourage public gambling and the administrations of the different kursaals, with M. Benazet and M. Blanc at their head, have already provided a befitting asylum for these men in their advanced years—an asylum, in fact, for meritorious aged and infirm croupiers. If not, I commend the suggestion to their earnest consideration.

After the croupiers come other individuals of greater importance—Kursaal-Commissärs, directors, and inspectors, who are received with every dem-

onstration of respect by the doorkeepers; but there is neither ducal presence, nor representatives, nor chamberlain, nor military escort. Crowds of eager strangers are congregated outside the building, vainly endeavoring to peer into what is going on inside. At length the windows of the *salons de jeu* are flung open, as if to say to the assembled multitude, "Come and see for yourselves; all is ready, and precisely as the clock strikes eleven play will commence." And true enough there are the tables covered with the well-known *tapis vert*—there the tall chairs of the croupiers and the croups themselves arranged on either side of the roulette wheel in symmetrical fashion. The roulette wheel itself is boxed up, and as yet there are no rouleaux in the *caisses*; but bide awhile, all will be complete in due course.

The windows are closed again, and as eleven o'clock draws nigh, I saunter into the *salon* to see what is going forward. The opening ceremony proved to be a very simple one. Round the table are grouped the croupiers; presently enters a stalwart *Kursaal flunkey*, in dark blue livery and the stiffest of starched cravats, attended by croupiers on either side, and bearing on his shoulder a heavy oaken brass-bound chest, which he deposits on the *tapis vert*. Following him comes *Kurhaus-Commissär* with key of said chest, which he flings down triumphantly on the table. The chest is double and treble unlocked, and a large leathern bag taken out of it, from whence are taken numerous smaller leathern bags filled with rouleaux and demi-rouleaux of Fredericks d'or and double Fredericks d'or, of louis, of florins, and double florins, thalers, and five-franc pieces. These are all systematically arranged on the table, and *Kurhaus-Commissär*, producing a formidable-looking tabular document, seats himself, and calls first for the bank notes, which are taken from a little green case which opens and shuts with a secret spring. These being counted and found correct, the rouleaux of gold and silver coin are next told over, every croupier eye watching to see that no mistake is made. All seems to be right, for *Kurhaus-Commissär* folds up the paper and rises from his seat. Chief croupiers, under inspector's superintendence, now pro-

ceed to fill the *caisses* with bank notes and coin—in other words, to make what is called the bank.

At this moment the strains of martial music are heard, the doors of the *salons* are thrown wide open, and a stream of people flows in. Here are officers in various uniforms—in long white great coats and long green ditto; in short white tunics with blue or scarlet collars and cuffs; short green tunics embroidered with gold lace, and dark rifle green tunics embroidered with black braid; many among them booted and spurred, and with their cavalry sabres clanking on the ground. Here, too, are elegantly-dressed, matronly-looking women, and the prettiest of *frauleins* in the most piquant of costumes, and grave heads of families of portly presence, and men and women of various nationalities, old and middle-aged and young, including clerks and shopkeepers, idle people, professed gamblers, chance tourists, and simple holiday folk. Ah! come ye on to your inevitable fate—wasps, butterflies, bluebottles, bees, drones, gnats, gaddies, though you be, you are all destined, sooner or later, to be broken on yonder roulette wheel by these modern "Bandits of the Rhine."

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Macmillan's Magazine.

#### ON EARLY PHILOSOPHY.

BY PROFESSOR BAIN.

THE human race behooved to exist a very long time before giving any record of itself; so that we are baulked in our natural curiosity to know the beginnings of many civilized institutions. The origin of language has several explanations, all more or less hypothetical. In regard even to the structure of human society, the earliest recorded polities have traces of still older forms. The commencement of the various religious beliefs prevailing in the ancient world, and their connection one with another, are wholly unaccounted for. Morality has passed through various forms historically known, but its beginnings are necessarily interwoven with the beginnings of society and government. Some of the departments of Fine Art began in historic times; at the date of the first



authentic records of Greece, there was no architecture, no sculpture, no painting in that country where they afterwards rose to such heights; and, excepting the rude strumming of the lyre to accompany poetic recitation, no music. There was only one form of poetry, the epic; that being the probable consummation of ages of intellectual effort.

Of all the products of the human mind, arising under the historic eye, the foremost is unquestionably philosophy or science. By these designations, we understand knowledge in its highest form; the form distinguished by two attributes, Certainty and Generality. The inferior kinds of knowledge are either vague and inaccurate—as, for example, an uninstructed person's knowledge of the laws of the outer world, of his own body, or his own mind; or else, if accurate, of narrow and special application, like the sailor's knowledge of the mechanics of a ship; he knows the lever, and the pulley in the ship's tackle, but he understands nothing of the general, the all-comprehending laws of motion and of force. Now, in order to secure these two attributes, certainty and generality, philosophy or science has to employ a special machinery, a technical procedure; there is needed an elaborate scheme of *verification*—by observation, experiment, and so forth—to arrive at certainty; and *abstract language* and uncouth symbols to attain and embody generality. A happy phrase of Ferrier very nearly embraces both attributes; he calls philosophy, truth, and reason combined—"Reasoned Truth."

It so happens that this superior knowledge, marked by certainty and by generality, this reasoned truth, originated at a time and place where history casts a faint glimmer. It arose in the Grecian or Hellenic race, and in an outlying settlement of a portion of that race—the Ionic colonies on the jagged coast of Asia Minor, consisting of twelve cities, from Miletus at the mouth of the Mæander on the south, to Phocæa in the gulf of Smyrna on the north. The Ionians were of the same breed as the Athenians, and they are found in their Asiatic settlements from the date of the earliest authentic records in the eighth century before Christ. Looking at the map, we observe that their entire coast line, with

all its indentations, hardly exceeds a hundred miles.

The epoch of the great philosophic outburst was towards the middle of the sixth century before Christ—twenty-four centuries back. It was a period of great political ferment and revolution; the age when the coarse rough-shod despotisms were giving way to constitutions more or less popular and liberal; the French Revolution epoch of antiquity; a time of fervor, aspiration, and intellectual stir.

What, besides political freedom, there was in these Ionic settlers, with their plots of land—on which they grew wheat and vines and figs, and kept a few cattle—to make them burst their narrow routine of occupation, their religious superstitions, their homely amusements, and rude sports—men whose education was a little reading and writing, but chiefly hearing and reciting Homer and some other poets—and to make them rise to the heights of lofty speculation, as to the universe, and all its incomprehensible grandeurs of stars and planets, sun and moon, day and night—we are utterly at a loss to determine. It is not an explanation, but merely a repetition of the fact in other words, to say that they were men of unparalleled intellectual endowments—the exceptions to human mediocrity. Emancipated from mechanical drudgery by slave labor, a portion of that fine race withdrew themselves from vulgar amusements to elevated pursuits: some went into the field of politics, others embraced poetry, and others the study of nature; while it was not uncommon for the same man to be politician, poet, and philosopher. And we are not to suppose that the small number of renowned individuals were the whole of the studious class; every one of the original minds must have had about him a circle of intelligent pupils, disciples, or sympathizers. An enduring interest attaches to these thinkers; we look back to them for the genuine beginnings of reasoned truth, and also for the first manifestations of the errors in method that oppressed the subsequent career of science.

The first stage of Grecian philosophy is marked out by the labors of twelve men; beginning at Thales, and ending with Demokritus. These are the first

nature - philosophers, the men that studied nature as a whole, and chiefly material or external nature, with a view to explain it upon some grand, single, primitive, or pervading agency, to the exclusion of the gods, who had before them been in undivided possession of the field. The second stage commences with "the double-tongued and all-objecting" Zeno the Eleatic, and embraces Sokrates. This stage was marked by several striking features. It was the epoch of what is called Dialectics, or organized controversy and debate, requiring, as an essential part of reasoned truth, the full statement of the negative side of every question.

The present article will be principally occupied with a brief account of the views and speculations of the twelve beginners—the men of the first epoch—ranging from the first half of the sixth century to the end of the fifth, B.C. They are difficult to remember with out some simplifying method; there is an alliteration (of the letter X) in three or four of the chief names, very distracting to the memory. Although divisible into schools, we must describe them in the order of date. Six are of the Ionian school, named from the mother colony; three are Eleatics, from the town of Elea in Southern Italy; two are named Atomists, from their peculiar doctrine; and one is unique—Pythagoras. The order of date is three Ionians, Pythagoras the unique, two Eleatics, the fourth Ionian, the third Eleatic, the

fifth and sixth Ionians, and the two Atomists. Zeno, the double-tongued, who opens the second epoch, was a fourth Eleatic.\*

1. The first and predominant question with them all was the PRIMEVAL SUBSTANCE, the Constituent Element or Power, that produced the existing Universe. This, with them, behooved to be a SINGLE all-pervading matter or essence, such as to give birth to the entire mass of existing things, celestial and terrestrial. Some of them assigned one of the known substances, as water, or air; others set up an abstraction or fiction of language; others gave Mind (an abstraction too) as the all-producing agent.

2. Next to the fundamental substance we may place the CONSTITUTION OF THE CELESTIAL BODIES in particular, which every one of them speculated about: how these were generated out of the primal element; their distances, magnitudes, movements, and material composition; how they were related to the Earth, and the Earth related to them.

3. The LARGER TERRESTRIAL PHENOMENA—Earthquakes, Stars, Thunder, Clouds, Rain, were matters of frequent speculation.

4. The processes of VEGETATION and ANIMAL LIFE received a share of attention.

5. The HUMAN MIND or SOUL began to be examined by the later philosophers of the series we are now considering. Regarding it, the problems were—(1)

\* The following table is a summary view of the details given in the text:

	Locality.	Time.	School.	Principle.
Thales . . . . .	Miletus.	620—560.	1st Ionian.	Water.
Anaximander . . . .	Miletus.	610—547.	2d Ionian.	Indeterminate.
Anaximenes . . . . .	Miletus.	575—	3d Ionian.	Air.
Pythagoras . . . . .	Kroton.	569—470.	Unique.	Number.
Xenophanes . . . . .	Elea.	540—500.	1st Eleatic.	Absolute.
Parmenides . . . . .	Elea.	520—460.	2d Eleatic.	Absolute.
Heraclitus . . . . .	Ephesus.	f. 500—	4th Ionian.	Mutation.
Empedocles . . . . .	Agrirentum.	500—430.	3d Eleatic.	Four Elements.
Anaxagoras . . . . .	Klazomenæ.	500—428.	5th Ionian.	{ Simple Elements— Mind.
Diogenes . . . . .	Apollonia.	Contemporary.	6th Ionian.	
Leukippos . . . . .	—	Contemporary.	Atomist.	Air (intelligent).
Demokritos . . . . .	Abdera.	490—350.	Atomist.	Atoms.
Zeno . . . . .	Elea.	—	4th Eleatic.	Founder of Dialectics.

Its Nature, or Essence, generally accounted a highly ethereal matter; (2) the mysterious subject of Perception by the Senses, or the way that external objects communicate with the mind—a vast problem not yet exhausted; and (3) the distinction of the contrasted faculties of Sense and Reason—Perception and Cognition; a distinction following on the Eleatic distinction between the world of appearance and a something lying underneath all appearances—an external, immutable, Absolute Reality.

Such are the problems. Let us now see the men.

The sixth century, B.C., discloses the three first Ionians—Thales, Anaximander, Anaximenes—all of the colony and town of Miletus, on the left or south bank of the Meander near its mouth. From the neighboring hills ought to be apparent, forty miles out at sea, the otherwise memorable little island of Patmos.

THALES might soon be dispatched, if we gave only what the severest historical criticism has left us as his portion. Stripping off all subsequent commentaries and interpolations we have nothing but a sentence to the effect: "Water is the material that everything has arisen from, and consists in." As regards succeeding theories, we are instructed as to the powers, forces, or manner of working, through whose means the alleged primary element became all things that we see in heaven and in earth; but in the case of Thales and his element, there is nothing but conjecture. We may imagine him to have been arrested by the extent and the capabilities of the ocean and the watery streams; by the far-reaching influence of the rain; by the liquid elements of the animal body, and by the Protean aptitude of water for passing, on the one hand, into a solid state, and, on the other, into air; and we may suppose that he saw in this pervading element a sufficient basis for explaining all things whatsoever. As a Greek, gone but a little way in speculation, he could not escape endowing his great first agent, the primeval Water, with a sort of vitality or personality, which would answer to him for the moving power that brought about all the needful transformations; but it was

a gloss of aftertimes to represent him as endowing the primal substance with a god or spirit.

Thales is chiefly remarkable as being the first to break off from the polytheistic scheme in the world. The Greek of his day (says Grote) never asked *what* produces rain, thunder, and earthquakes, but *who* rains, thunders, and shakes the earth; and was satisfied with the answer—Zeus, or Poseidon (Neptune). To be told of physical agencies—water, air, or fire—was not merely unsatisfactory: it was absurd, ridiculous, and impious. All this had to be overcome by Thales before entering on his career of speculation. We cannot well overrate the greatness of the moment when any man could bring himself to such a radical change of view. It was the beginning of the possibility of science, a turning-point in the history of the race, unsurpassed by the greatest subsequent discoveries, by the Copernican astronomy, or the Newtonian gravitation.

To Thales were attributed Astronomical and other doctrines, but on no good authority. He wrote nothing, and even to Aristotle he was a man shrouded in the mists of antiquity; one remark of Aristotle touching his astronomy was, that he made the earth repose or float upon the all-pervading water. His alleged prediction of a famous eclipse is disposed of by Sir G. C. Lewis in his most consummate style of historical criticism (*Astronomy of the Ancients*, p. 85).

Thales was universally reputed in antiquity the founder of geometry.

The second Ionian, also of Miletus, ANAXIMANDER, was the younger contemporary, companion, and disciple of Thales (610—547 B.C.). Inasmuch as he committed his doctrines to writing, there is more certainty respecting them.

1. As to the common problem of the one primeval substance, the self-existent, all-producing element, he departed from Thales, and entered on an original route, where he has had too many followers. Instead of selecting from the actual materials of the globe some preponderating ingredient—water or air—which selection he possibly saw to be attended with difficulties, he fell upon an imaginary substance or abstraction, called by a name that is translated the

Indeterminate or the Infinite. He stripped, in imagination, existing substances of all their peculiarities—the solidity of earth, the liquidity of water, the tenuity of air; and supposed a common something at the bottom, pure and simple body, containing, in latent form, the great fundamental contraries, hot—cold, moist—dry, etc., together with a self-developing force, and being, in its own nature, immortal and indestructible. It seemed to him that a mother element having as yet no special attributes, but having the power to shoot out into all the definite varieties of matter, to become everything that there is, was a fairer start than any one determined and fully formed substance, as water, which, before it could become earth, marble, or gold, had first to denude itself of its own distinctive properties. Having conceived the general idea, he developed its workings so as to conform to appearances in this manner. The determinate substances were always lapsing back into the indeterminate, being, as it were, in a privileged condition, which they had soon to quit. The manner of proceeding was described as separation or “excretion;” the forces—heat and cold—came out first, and their mixture made fluidity or water, whence, by farther separations, came earth, air, fire; the heavy elements, earth and water, took the lowest place, and air and fire the highest.

2. Then as to his astronomy. Highest and remotest was the all-encompassing sphere of fire, originally a diffused mass, but broken up and aggregated in separate masses, named the heavenly bodies. These were arranged in three successive spheres: the highest, the sun; the next, the moon; the nearest, the stars. The sun and moon he arbitrarily estimated at twenty-eight or twenty-nine times the size (circumference) of the earth; but he seemed unable to apply the familiar experience that would suggest the placing of the smallest-looking bodies (the stars) at the greatest distance. There was a regular generation and decay of the heavenly bodies, from and to the indeterminate. The earth was round like a cylinder; the depth he assumed at one third of the breadth. At first it had been half fluid or mud, and had been dried up by the sun; the anal-

ogy of making bricks was good enough for making worlds. The position of the earth was the centre of the universe; it stood stationary amid the revolving spheres, there being no *sufficient reason* for its moving one way rather than another. This primitive and very natural opinion as to the position and fixity of the earth was seldom departed from in early philosophy.

Anaximander also gave explanations of meteorology, earthquakes, etc. Better still, he was the first to make a map. He scratched on a brass plate the outline of the then known countries.

The generation of animals was from the primitive mud; the lower orders, as fishes, were first formed, and when the earth became firm, there appeared the higher animals and man.

Thus, with an impulse in the right direction in some respects, Anaximander set the example of the gigantic vice of imparting real existence and material agency to the abstractions created by language.

The third Ionian was ANAXIMENES, the companion, disciple, and successor of Anaximander. He was born about 575. Of course he knew all that Thales and Anaximander had thought, and he departed from both, or rather took a mixed or middle course; he would not adopt water with Thales, nor a pure abstraction like the other; but he regarded air as the foundation element, an element of apparently boundless extent, joining heaven with earth, the medium of the most important processes in the economy of life. He further—and this seems to be his chief amendment upon the others—took particular notice of the phenomena of condensation and rarefaction, real, in fact, and more definite as processes than the separation or excretion of Anaximander's Indeterminate. The air had an inherent generative or self-developing power, passing on the one hand to the dense, and producing cloud, water, earth, stone; and, on the other hand, to the rare, and yielding the sublimed products of fire and ether. The idea that mere condensation, as when water becomes vapor and ice, would amount to all the difference between wood, marble, and gold, was, of course, a wonderfully facile assumption, characteristic of early philosophy.



In astronomy, he supposed the earth a flat plate resting on the air, as Thales placed it on the water. The mass of the earth, in common with the sun and the moon, was of course, in his general hypothesis, condensed or solidified air. The stars were fixed like studs or nails, in a solid crystalline sphere, which revolves by the force of the air in a horizontal whirl, without descending below the horizon. In like manner the sun does not descend beneath the earth, but merely passes into the shadows of the mountains; his heat arising from his rapid motion, to which he is somehow impelled by the movement of the crystalline sphere of the stars. There could have been no correct astronomical observation present to the mind of this philosopher, since he assumes, for the thirty-eighth degree of latitude, a hypothesis of celestial rotation true only at the equator.

These three Ionians of Miletus—Thales, Anaximander, and Anaximenes—agreed in seeking out a common primordial substance endowed with powers of transmutation, so as to give birth to all known substances, although they differed among themselves, as we have seen; two choosing real substances, the third an abstraction. The next in the Ionian line is Herakleitus, of Ephesus; but he is a good deal later, being separated seventy years from Anaximenes, during which interval other ideas have got afloat. We must therefore interrupt the Ionian succession, and cross to the settlements of the Italian Greeks. The first we encounter there is Pythagoras, the Unique.

The birthplace of PYTHAGORAS made him Ionian; it was the considerable island of Samos, on the Ionian coast, between Miletus and Ephesus. Both Thales and Anaximander were living at Miletus close by, when Pythagoras was born; and Anaximenes was forty-five, when Pythagoras, about thirty, and already famous over Ionia for his many bold and original ideas, emigrated (530 B.C. as is supposed) to Kroton, and ultimately to Metapontum, in Southern or Lower Italy. In those Italian settlements he was the founder of a fraternity, based, we may suppose, on philosophical and religious views, but which extended itself to political interference and as-

cendency; becoming odious on that account, it was suppressed, and its members scattered by violent means about 509 B.C.

The opinions of Pythagoras himself are not directly known; they are only presumed from those held by leading members of his sect. They present a new and remarkable vein of thinking, and are important historically as having influenced many, among whom we must reckon Plato.

1. As regards the problem common to Early Philosophy, he assigned the abstraction NUMBER as the fundamental and original element of the whole universe. This did not mean simply that all things possessed the attribute of number, or might be measured and numbered, but that number in the abstract is a self-existent reality, containing the material of all other things, together with the creating agency for converting it into these other things.

Here we have the second example (Anaximander's Indeterminate being the first) of a mere abstraction of the mind raised to the rank of a reality by the force of the human feelings, coupled with the delusion that whatever can be separately named must separately exist. The world presents many numbered things—stars, mountains, men, etc.; but neither can number 'exist apart from things, as Plato supposed, nor can it be called the essence or foundations of things, as Pythagoras supposed. We may also remark as a curious circumstance that the elements of arithmetical and geometrical science, generally accounted dry and vexatious, took possession of the early speculative minds, with a mystic awe and fascination, of the nature of worship. Occasionally in modern times the same feeling is exhibited; for he was a modern who expressed as his highest idea of God, that he was the first geometer.

Pythagoras gave a detailed account of the generation of the universe out of number. *One*, or the monad, contained the two fundamental contraries, the Indeterminate and the Determining, which give birth to all the rest; in it the odd and the even were contained, but not yet separated. *Two* was the first indeterminate even number; *Three* the first odd and determinate number, having beginning, middle, and end. To the

first four numbers corresponded point, line, plane, solid. *Five* represented color, or visible appearance; *Six*, life; *Seven*, health, intelligence, etc.; *Eight*, love or friendship. *Ten*, or the *dekad*, was the full and perfect number, the guide and principle of life to the universe and to humanity.

2. The astronomy of the Pythagoreans, besides its relating to this grand theory of number, had several specialities. It was the first system that removed the earth from the centre of the universe, and gave it a motion in an orbit round the centre. That centre, however, was not the sun; but an imaginary mass of fire, called by such mystic names as the "Hearth of the Universe," the "House or Watch-tower of Jupiter," "The Altar of Nature," "The Mother of the Gods;" round this, ten bodies moved in circles. Farthest removed was the heaven, containing the fixed stars; then the several planets; then the sun, the moon, the earth, and within the orbit of the earth a counter-earth (*antichthon*), an imaginary body never seen from the earth, and having no assignable function except in lunar eclipses, where it might act as the eclipsing screen; the real motive for it being to make up the perfect number ten. The respective distances of the ten bodies followed numerical proportions, corresponding to musical harmony, with whose principles also the Pythagoreans were greatly entranced; and as the several motions could not take place without causing a loud sound, the result of the whole was the celebrated music of the spheres, which, however, was inaudible to us because we had heard it without any intermission from our birth.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the doctrine of the real motion of the earth, first held by Pythagoras, had anything to do with scientific reasons, or made a step towards the Copernican system. It was merely the work of a bold imagination, and was determined exclusively by mystical considerations and strong emotions.

3. In regard to the human mind or soul, there were some views afloat of Pythagorean origin. When it was said that the soul was a number, and a harmony, that would mean nothing peculiar; for all things were numbers. The

doctrine of the perpetual existence of the soul under the form of transmigration was a doctrine of the Pythagoreans, but belonging to their religion, and derived probably from the still older traditions called the Orphic mysteries. The supposed imperishable property had nothing to do with its being a number or a harmony.

Our next name is XENOPHANES, the first Eleatic; a contemporary of Pythagoras, and, like him, an emigrant from Ionia to Italy. (As yet all are of Ionian birth.) Elea was a town in the gulf of Paestum or Posidonia (now Ascea, fifty miles south of Naples). The period of eminence of Xenophanes is supposed to have been 530—500 B.C. He may have been personally known to all the other philosophers except Thales, but he did not follow the lead of any one of them. He was rather, in the first instance, a great religious innovator. He made a furious onslaught on the received theogony, and on Homer and Hesiod, who were its chief expounders. He condemns the discreditable exploits attributed to the gods, and calls in question their very existence, showing them to be mere human creatures after the human form; and, with pungent sarcasm, remarks that the negroes made their gods black; and that if horses and lions were to turn religious, they would make gods of their own species.

As if the reverse of wrong must be right, Xenophanes set up a vast abstraction, made out of denials of all that Polytheism affirmed. For a plurality of agencies, he substituted one that had neither generation, succession, beginning, end, nor division of parts; something indeed that may be named by language (because language can put together impossibles), but which no imagination can conceive or realize. This vast unchangeable, indivisible, eternal One, he identified with God. "Wherever I turned my mind (he said) everything resolved itself into One and the same; all things existing came back always and everywhere into one similar permanent nature." He had the craving for unity common to the early philosophers, and he constructed a unity on a plan of negations, so as to exclude all the properties that he thought beneath the dignity of the source of all things, the great

First Cause. He found, however, that his difficulties were only commencing: for how could such a petrified entity be the origin of all the variety and complexity, the succession and the change of actual things? He by no means understated this difficulty, nor explained it away by the easy assumptions that were so frequent in early speculation; it really oppressed him with the sense of a contradiction that he could not resolve. The primal element must be one, indivisible and unchangeable; that alone is the eternal, self-existent reality. The world in appearance is many, divisible, and changeable; but *only in appearance*, and with reference to *our perceptions and beliefs*, which do not rise at once to the great fundamental unity.

In this strange fiction of Xenophanes we have the beginning of world-famed theories. It was the starting point of Pantheism, or the identity of the world and God, and also of Ontology, or the distinction between reality and appearance, Noumenon and Phenomenon, the Absolute and the Relative. We shall see a little way into the developments of these beginnings.

Xenophanes was thus a sort of link between the Ionian physical schools, and the more properly metaphysical systems. He was also a speculator in astronomy like the Ionians. Whereas the others had regarded the earth as a shallow plate floating in space, he gave it an infinite depth, with reservoirs of fire and water, which exhaled clouds, constituting sun, moon, and stars; these being alternately lighted up and extinguished like so many lamps. To redeem these visionary flights, he made the geological observation that sea shells and the prints of fishes were found inland, and on mountain tops, and drew the inference that these places must have once been under water.

PARMENIDES of Elea is the second Eleatic, 520—460 B. C. He adopts the great fictitious entity of Xenophanes, with all its difficulties, and tries to show the way out of them. According to him, the great primal element, the foundation reality of things is, as Xenophanes said, One, indivisible, and unchangeable; but he gives it, besides durability, the attribute of extension, or the occupation of space. It was this unsubstantial,

inane, but extended, something, this accumulation of negative attributes, that was alone true, real, and absolute. All else belonged to the region of mere opinion, supposition, appearance, mutability. The contradiction between the two was reconciled, or rather countenanced and repeated, by a corresponding contradiction or contrast in the human mind—namely, reason against sense. The highest reality, the Immaculate One, was ascertained by reason, the gloss of appearance was discerned by sense. The immutable, therefore, does not after all generate the mutable, the plurality of the things seen; this mutable and various universe is only a phantasmagoria—a dream of our senses.

In short, by an effort of abstraction Parmenides thought away all the properties of things except time and space, duration and extension: these alone were the perennial realities; they had the merit of unbroken continuity; all else was *divisible*, numerable, variable, changing, full of contradictions, deriving validity only from the inferior region of the senses.

The One of Parmenides was not looked upon by him as Deity; therein he differed from his master. For the theological government of the world he re-admitted the gods and goddesses indignantly expelled by Xenophanes; his One was a philosophical, and not a religious entity.

But neither did Parmenides disdain to speculate like other philosophers in this region of the sensible and the phenomenal. Like all the rest, he had a system of astronomy, with some points in common with Xenophanes his master, and some points of his own. He is said to have identified the Evening star and the Morning star as the same body, and to have made the very important stride of regarding the earth as spherical, which none of the rest had done. His theories of the stars and of the nature of celestial illumination are scarcely worth repeating.

These two Eleatics wrote their doctrines, using the medium of verse, which was considered in their day the only form suited to written composition.

Returning to Iona, we encounter HERAKLEITUS, of Ephesus, called the Obscure, because he affected a senten-

tious, obscure, and oracular style of composition. He is the fourth Ionian, and takes up the Ionian thread, although probably subject to Pythagorean and Eleatic influences; he mentions both Pythagoras and Xenophanes, the Eleatic founder. His philosophy is considered to have had great influence in Greece. The early commentators read him as having proclaimed *fire* as the universal element and great first cause of all things; thus merely ringing another change on the Ionian philosophies of water and air. But when his fragments are all studied in connection, it appears that his meaning was different. Fire was a metaphorical illustration of a metaphysical meaning. His real theory is a contrast or contradiction of the Eleatic view of One, Indivisible, and Immutable; he affirmed, on the contrary, that the foundation of all things was *mutation*, transition, alternate generation, and destruction. There was here the same gross abuse of abstract language as in the other metaphysical theories—the representation of a principle of change in the abstract, as apart from all changing things; but undoubtedly this doctrine had the advantage of representing the facts of the world, as well as of giving the denial to the Eleatics, a pleasure that Herakleitus was probably not insensible to. The principle of mutability was stated under many metaphors—fire consuming its own fuel, water always flowing, opposite currents meeting and conflicting, war, contest, retributive justice, etc. Things are ever produced, but nothing is permanent; all existences pass round into their contraries, waking into sleeping, light into darkness. So incessant is the work of destruction and renovation, that everything both is and is not—a paradox reminding us of Hegel's doctrine: "Being and not being are the same."

Like the others, he has his astronomy, and with a better right than some of them. His most original idea was that the celestial lights were contained in bowls or troughs; and the eclipses of the sun, and the phases of the moon, arose from the dark side being turned round. His doctrine as to the luminosity of the heavenly bodies was a repetition of Xenophanes's doctrine of terrestrial exhalations set on fire and compressed.

From Herakleitus we have a theory of the human soul. Of course, it too must share in the principle of mutation, and be a thing of movement and change. Such, however, was its intrinsic and superior activity, that the body, which was, comparatively speaking, stationary and fixed, was to it as a prison, keeping it from free intercourse with the universal life of things. The real dignity of the soul consisted in its cognizance of the universal; and the more men advanced in rationality, the more they went out of themselves, and studied the general scheme of the universe. This doctrine was a crude way of stating the great principle of the Stoical philosophy, the merging of the interests of each individual in the interests of the universe as a whole.

The next in order, the eighth of the twelve and the third Eleatic, takes us to Sicily, among whose Greek colonists many eminent men arose. The town of Agrigentum, on the south coast of Sicily, still called *Gergenti*, gave birth to EMPEDOKLES, from whom we have, for the first time in form, the doctrine of the Four Elements. He is reckoned among the Eleatics, because, dissenting from the Ionians, he followed Parmenides in rejecting all real generation and destruction, although the meaning he put upon this rejection was peculiar. He assumed the four elements—earth, water, air, fire—as eternal, inexhaustible, simple, homogeneous, equal, and co-ordinate. In short, to him all solid bodies were the same, all liquids, and so on. He assumed, as moving principles or forces, love and enmity—abstractions personified, just the very worst entities for philosophical explanation. Generation then was simply the embracing of elements, the many becoming one; destruction their separation, the one becoming many. This was, no doubt, a step in advance, and is something plainly allied to the modern chemical doctrines of combination and decomposition.

But now the opposing forces, love and enmity, are not always equally operative; there are times when love predominates, and times when hatred predominates, times of construction and of destruction, going round in a cycle. The world began with an empire of love or combination, a sort of primitive



chaotic union ; at the period prescribed by fate, the empire of enmity, or disintegration, commenced, disjoining and distending the compacted mass, and leading to the separation of the elements, like going to like—fire to fire, air to air, and so forth. Thus came the settling of the four elements into their respective places, and also the formation of the heavens and the earth, in a manner that we need not waste time in detailing.

But besides his great cosmical theory, and its astronomical developments, Empedokles went into the explanations of the ordinary terrestrial phenomena, as the generation of plants and of animals, which had their birth from the four elements under the two forces. First came plants, then mutilated fragments of animals, then monsters that were neither one thing nor another ; after which came the true combinations of plants, and animals and men, and the "long-lived gods." He even gave minute explanations of the leading animal functions — as respiration, nutrition, generation, and so forth. His prevailing idea was the porosity of the body, and the passing of air inwards and outwards, with an accompanying flux and reflux of blood, all which would be utterly indifferent to us, but for what is next to be mentioned.

The way that the mind is acted on by outward things, as in looking at the sun, is one of the great problems of philosophy, and keenly debated at this hour. With Empedokles, we find the first attempt at a solution, which solution is based on the doctrine of effluvia passing through the pores of the body. All substances are casting off effluvia, and these enter the system at all points ; while by the different effects that they have upon the several sensitive organs, we distinguish one thing from another. Man being composed of the four elements, the effluvia of earth came upon his earthy element, water upon the watery, and so on ; like coming to like, and thereby attaining their distinct perception. So in vision, the element of external fire, or light, encountered the fire element within the eye ; for although the eyeball is created externally with an earthy or solid substance, it is made up internally (he said) of fire and

water. Hearing was the shock of the external air, first upon the solid parts of the ear, and through them upon the air within. Smell was his easiest explanation, being an undoubted case of effluvia, although his opponents denied even this case. In taste and touch, immediate contact of solid with solid would supply the necessary condition of like coming to like, without effluvia. Crude as this hypothesis was, it contained the essential features of by far the most widely received doctrine on this perplexing subject.

Our ninth name is ANAXAGORAS (500—430 B.C.), by birth an Ionian (birth-place Clazomenæ, near the gulf of Smyrna), and of the Ionic succession, being the fifth of the line. He went and lived at Athens, where he became the friend, companion, and instructor of Perikles ; he also imparted his views to Thucydides the historian, Euripides the poet, and Archelaus, who may be considered the master of Sokrates. He wrote in intelligible prose.

He agreed with Empedokles in not admitting generation and destruction in the literal sense, and in regarding them solely as union and separation of elements. He did not, however, accept the four elements as an adequate stock of simple bodies. He reckoned that the elements were coextensive with the different kinds of matter ; as Empedokles erred in having too few simple bodies, he again made no sufficient allowance for possible variety of combinations. But he had the peculiar notion that each material in nature, beside its own characteristic simple element, had in it a portion of every other element whatsoever ; water had a predominating watery element, with a spice of every thing else. The meaning of this odd reservation was that he could not admit the coming together of two elements, totally unlike (the attraction of like for like being then a sort of axiom in philosophy), unless there was already in each a nucleus of the material of the other ; what made water dissolve salt was, a small portion already dissolved to attract the rest.

But of far deeper interest is the moving power assigned by Anaxagoras. Even with these nuclei of all things existing in each, he still demanded a force

from without to determine the process of change—the regular combination and resolution of elements.

This force was *Nous*, or mind, or rather an abstraction of his own coining, with a certain mixture of material and mental attributes. He gave it the dignity of being the only pure or unmixed element. It was the thinnest and subtlest of all matter, more so than either air or fire, but of great energy; unacted upon by matter it was itself active, and the prime mover of all change.

In the first beginning of things, matter was a quiescent mass. *Nous* operated upon it to produce a grand rotation (the circular movement being alone perfection). By the great velocity of the rotation a separation began; the fundamental contraries, hitherto locked together, took their distinct places—dense and rare, cold and hot, dark and light, wet and dry. Then came the assimilation of like to like, so as to produce distinct and characteristic substances by the prominence of the special element of each. Hence we have flesh, bone, wood, gold, etc., all brought out with their distinctive attributes.

The *Nous* was not mind properly so called, but an entity capable of moving the material mass, and possessing a certain knowledge of what it was doing. It was more like what is called the vital principle, supposed to know its own action. Still less was it God, in the usual sense of Deity, although all these hypotheses of primeval natural force are apt to be identified with God, especially when an element of knowledge or intelligence is superadded. Anaxagoras was a pure Nature philosopher, and completely opposed to theological causes properly so called; so much so that he was described in antiquity as the first atheist, as he was the proto-martyr—the first person brought to public trial for atheism. Others before him had substituted “mechanical and unprovidential forces for the direct agency of the gods,” and had “reduced the heavenly bodies which were believed to be of a divine nature, to a terrestrial standard, and to earthy materials;” but “he spoke out with greater plainness and courage, and carried his explanations much farther.” To the popular mind the sun was still a god driving his chariot across the sky

from east to west; his describing the great luminary as a mass of red-hot stone was offensive and atheistic; so was his comparison of the moon to the earth, as having plains, mountains, and valleys, and possibly inhabitants. This popular antipathy was laid hold of by the political opponents of his friend Perikles; he was brought to trial, when an old man of seventy, and, although defended by Perikles, he was condemned, and either imprisoned or fined. This happened 432 B.C., thirty-three years before the trial of Sokrates.

The tenth name, and the sixth and last of the Ionic school, was DIOGENES, the contemporary of Anaxagoras, born in Appollonia, in the island of Krete. He too taught some time at Athens, but being obnoxious to the same charge as Anaxagoras, and dreading a public impeachment, he thought it better to quit. He adopted the agency of air, as promulgated with Anaximenes, which he endowed both with moving power and intelligence, like the *Nous* of Anaxagoras.

We come finally to the two Atomists—LEUKIPPUS and DEMOKRITUS, their characteristic doctrine originating with the first, and deriving its full expansion from the second. We need, therefore, notice it only as it appeared in the hands of Demokritos. It carries us back to the Eleatic theory of the self-existent, real, or absolute, as opposed to the changeable, the phenomenal, and the relative; the two being mutually irreconcilable, and merely made easier to accept by the presence of a similar contradiction in the mind—reason and sense. The Atomists undertook a reconciliation.

Parmenides had maintained a permanent, immutable, extended, and unbroken Something as the only real existence. This was, on his part, a creature of imagination, a putting together of words which, when joined, had no meaning, nothing to correspond. The Atomists were not to be put off with a jumble, a monstrosity, a mermaid of speculation; they laid their hand on two real existences, *body* and *empty space*, or vacuum; they affirmed both to exist (one would suppose so); and by their alternation the Eleatic continuity was broken up, and multiformity or the

many was thus a real fact; matter and space alternated, and the world was made up of their alternation. Now matter could move, while space gave it scope for movement; in every other respect, except movement, they admitted that matter was unchangeable, and eternal. All they had to do, therefore, was to cut matter small enough, to divide it into atoms of uniform quality (they must find something to correspond with the big words, One, Permanent, Immutable, without which no theory would go down), but with such differences in size and figure, as would in the course of union bring about the variety of known things. Moreover, Demokritus gave way so far to the doctrine of appearance in contrast to reality, as to say that certain qualities—namely, color, taste, temperature, etc.—were not real, but merely came out to our senses; they were phantasmagoric, and not fundamental. He excepted, however, the qualities of weight and hardness (called in modern times *primary* qualities), and allowed them to inhere in the things themselves, and to be involved in the ultimate properties of the primeval atoms. A heavy body was a mass of atoms more compacted; hardness grew out of the size and mode of junction of the atoms.

All other qualities, then—light, sound, odor, etc.—were merely “modifications of our own sensibility.” This is the theory of Demokritus regarding that problem of mind or soul called External Perception.

The best part of the theory of Demokritus was his leaving out all personifications of love and hatred, all manufactured entities, and his ascribing the movement force in his atoms to inherent properties of their own, which he accepted as a fact, without any further explanation. He saw that matter and force were really conjoined in nature, and he did not divorce them, a thing so often done by the trickery of abstract words.

His astronomical theory had a good deal in common with his immediate predecessors, and is no way important in the history of science. In respect to learning, ability, and the number and variety of his researches and published writings, he was scarcely inferior to Aristotle, and some of his views were in advance of the Stagirite.

On the mind he speculated largely. Like other things, it consisted of atoms, which of course must be of the subtlest conceivable quality; they were small, globular, penetrating. Sensation consisted of motions of the mental atoms meeting the effluvia or atoms of external bodies. He gave at great length explanations of sight and colors on his hypothesis. Intelligence was also the internal atomic movement of the several atoms, and he accounted for its various grades and manifestations by various assumptions as to the atomic workings.

So much for the twelve, the first beginners of our proud philosophy. A very few observations must suffice on their peculiarities of method.

1. They agreed in endeavoring to dispense with the prevailing polytheistic personal agency, and to make the universe in some way self-explaining.

2. They, without exception, demanded that the explanation should start from, or resolve itself into, some unity. This was their first great weakness, and a weakness not yet got over.

3. They began the vicious practice of creating agencies out of abstract language, and then assuming their real existence: the Indeterminate, the Absolute, the *Nous*, etc. The flexibility of language, especially in the use of negative particles, enables us to coin names, as readily as the king can make knights; but creating worlds to correspond, neither man nor king can do that. It is easy to form a word “levity” from the name for bodies of light weight, and a word “absolute,” which had at first a genuine meaning; it is also easy to join the two, “absolute levity;” and likewise other combinations, as “unnatural motion,” a “fourth dimension,” a “round square,” and so on: but to believe that, because we can make the phrases, we can find or forge corresponding realities, is a mere delusion; it shows that the noble instrument of language is also a most ignoble source of traps and pitfalls, juggles and enigmas.

4. The demand for satisfaction to the strong human emotions, or sentiments, is equally apparent, and has been equally persistent. Indeed, the great language-formed abstractions would not have been so delusive, if they had not satisfied some powerful emotions. The dig-

nity of nature was compatible only with circular movement; particulars had an unjust hold of existence: and so on.

5. The abuse of analogies might be largely illustrated from these early systems.

6. But the circumstance that completes and clenches all the other weaknesses is the want of verification; no one in that age had risen to the conception that whatever was laid down respecting nature should be confirmed by an appeal to nature itself. Hence, although we have plenty of generality in the views of the twelve, we have very little certainty as yet.\*

The second stage of speculation commencing with the Dialectic of the double-tongued Zeno, the fourth Eleatic, is to us not the least interesting phase of Grecian philosophy. But we had lately an opportunity of dwelling on this point, in connection with Grote's *Plato*, where it is brought forth, for the first time, in due prominence. (See July, 1865.) The essence of the Dialectic method is to place, side by side with every doctrine and its reasons, all opposing doctrines and their reasons, allowing these to be stated in full by the persons holding them. No theory is to be held as expounded, far less proved, unless it stands in parallel array to every counter theory, with all that can be said for each. For a short time, this system was actually maintained and practiced; but the execution of Sokrates gave it its first check, and the natural intolerance of mankind rendered its continuance impossible. Since the Reformation, struggles have been made to regain for the discussions of questions generally—philosophical, political, moral, and religious—the two-sided procedure of the law courts, and perhaps never more strenuously than now. In Ferrier's work, entitled *Institutes of Metaphysics*, the plan of putting proposition and counter proposition side by side, is strikingly carried out. He has also furnished the motto of free Dialectics—"The only light of every truth is its contrasting error." For a believer's own satisfaction, we should bring before him in

strength the case of the unbeliever. People may retain a mechanical faith, a string of sound words, a hereditary formula like a surname or the coat-of-arms of the family; but if they are to have intelligent opinions, living convictions, they must know every opposing view, in the words, and with the reasons, of its upholders. That was the momentary phase of Philosophy, or reasoned truth, four centuries before Christ, and that, it would seem, is one of the longings of the present hour.

Bentley's Miscellany.

#### A RIDE BY MAR SABA TO THE DEAD SEA.

Of all the sights in and around the Holy City, that undoubtedly which causes the most surprise, and is most at variance with preconceived opinions, is the aspect of the Dead Sea. Illustrated Bibles, panoramic views, or photographs, have stamped the salient features of the neighborhood firmly on the imagination in general, and the traveller feels comparatively *en pays de connaissance* in approaching the Jaffa gate, or riding past Absalom's tomb. But the outlook to the east from the heights of Scopus or Olivet has been unprovided for by expectation; the ill-omened waters form the one enlivening feature in the drear, stony landscape; their sparkling blue relieves the dun hillocks that roll one upon another from the foot of Olivet to the shore of the lake, and the weird outline of the Moabite mountains on the farther shore.

At whatever time the pilgrim may visit Jerusalem, the three days' tour to the Dead Sea, *via* the monastery of Mar Saba and home by Jericho, or reversing the route, is a matter of course. And happy those who make it, as we made it, in the coolness of latter October, for at the time when the holy places are most resorted to, namely, at Easter, the heat in the deeply-sunk valley of the Jordan is terrific. It is an excursion to be made with feelings that amount to awe, for it comprises associations sufficient to afford meditation for a lifetime.

On the morning after our arrival in Jerusalem, we had been taken by the American consul to the top of Scopus,

\* On the early philosophers, see more especially Sir G. C. Lewis's *Astronomy of the Ancients*, Grote's *Plato*, and Zeller's *Philosophie der Griechen*, vol. I.



and the sight of the Dead Sea, and the thicket that marked the course of the Jordan, made us long to get down there, and examine more closely the many wonders disclosed to us in that glorious view. The view from Scopus would be accounted magnificent in extent anywhere: it may safely be called the most interesting view in the world, commanding, as it does, on one side, the whole of Jerusalem, the valleys that surround, and the hills that stand round about it, from Neby Samwil and Gibeah on the northwest to the range of Olivet on the east, and away to the Frank mountain on the south, overlooking Hebron; on the other side, the deep trench along which the Jordan flows, hidden by clumps of trees and underwood, opening out into the bright expanse of the sea, which, on the day we saw it for the first time, was dancing in the sunlight.

Alas! the journey to the Dead Sea is now shorn of much of its romance. There is no longer the delight of putting yourself under the protection of some victorious sheikh, ready to do battle *à outrance* for you against all comers. The visit is carried on upon the same methods as Mr. Cook's excursions. There is an appointed tariff, and upon payment of it guides are meted out to you as they might be at Chamounix or Zermatt.

We paid a napoleon apiece. It is certainly cheaper yet than the ascent of a Swiss mountain, and six very dirty-looking Arabs were appointed to us, highly armed and pictorially arrayed. With our two muleteers, our dragoman, our cook, and our two selves, my companion being an American gentleman from the Far West, whose delight was in recalling constantly the big distance he was off from his big country, we sallied forth, a respectably large cavalcade, from the Jaffa gate.

We rode along the valley of Hinnom. On our right, far above and standing backwader than it did of old, when the buildings of the city came down upon the valley more, was the wall of Zion; behind it, the Armenian quarter. On the other side of the valley lies the Hill of Evil Counsel, the vast sepulchral pits which bear the name of Aceldama, and the Refuge for aged Jews built by Sir Moses Montefiore. At the southeastern corner

of the city the valley is intersected by another near the fountain of En Rogel, the valley of Jehoshaphat, which sweeps between the chain of Olivet and the ridge of Moriah, and to the west opens out on to the plain country, over which passes the path to Bethlehem. We followed up the same valley we had threaded since leaving the gate, which soon turns abruptly to the left among the hills which shut out the view of Jerusalem.

The descent was rapid, and till we came to the turning the view back towards the angle of the Zion wall, standing at the very edge of a considerable precipice, was striking in the extreme, causing one to realize the accuracy of Scripture expressions as to the proud situation of the City of God. It is from this point alone, perhaps, that it is brought home to one; for from the Mount of Olives one looks down upon the Temple area, and, in consequence, the fall of the ground into the valley of the Kidron is dwarfed; and the Jaffa and Damascus roads approach the city nearly on a level. The farther we rode the more grandly did the walls cut the sky line, till the turn of the gorge deprived us of this evidence of civilization, and plunged us into true Judean desolation.

Following the valley of the Kidron, the path lay along the brook, or rather its stony course—for now, except in the rainy season of spring, the stream is dry—the gorge narrowed, and hardly a vestige of vegetation cheered us, though in the early year we heard these forbidding precipices were a blaze of color from wild flowers. Now, there is no color but what is given by the yellow sandy rock and occasional tufts of Syrian thorn. Our Arabs, when we had got out of sight of the town, became very demonstrative, and danced about to and fro on the narrow path, screeching their own peculiarly ear-piercing yell, and brandishing their arms. We suspected this display of *coulour locale*; and it certainly had a non-natural, theatrical air, as if got up for our special behoof, and tending towards *backsheesh*. It is certainly an immense damper to the pleasure of Eastern travelling, the ever-present idea that every little courtesy on the part of those around you has its price, and sounds in damages im-

mensely disproportionate to the benefit enjoyed.

We had left Häuser's Hotel after an early breakfast, and after a six hours' ride, principally at a foot's pace, we reached our resting place for the night, the Greek convent of Mar Saba. We had been terribly uncomfortable on our hard saddles, with the midday sun beating on our white umbrellas; but all was swallowed up in wonder at the magnificent savagery of the gorge for the last half hour. The valley had up to this point been simply wild and featureless; it became now a mountain pass, which, taken as a whole, no Alpine marvel could surpass. Its weird grandeur and utter barrenness were expressed in its name, the Valley of Fire. Reddish yellow cliffs shut in the bed of the torrent, for which alone there was room beneath. They were honeycombed with curious holes, and about a third of the way up, on the right side, jammed on to a ledge of the cliff, its outer wall one with the wall of the valley, stood the monastery. We rode in single file up the path, approached it at the back, delivered in our credentials from the authorities at Jerusalem, and were admitted. No female has ever entered within the walls, and many a British pilgrim of the other sex has, in pitching her tent among the jackals outside, railed at the ungallantry of the Mar Saba monks. We were established in a large guest chamber, furnished all round with divans. One of the monks brought us glasses of raki and figs, which is the staple of their fare, and most courteously assisted the cook we luxurious Westerns had brought with us in preparing our meat dinner, with the worthy monks it being a perpetual *jour maigre*. They then took us over the buildings, which are very extensive, and for the most part newly built, and from every part of which there is a giddy view right down into the depths of the ravine. There are some ghastly associations attached to this strange place. Many times has the monastery been laid open to pillage and its inmates to massacre, and its strong natural position caused it to figure often in the wars of Ibrahim Pasha. The shrine of the founder, St. Saba—the institution claims an existence of fourteen hundred years

—has a little chapel to itself; the larger church contains pictures of the scenes of blood the convent has witnessed, and is gorgeously decorated. Russia has spent lavishly, both here and in the Greek Church at Bethelhem, ever anxious to keep alive her prestige in the Holy Land, and to show the zeal of her national communion with regard to the holy places.

We spent a pleasant evening in watching the effect of moonlight on the savage scenery, sitting for some time on the outer wall, which drops four hundred feet perpendicularly into the gorge. The opposite side was within a stone's throw, and the solemn silence was only broken by the howling of the jackals and other inmates of the rocky caves.

Up at three next morning, breakfasted, and started by torchlight, as it was still pitch dark, and the road down the chasm dangerous; retracing our steps of the day before to the entrance of the convent gorge, we struck to the north-east among the hills, and rode for some time in silence, impressed by the associations which gave so much food for thought. Suddenly, just as it was getting gray, we saw beneath us the waters of the Dead Sea, lead-colored in the gloom; we rode parallel to it for some way, getting occasional glimpses through the hills, and watched the sun rising in green and orange splendor over the mountain wall of Moab opposite.

At length, when it was quite light, we climbed the last hillock, and saw before us the great flat valley, the line of wood cutting in from north to south, and the northern bay of the sea. Just at this time we met some Arabs, with whom our escort tried to get up a disturbance; we suppose with a view to remuneration, for the Bedouins were very few in number, looked very harmless, and seemed very glad to go away. Our fellows assumed such a bullying tone towards them, as made us suspect their steadiness in any real emergency; such, however, owing to the immense interest of our excursion, and notwithstanding the harrowing tales we had heard in Jerusalem of pillaged Franks struggling bootless and shirtless across the burning Ghôr, and negotiating for Arab undergarments at Jericho, was very little present to our minds; nor were we destined to un-

dergo greater hardships than what the inevitable draught of Dead Sea water, heat, and creeping things afforded.

We reached the shore of the sea, that weird uncanny beach made up of the skeletons of animals, the bare logs brought down by Jordan in flood-time skinned and pickled in the brine, and round pebbles, a white salty deposit marking where the waves had licked the land and receded; and dismounting in the blazing heat (it was now nearly eleven o'clock), we bathed our hands in the brilliant blue water, clear as crystal, and brought some of it to our mouths. Our flesh felt immediately like leather where the water had touched it, and the taste—as of quinine, vitriol, and seawater combined—was absolutely indescribable and quite irremovable. We brought away tin flasks full of the delicious compound, that friends at home might have a chance of the same pleasure. The day was cloudless, and the rocks, perfectly sterile and variously colored, stood up out of the lake, the distance of which was covered by haze, marking the perpetual evaporation by which the superfluities are carried off.

We were not sorry to mount and ride off to the east, to the sacred river—to associations more hallowed and less terrible than those which hang over the grave of the five cities; it was a pleasant relief to come to trees and brushwood growing in park-like luxuriance on either bank so thickly that in many places it was hard to approach the river. We struck the stream at the spot where the Greek pilgrims bathe—the spot which is assigned by tradition to the baptism by the Precursor and of the Lord himself. It is a pleasant and pretty scene this hallowed spot. The river spreads out broader and shallower, and rushes over a gravel-bed, the forest recedes and leaves a grassy plot on the bank, on which a most comfortable bivouac can be made, and here we settled to rest until the great heat had passed away, and we could ride without fear of sunstroke over the salty flats to our resting place for the night.

We had our mid-day meal on the bank, and bathed in and drank the sweet muddy water of Jordan; we filled our tin flasks with it to bring back home; and our escort cut us straight sticks

from the carob trees as mementos of our visit; so we passed away two delightful dreamy hours, till the sun began to sink, and we mounted to pursue our course to Jericho. Our ride was singularly unpleasant; the heat still scorching, seemed to strike up from the parched ground. Swarms of insects had come out for their afternoon exercise, and fed freely upon both ourselves and our horses, and the clumps of vegetation around Jericho seemed never to get nearer. At last we reached the wretched village of *Er Ritha*, which is the sole remains of what, in the time of the Incarnation, was a flourishing city hardly inferior to the capital. There is little evidence of its former greatness; now it consists of a few score of wretched hovels, inhabited by still wretched-looking *fellahin*, who bear an odious reputation. Some slight memory of this Garden of the Lord remains in the groves around the village. Figs and vines still flourish, and there are whole thickets of the Nûbk, or Syrian thorn, with its cruel-looking spikes, the material, according to local tradition, of the crown of thorns. The district is well watered by the stream which flows from Ain-es-Sultân, the well of Elisha, supposed to be peculiarly fertilizing, since the day on which the prophet cured the waters, and towards this we rode, intending to pass the night there.

We had a delightful place for our encampment. The spring bubbles up and forms a clear pool fringed with bushes at the foot of a hill covered with stones, which of old supported the terraces that bore vegetation up to its now dreary summit. We dined, and smoked, and chatted, and our escort tried to stalk jackals, and then we went to bed, to be devoured by mosquitoes. Better far had we bivouacked out in the midst of the salty plain than by this murmuring stream, which was evidently the rendezvous of the whole insect population. We were glad to be up early—long before daybreak—as our encampment took some time to get into marching trim, and we set out by starlight on our way from Jericho to Jerusalem.

What a thoroughfare this must have been when Herod the Idumean reigned—when Priest, and Levite, and Samaritan—thief, and publican, and sinner—

journeyed backwards and forwards from city to city, and He with the Traitor often trod it, staying with Lazarus at Bethany, with Zaccheus at Jericho! Now there is but one characteristic, perhaps, that remains—a reputation for deeds of violence.

Our road soon began to ascend, on the right, by the stony hills of Quarantania, the scene of the Temptation, from whence the view in those days must have taken in the great town of Jericho and its suburbs and villas lying at their feet, and the rich plain country. We struck into a mountain defile of the same character as the Valley of Fire, the Wâdy Cherith, and as our thoughts the night before had been with Elisha, now they were with his greater fellow of Mount Carmel, Ahab-se-Ahab, Jezebel, and the priests of Baal. It is almost painful to feel how rapidly all these gigantic associations crowd on the mind here, and how easily present circumstances, heat, a hard saddle, or the want of breakfast, displace them, for it is only after leaving the Holy Land one fully realizes the privilege of a journey there.

Our ride was very sultry, the sun beating cruelly on the bare cliffs, and we stopped at the foot of the Mount of Olives for luncheon, at a ruined well which bears the reputation of being a rendezvous for thieves. We saw none, however; and having refreshed ourselves and our beasts, and escaped the very hottest part of the day, began to ascend the hill. In a short time we reached Bethany, which is now a wretched little hamlet with a squalid *fellah* population. The road thence is carried round the southern shoulder of the Mount of Olives, and is remarkable for the suddenness with which the view of the city bursts upon one. At first, only the extreme angle of the wall of the Moriah inclosure and the dome of the Mosque of El Aksa are visible; then, on turning a corner, the whole city of David and the graceful group of buildings on Mount Moriah. It has recently been surmised, with much plausibility, that it was along this approach—probably always the more frequented route to the capital from this side, rather than the steep path carried over the summit of the hill, past the

scene of the Ascension—that the view of the splendid assemblage of buildings prompted our Lord to that affecting lamentation over the irremediable desolation so soon to fall on the city beneath. We could easily picture the varied beauty of the scene as it must then have presented itself: the gardens and villas without the walls, where now there is only stony desolation; the massive walls themselves, and Herod's three great fortresses, one of which, the tower of Hippicus, remains to charm the architect of this age even by its wonderful masonry; the glistening marble of the restored Temple, and its roof of golden pinnacles; and, above it, the citadel of Antonia, telling of national privileges lost for ever, and of Roman dominion.

Nothing can be more graceful than the general effect of the buildings which now cover the Temple area, the platform on which Islam has stamped itself over Judaism; the light arcades and fountains, the broad steps and the mosques themselves, especially that of Omar, with its marble and jasper adornment like a large jewel casket, with a cypress here and there completing the Mohammedan character of the sanctuary. The whole looks brilliant at a distance, although, like all Oriental splendor, somewhat shabby when examined in detail.

We rode down into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, with its mosaic of tombs. Many a Jewish emigrant, from Poland especially, lies here in expectation of a grand rehabilitation of their nation's glory on this very spot, which the followers of Mohammed also assign as the place of the last judgment, and point out a broken pillar jutting from the wall of the Harâm over the gorge as the seat he will occupy on that occasion. We rode past Absalom's (so-called) tomb, and the other handsome sepulchres of Roman time, beneath the wall of Gethsemane and up to St. Stephen's gate, and thence along the Way of Sorrow to our hotel. And so back again to ordinary traveller's life in this nineteenth century, guide-books, ciccerones, tables-d'hôte, and discomfort, but with much laid up in our minds for future enjoyment and appreciation in those moments when we forget the world.



Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE ONE-LEGGED LIEUTENANT.

THE manly form of that fine old sailor comes, when I mention his name, as clearly before my mind's eye as if I had seen him but yesterday; and yet many a year has passed by, and his place has been successively filled with other noble veterans who have braved the battle and the breeze, since he went aloft to enjoy the rest of the brave and true—Christians not only in name but in deed—lions in battle; but gentle, loving, and faithful when war was over and peace had returned.

There he sits — mark his fine, broad, massive countenance; his clear blue eyes—honesty and truth in every glance, his cheery and benignant smile—the light hair, which once clustered thickly, still curling from under his cap—that broad palm stretched out to offer a friendly greeting, once wont to grasp a cutlass in the deadly fight, or hold the hard and slippery rope as in a vice. The Lieutenant's undress uniform, so suited to set off that expansive chest, those strong arms and fine figure, and then projecting from beneath the loose trouser that timber-toe which had served him from youth to old age, and which he refused to exchange for one of more elegant form—consistent in all things, and hating even the thought of being supported by a sham. Those who knew him as I did (and there are many alive both in the Hospital and out of it who did so), will acknowledge that I have not over-colored his portrait, but that, looked up to by the pensioners as an elder brother and a real friend, regarded by his equals with the sincerest affection, and trusted and honored by his superiors in rank, Lieutenant R— was a perfect specimen of the true-hearted British seaman and officer of the old school.

While he lived I made many pleasant visits to the Hospital to pay him my respects, and he used to search out from among the pensioners seamen who had sailed with officers I knew, or whose actions I wished to recount, and knowing my object, he would encourage them to narrate their own adventures, though it must be confessed that, like many old officers, he was over-modest about speaking of his own gallant deeds, and it was

not often that I found him in the humor to recount them. I am, therefore, it is right to state, partly indebted to a manuscript which he sent me in his own handwriting, and partly to other sources, for some of the details of the following narrative.

Let us suppose him seated on one of those easy benches on the lower terrace of the Hospital, with the wings of that noble piling on either side, the school buildings and the model ship behind us, over-topped by the observatory and the green trees of the park; and in front, the river with its moving panorama of vessels of all rigs and sizes, from the tall Indiaman and American trader to the dark-colored collier and humble canal-*barge*. He pushes his cap, as is his wont, from off his brow, stretches out his wooden leg, makes a cabalistic sign or two on the ground with his stick, and leaning back, thus begins:

"I went to sea in the *Victory* before I was ten years old, and even then I soon learned to love the old ship, though I little thought the name she was to win for herself in naval history. There she is as I knew her, when I stepped on board for the first time in 1795, under the command of Captain John Knight." And he unrolled a print of the *Victory*, somewhat yellow and worn from handling, though carefully preserved in a case. I observed from the date under it that the print was engraved in 1793, when the *Victory* bore Lord Hood's flag at Toulon. "Observe," he continued, "she had no entering port at that time, nor at Trafalgar—the main channels were below the main-deck ports, and the mizen channels below the quarter-deck. The stern galleries were removed, and the stern made flat like the *Dreadnought* in 1804. The *Dreadnought* was the first three-decker ship built without stern-walks, and she was launched in 1801, and the model of her stern was so much admired that the *Victory* was altered to the same.

"There have been no less than four ships in the Royal Navy of the same name:

"The first *Victory* was built at Deptford, in the year 1620, and mounted 82 guns. She was broken up in 1690.

"The second was built at Portsmouth in 1675, and mounted 100 guns. She

was taken to pieces at Chatham, and rebuilt in 1695, and then named the Royal George, but her name was afterwards changed back to the Victory. By being taken to pieces, it must be understood that the defective timbers and planking only were removed, and that the same framework was replaced, so that she was substantially the same ship. She was finally taken to pieces in 1721.

"The third was built at Portsmouth in 1739, and carried 100 guns. Her fate was a disastrous one. Sir John Balchern had his flag flying on board her in 1744, when returning with a squadron from Gibraltar. She had a full complement of a thousand men, besides fifty volunteers, sons of the first nobility and gentry in the kingdom, had joined her on the breaking out of war with France, that they might see service under so good a commander. On the 3d of October the fleet was overtaken by a violent storm, in which several of the ships were much shattered. On the 4th, the Victory separated from the fleet, and was never more heard of. It is supposed that she struck on the Caskets, as, from the testimony of the men who attend the lights, and the inhabitants of the Island of Alderney, many guns were heard on the 4th and 5th of October, but the weather was too tempestuous to hazard boats out to their assistance.

"The fourth Victory is the ship now in existence. She was built in a dock at Chatham, and floated out in the year 1765.\* She was always a favorite ship, and generally selected for a Commander-in-Chief's flag. She has seen more service than any other ship in the navy, and her qualifications far surpassed any other ship, even at the present day.† She was fast, both by and large, weathery, steered like a fish, very sensitive—a spoke of the helm was enough. As a boy of fourteen years of age, I have steered her under topsails, top-gallant sails, courses, jib, and spanker.

"Her armament at Trafalgar was as follows:

Lower deck 32-pounders.....	28
Middle deck 24-pounders.....	28
Main deck 12-pounders.....	28

Quarter deck 12 pounders.....	10
Forecastle 12 pounders.....	2
Carronades 68-pounders.....	2

Making a total of.....98

While we had two 12-pounders in the hold. We had six kegs made to fit the 68-pounder carronades, each keg containing 172 three-ounce iron balls. One with a round shot in addition prevented the Frenchmen in the Redoubtable from boarding, and that discharge killed and wounded four hundred men. However, I have something to tell you about before I come to that time. I remained in the Victory for four years, during which period I saw no inconsiderable amount of service. I had not long to wait before I was in action, and had received my first wound. The Victory bore the flag of Rear-Admiral Robert Mann, under Admiral Hotham.

"We were early in July of that year (1795) refitting in St. Fiorenzo Bay, when a squadron, which had been dispatched under Captain Nelson to call off Genoa, was seen in the offing pursued by the French fleet, which it was supposed were at Toulon. Although we were actually in the midst of watering and refitting, by the extraordinary exertions of every officer and man, the whole fleet was enabled to weigh that night with the land wind. This was on the 7th. We made sail in chase, but could see nothing of them, until on the morning of the 13th, the Hieres Islands being in sight, a fleet was discovered to leeward on the starboard tack, consisting of seventeen sail of the line and three frigates, while we had twenty-one sail of the line, a frigate, and two sloops, the wind blowing strong from the N.N.W., attended with a heavy swell. Admiral Hotham formed the fleet so as to keep the wind of the enemy, in the hopes of cutting them off from the land, only five leagues distant. It being evident, however, that their object was to avoid a battle, the signal was made for a general chase, and to engage the enemy as the ships should arrive up with them in succession. The Victory was one of the leading ships, and I can even now remember our vexation and annoyance as we found the wind gradually dying away. Now it breezed up again, and by crowding all sail we gained on the

\* The Victory's centenary was celebrated at Portsmouth in the summer of 1865.

† This was written in 1852.

enemy. Our hearts beat quick as the chance of getting into action returned. There was the *Agamemnon*, you may be sure, not far off, and a few others of the best sailers; but the greater part of the fleet lay becalmed in the offing. Even then, Nelson was thinking, I dare say, that the *Victory* would be the ship to suit him.

"At length, the breeze holding steady we got the aftermost ships of the enemy within range of our guns, and no time was lost in opening in good earnest. It was warm work while it lasted. The French returned our fire with plenty of spirit, but they couldn't stand then, and never could stand, the way in which our crews handled their guns. The Frenchmen's shots were, however, telling upon us. We had already some killed and several wounded, but that only made us stick to them with more resolution, for our great fear was that they might get away.

"Their ships were getting pretty severely handled. One especially, *L'Alcide*, of seventy-four guns, was brought to such a condition that we had great hopes of capturing her. We poured our broadsides into her even more rapidly than before. At that moment, a round shot came through our bulwarks, and I fell bleeding to the deck; but I was up again in a minute. A couple of splinters had made two ugly wounds in my arm, but I got a messmate to bind it up, for I was afraid the doctor would be sending me below, and I would not have left the deck just then on any account. No, indeed; for a shout reached my ears—it was echoed from ship to ship—down had come the flag of *L'Alcide*. She was the first ship I ever saw captured. What cared I then for my wound? Nothing, even if it had been ten times as severe. Meanwhile there was a slant of wind favorable for the French, which enabled them to stand into Frejus Bay, where Admiral Hotham considered that it would be imprudent to follow, as some of our leading ships, which had alone been engaged with a far greater number of the enemy, had received a considerable amount of damage. We were to have another disappointment. As our boats were shoving off to take possession of the captured seventy-four, we observed flames, proceeding, it appeared, from the

foretop. Almost directly, even before the boats could reach the ship, fire was seen to descend down the masts, and to envelope the whole fore rigging. The boats of all the ships near were immediately sent away, and there was a race among them which should be first to render assistance to their perishing fellow creatures. It was an enterprise of the greatest danger, though; for not only were the shotted guns rapidly going off, but it was too probable that the ship herself would blow up, and involve all around her in destruction.

"Still undaunted, our brave fellows pulled on to the scene of danger. Once alongside, they received as many as they could hold, and returned to the fleet, which, for their own safety, could not venture near. Once more the boats put off to pick up the unfortunate Frenchmen, who, fearing every instant the inevitable catastrophe, were leaping from the burning wreck—some to swim, others to float on gratings or spars, and many to drown helplessly alongside. The awful moment was not long in coming. Up went the ship with a terrific roar in a body of flame, her burning spars, and planks, and shattered fragments scattered far and wide—nearly four hundred human beings perishing at that instant with her, about three hundred having been saved by our boats, and by those of the French which were near enough to come to her assistance, and which, of course, were allowed to return unmolested to their ships. Such is war! I saw many similar scenes during my career; but this, as the first of its kind, made a deeper impression on me than any others.

"Captain (afterwards Sir Robert) Calder succeeded Captain Knight, and Sir John Jervis hoisted his flag on board the *Victory*, as commander-in-chief of a fleet destined to gain one of Old England's most important victories. There was the *Culloden*, 74, commanded by Sir Thomas Troubridge; the *Orion*, 74, by Sir James Saumarez; the *Barfleur*, by Captain Dacres; the *Captain*, by Nelson; the *Excellent*, by Collingwood. It makes one's heart warm to think of those men, who, aided by others equally brave but less known to fame, did so much not only to support the honor and glory of England, but in the

end to secure to her the blessings of a long and prosperous peace.

"We had at one time but ten sail of the line and a few frigates cruising with us off the coast of Portugal, though it was known that a vastly superior Spanish fleet was in the neighborhood. We were afterwards joined by Admiral Parker with five sail of the line, and then by Commodore Nelson, in *La Minerve*, frigate, who reported that he had been chased by the Spanish fleet off the Straits. He (that is, Nelson) on this shifted his flag to the Captain; and on the night of the 13th of February, 1797, we got so near the Spaniards that we could distinctly hear their signal guns. Capt. Foote, of the *Niger*, who had for several days been keeping close to them, brought us information which left us no doubt that the next morning we should be at them in earnest. We were not disappointed. On a dark and hazy morning (the 14th), at eight o'clock, we threw out the signal to form in two lines in close order, and directly afterwards to prepare for battle. The *Culloden* leading, at half-past eleven the squadron opened fire as we passed in close order through the enemy's lines, completely separating their ships; and then each of our ships tackled one or more of theirs as they best could get hold of them. Saying, this, I give you as perfect a notion of the battle as I, or I believe any one else who was in it, possesses. I need not tell you the oft-repeated tale of how the brave Nelson took by boarding the *San Nicholas*, and then, without stopping, passed on into the big *San Josef*; how Collingwood, compelling the *San Isidoro* to strike, passed on to the assistance of the Captain; and how we in the *Victory*, while placed on the lee quarter of the *Salvador del Mundo*, gave her so hard a hammering that she too hauled down her flag. It was my first general engagement, and a pretty warm one. We captured four sail of the line, the *Salvador del Mundo* and the *San Josef*, each of one hundred and twelve guns; the *San Nicholas* of eighty, and the *San Isidoro* of seventy-four. We then formed a strong line to protect our prizes, which the enemy, with several fresh ships, wished to retake, but they dared not make the attempt. We lost in killed and wound-

ed three hundred men, and the Spaniards, in the four ships we took from them, seven hundred, and of course in those which escaped many more. We narrowly escaped losing our prizes, and perhaps some of our own ships, by a heavy gale, the tail of which we felt in the evening. We had happily brought up in Lagos Bay, on the coast of Portugal, where we were able to secure them. As it was, most of the ships had their sheet anchors down, and some of them their spare ones, the sea breaking furiously on the rock-fringed shore of the bay, where the fishermen had lighted fires, expecting the wreck of the whole fleet. The *Victory* herself dragged her anchors, and it was not till we had dropped our spare anchors that we brought up with four a head, and rode out the remainder of the gale. That night was not one which a youngster was likely to forget in a hurry.

"For this important action, fought off Cape St. Vincent, Sir John Jervis was made Earl St. Vincent, and our captain, Sir Robert Calder, a baronet. Other captains received similar honors. From what Nelson did on that occasion, it would have required no prophet to foretell the greatness he must achieve, should life be spared him. As to opportunity, he was sure to make that for himself. He was knighted for this action, and received the freedom of the city of London. On Captain Calder going home, Captain George Grey (afterwards Commissioner Grey) took command, and he was succeeded by Captain Sotheby and Captain Cuming. In spite of all changes I stuck to the old ship, though I must say that I thought her day of glory was over when she was turned into a *dépôt* for prisoners of war at Chatham. There were those, however, who knew her good qualities. As I said, Nelson had had his eye on her, and so had Captain Grey; and after she was paid off in 1799, she received a thorough repair, and was re-commissioned in 1803, when I again was fortunate enough to join her; the more fortunate because Lord Nelson had selected her as his flagship.

"We sailed from Spithead for Brest, and then proceeded to Malta to join the Mediterranean fleet. I could tell you something about the way that fleet had



been fitted out—a fleet on which the destinies of England might have been said to hang. It was a disgrace to the dockyard authorities—so scanty and bad the stores, so rotten the rigging, so ill-found were most of them in all respects. Lord Nelson had taken good care that the *Victory* should be in fighting condition and fit for sea, but even he had not power to look after others—only the power of complaining. It is my firm conviction that more ships have been lost from being ill found than from bad seamanship; and that thousands of lives have been lost from the peculation, ignorance, carelessness, and roguery of all sorts, of which the dockyard officials have been guilty.

"The memorable year of 1805 arrived and we commenced that chase of the French fleet across the Atlantic and back which was to terminate in the glorious battle of Trafalgar. Our run out from Cape St. Vincent to Barbadoes was thirty-two hundred and twenty-seven miles, and back from Barbuda thirty-four hundred and fifty-nine miles, our average run per day being about thirty-four leagues. The object of the French Emperor, in thus sending Admiral Villeneuve to the west, was to draw the English fleet away from the British Channel, and allow him to send an expedition across to Ireland. In this expectation, however, Napoleon was disappointed by our speedy return, and at length when the French and Spanish fleets had joined, trusting to their superiority in numbers, he ordered them to attack the English fleet, in the belief that they could overwhelm us. Thanks to this belief, the Franco-Spanish fleet no longer, as before, declined giving us battle, when at length, after hunting about for them in every direction, we fell in with them not far off Cadiz.

"I am not going to give you an account of the battle of Trafalgar. It is well known that the glorious old *Victory* led the weather column, in spite of the wish of many of his officers that Lord Nelson would allow the *Téméraire* to take the post of honor and of danger. I had had the honor of being appointed to act as one of his Lordship's aides-de-camp. Neither, as I said, will I stop to tell you how he looked, and what he said. Just twenty minutes before noon,

up went the signal, 'ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY,' and just ten minutes past noon, the Royal Sovereign, bearing the flag of Admiral Collingwood, commenced the action by pouring her fire into the *Santa Anna*, killing and wounding four hundred of her crew, and directly after raking the *Fougeux*. It was then that Nelson exclaimed, 'See how that noble fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into action!' While Lord Collingwood is reported to have said to his captain, 'Rotheram, what would Nelson give to be here!'

"Hardly half an hour passed by before we were regularly in action, though the Spaniards and French had, for some time, been firing long shots at us. However, when at last they did open fire, they did it in earnest; but we repaid them with interest when we got alongside the *Bucentaure*, and never have ships in any action been exposed to a more terrific fire than we were on that occasion. On every side numbers of my shipmates were falling, killed and wounded; but, notwithstanding, I did not fancy that I was to be hit. Suddenly I felt myself knocked over, and a sensation as if my head had been carried off. A large splinter had struck me, and knocked several of my teeth down my throat. I was, however, soon again on my legs, and close by Lord Nelson, ready to receive any commands he might have to give. Not many minutes had passed when again I was struck down, and this time I knew that matters were much worse with me, for, without the doctors telling me, I saw that a round shot had taken off my leg. But what cared I even then, for the day was going with us, and I was sure we should come off victorious? I was comforted, too, by the concern Lord Nelson showed for me, and I heard him say, as he turned to Captain Hardy, 'Hardy, take care that that lad is looked after if he recovers, as I hope he will.' Little did I think that my noble chief would himself in a few minutes more be in a worse plight than I was.\*

\* On being carried below, Lieutenant R— called for a knife, and was found by the surgeon cutting away at his splintered leg, as he said, to save trouble.

"Trafalgar was won; and though I believe Nelson died at the happiest moment for his fame, we, who knew him best, grieved as children for a father. Whether or not his last requests were attended to, my position as an old one-legged lieutenant is some sort of an answer. On arriving in England, I was sent to the hospital at Portsmouth, and then, to my great satisfaction, received notice of my promotion to that rank which I have now held for nearly half a century. I should say that I was presented with a gratuity, on account of my wounds, from the Patriotic Fund, and ten years afterwards received a pension of £91 5s. per annum; so that, when I come to think of it, I have no great reason to complain. Say I have received £4000 in upwards of forty years for living on shore and doing nothing for it during that time, besides my half pay and the emoluments of the berths I have occupied; but what I have felt, and what numbers have felt, was forced idleness for so many years; and then, worse than all, no promotion! I was first lieutenant of a seventy-four, bearing an admiral's flag, and every other officer holding that position was promoted, and here am I a lieutenant, because I had no interest, and had a wooden leg! My promotion, thinking that it was the first step up the ratlines, did much to cure me, and now, with a wooden leg, I was again ready for duty. I was appointed to the *Princess of Orange*, 74, and in a few months discharged into the *Otter* sloop, on board of which I served for the best part of a year, being next appointed to the *Cossack*, 24, Captain Digby. While I was serving in her, she was ordered to join the expedition to Copenhagen, under Lord Gambier, when we were again compelled to destroy or capture the fleet of the unfortunate Danes, of which, otherwise, Napoleon would have made use for the purpose of attacking England. I had not been in her long before I became her first lieutenant, and from that time for upwards of ten years, acted always as first lieutenant of the various ships on board which I served.

"While in the *Cossack*, I was constantly engaged in boat service, both in the *Little Belt*, intercepting vessels which might be passing with troops,

and afterwards on the coasts of Spain and France. It was on one of these occasions that I met with the adventure of which I promised to give you an account. We had been for some time off Brest, and that neighborhood, and used constantly to pull in at night to intercept vessels which, when the tide and wind favored them, crept along shore from port to port. One evening, the breeze being off shore, and the night promising to be dark, as there was little doubt that prizes might be made, Captain Digby directed me to take command of three boats, and to pull in, while the *Cossack*, to deceive the enemy, stood off the land. Any vessels we might capture we were to send out, provided we had force sufficient remaining to render it possible to take any further prizes. I had with me in the pinnace a midshipman, Samber, and several additional hands, and the two other boats commanded by master's mates had, besides their proper crews, as many men as they could conveniently carry. Though the night became very dark—darker almost than was convenient—the weather was fine, and there was every chance, if we could but see them, of making some captures. We had left the ship some time before night came on; but there was no likelihood, I considered, that we could have been seen from the shore, and it was dark enough when we reached the ground over which vessels must pass, keeping along the coast. To the westward, for some distance, there was no port; but a league or so, to the east, there was the little harbor of Ivry, capable only of holding small craft. We had not long to wait before a tall, dark object appeared, gliding slowly over the smooth water, coming from the westward. She was a large craft, I saw, probably an armed vessel, and, if we could take her by surprise, we might gain an easy and bloodless victory. Our boats were close together. I told them to wait quietly till we were perceived, and then to dash alongside. She was almost in the middle of us before we were perceived, and in half a minute, not a pistol having been fired, we were on her deck. I sang out, in the best French that I could command, that if a shot was discharged we'd cut them down, and the crew accordingly obeyed,

and cried out for quarter. We found that she was an armed brig of six guns, and as the crews of the two boats were amply sufficient to keep the prisoners under, I sent them out in charge of her while I remained to look out for another vessel. I waited; however, for some time in vain. The coasters must, I thought, have gained notice of our mode of proceeding, and the armed vessel we had captured had, I suspected, been sent in the hope of teaching us that it was possible to catch a Tartar. In the latter supposition, however, I afterwards found that I was mistaken. Still I did not like to give up the undertaking. I had steered some little way to the eastward, and had kept rather closer in shore than usual, when, as the men were resting on their oars, from behind a point of land suddenly three boats dashed out on us. To spring up and fire a volley, and then to seize our outlasses for the defence of our lives, was but the work of a moment; but the boats, each of which was more than a match for us, were alongside almost immediately we had seen them, and though we fought desperately, as two of my men were killed and three wounded, and I was knocked down, we were compelled to yield ourselves as prisoners. Our arms were taken from us, and I must own that I felt more downcast than I had ever been in my life before. We had fallen into a trap which we ourselves had laid, and we had now the prospect of a French prison for an indefinite number of years. I, however, kept up my own spirits, and those of Samber and the rest, as well as I could, while we employed ourselves in binding up the hurts of our wounded companions, which were fortunately not severe. The two killed had been shot through the head as the enemy first came upon us. On one thing I was resolved, that if a chance offered, at every risk I would attempt to escape—yet how that was to be effected it was difficult to say. Whether or not the Frenchmen thought that more of our boats might be on the coast and might rescue us, I do not know, but they made directly for the shore behind the point from which they had emerged, and running the boats up the beach, ordered us to land. The bodies of the two men who had been killed

were also brought on shore, when some spades being procured from a cottage near at hand, a grave was speedily dug, and they were placed in it and covered up. Not half an hour before they were full of life and animation as were any one of us, and now they were hid forever from human sight! A sailor may well say, 'In the midst of life we are in death.' The naval officer commanding the party was very civil, and though, of course, he must have been glad to get hold of us, seemed to commiserate our condition, and rendered us all the assistance he was able. A party of them then guarded us with loaded arms on either side, and marched us along over the dunes to the eastward.

"After proceeding an hour or more, we reached a collection of small houses and huts, when a sergeant or some inferior officer appeared with a lantern in his hand, followed by a small body of soldiers. Certain formalities having been gone through, we found ourselves delivered over to him by the naval officer who had captured us. There was a good deal of talking, and I suspect it was to arrange how to dispose of us for the night, and at last we were ordered to move on, when, guarded by the soldiers, we arrived before a high round tower, which might have been an ancient castle or a mill, but it was difficult to say which, as we had only the light of the sergeant's lantern. Producing a bunch of keys he opened a small door, and giving his lantern to a soldier, ordered him to lead the way up a narrow flight of winding steps, and told us to follow, while he stood below to see that we all went in. Up we went, my wooden leg stumping along, and I purposely made as much noise as I could till we reached what appeared to be a room in the very top of the building. The sergeant then came up, and I understood him to say that we must stay there till morning, when some food would be brought us, and we should have to begin our march into the interior. I replied with as good grace as I could, 'Bon! bon!' and signified that we should be ready to obey orders. Fortunately, I had a purse in my pocket, and so had Samber; and, what was more fortunate, each had some guineas in them. We agreed that though we could not bribe the sergeant to let

us go, we might do what was likely to prove equally effectual, and calling him back I gave him a guinea, and told him to get something for himself and comrades *à boire*, and then asked him to get something for us, remarking that we were very thirsty after our long pull, and that generous enemies should treat each other like friends. Whether or not my eloquence or the guinea had most effect, I do not know, but in half an hour he returned, bringing with him some flasks of wine, some loaves of bread, and a milk cheese, and I doubted not he had reserved an equal portion for himself and his comrades below. He then retired, and locked and bolted the door of the room behind him. After we had partaken sparingly of the wine and eatables, I stumped about as if taking my walk before lying down for the night. 'Now, lads,' I whispered, calling the men round me, 'it is my opinion that we ought to be out of this and far away before day breaks, or we don't deserve the name of seamen. Judging by the direction we have come, we must be not far off, or perhaps close to, the little harbor of Ivère, in which we are certain to find some craft to carry us across the Channel, and if the wind holds as it was during the forepart of the night, we shall have no difficulty in getting away before we are likely to be pursued.' 'We'll follow you, sir; we'll do as you think best, sir,' answered the men, as I knew they would. I then borrowing some of their handkerchiefs, bound them round my timber-toe, and this made a soft pad, so that when I walked about I made no more noise than a cat on her rambles. I had all the time been thinking what to do. Looking up at the roof, I saw a star shining through it, and thus judged that it must be rotten, and that we could easily force our way through it. Without a moment's loss of time I made the men lift me up on their shoulders against the wall, when by clambering along a beam I got to a place where I could cling on while I forced off a tile above my head. Having removed one and handed it down carefully, I without difficulty got off others till I had formed a hole large enough to get through. I climbed up and looked round eagerly. To my delight, there I saw below me, not two cables' length off,

the harbor. At the same moment, a star or two which came out among the clouds afforded light enough to distinguish several small craft floating on its surface. There were several huts and sheds scattered about, and the village we had passed through inland, and a cottage close at the back of the tower.

"We had now to see about descending. A sort of gallery or balcony ran round the tower a story below the one in which we were, and as this from the roof was some distance, I judged that we could only descend into it by means of a rope. I returned to the room, when we quickly manufactured one out of our handkerchiefs and shirts, which I calculated would be long enough and strong enough for our purpose. I had warned my men that we might have to fight our way out. I again got up on the roof, when all hands joined me, and now securing the rope we began our descent into the gallery. I led the way; as the rest came down they stood round close against the wall, so as not to be seen by any chance passer-by. We then moved cautiously round to find an entrance, which I soon did through a narrow doorway, from which a flight of stone steps led downwards. I paused to listen, to find out if possible where the sentinels were stationed. I heard snoring close to us. It must come from the guard-room. I looked down; close below me sat a sentinel with his musket between his knees. He, too, was fast asleep. From that sleep he never awoke. I had passed him, and so had Samber and one of the men, and I had hoped that all would get by without waking him, when he made some movement as if about to start up. The men had their knives open in their hands. In a moment a hand was on his mouth, and before he could utter a sound he was dead. Another sentry was below. We threw ourselves upon him, and he shared the fate of his comrade. With their muskets and ammunition as a prize we pushed on towards the harbor. More than once we paused to listen, fearing that the guard might have discovered our escape, but not a sound reached us, and we began to hope that our present of wine had done its work thoroughly. There were two or three lights twinkling in the distance, but not a gleam came from the



tower. Again we moved on in single file and close together. Thus we reached the shore of the little harbor. There were small craft some way out at anchor, but not a boat could we find in which to get off to one of them. In vain we searched completely round the harbor. It seemed that we should be foiled, after all. Samber suggested that we should make our way along the coast, and that we might fall in with some craft or other in which we could shove off—'Or more probably fall in with an enemy and be recaptured.' 'No, that will never do,' I answered. We had got back to the place from which we started, when I saw anchored a short distance off a punt or small boat of some sort. Much precious time had been lost. Neither could the midshipman nor one of my men swim. I had once been a good swimmer, and though it is not so easy to strike out with only one leg, I stripped, and slipping into the water swam off to the boat with a knife between my teeth. Time would have been lost had I attempted to get in, so, cutting the painter, I took the end in my mouth, and towed her back to the shore. Fortunately there were paddles in her, and the men stowing themselves away on board as I did, without waiting to dress till she was near sinking, we paddled off down the harbor. I believe if I had proposed it the men would have attempted to cross the Channel in her rather than be retaken. We observed, as we passed down, a small cutter which lay near the mouth of the harbor. We cautiously approached her, for she might have people on board who would give the alarm. All depended on our being able to surprise them. We dropped cautiously alongside, and the men springing on board instantly dived down below fore and aft. The after-cabin was empty, but in the fore-peak two boys were found asleep in their bunks. They were gagged before they could cry out, or give the alarm to the crews of any of the neighboring vessels, and were lashed into their berths. Making the boat fast astern, as she might prove useful for towing, we cut the cable and made sail. As I knew nothing of the harbor, my fear was that we might run on the rocks in going out, when I bethought me of making the boys act as

pilots. Bringing them up on deck we held the muskets which we had brought off to their heads, and, making them take the helm, signified that we would blow out their brains if we got on shore. They saw that to play us false would be a hazardous experiment. As the wind still blew from off shore, we very quickly ran out of the harbor. I often turned an anxious glance towards the coast, but nothing was seen, and not a sound was heard to indicate that we were pursued. When day broke, we had made so good a run that the French coast appeared like a blue line in the distance. I had kept a good look-out for the Cossack. A sail that might be her was seen to the northwest. It was her; she had probably gone in to look for us, so we hove to, to await her return. At length she stood out again; when having now no doubt about the matter, I steered for her. We were welcomed on board, as fears had been entertained that we were taken or destroyed; but our exploit was not so much thought of as it might have been, had I not lost two good men and a boat. We towed the little vessel to a point whence she could get a slant of wind for the harbor; and great was the astonishment of the two lads when they received, not only their liberty and their vessel, but some provisions and half a guinea apiece.

"A few years ago I might have remembered more of the particulars of that adventure; and now it is time that I should bring my yarn to an end. After I left the Cossack, I became first of the Cretan and then of the *Raisnable*, sixty-four, and the *Namur* and *Bulwark*, seventy-fours. In the former I was flag-lieutenant to Sir Thomas Williams. I always loved my duty and did it, and as it was discovered that I made a good first lieutenant, I should have been acting as one till the present day, had I continued to serve. In 1818 I was paid off, and, not from my own choice, ceased to serve my country afloat. For eight years I continued applying for employment, when at length, in 1824, I was appointed warden at Woolwich Dockyard, which post I held till I came on here. There, my friend, you may log what I have told you down as the life and adventures of an old one-legged lieutenant."

Fraser's Magazine.

## THOREAU.\*

It becomes pure spirits to feed on balmy air in a forest blooming with trees of life.—*Sacotalé*.

It is now nearly four years since the inhabitants of the little town of Concord, Massachusetts, were gathered round the grave of one who, though a hermit, was dear to all of them, and who, as a naturalist and scholar, had received the homage of those literary men who have given to that town the celebrity of an American Weimar. Ralph Waldo Emerson was the chief speaker on this sad occasion, and at the conclusion of a touching tribute to his friend, he said: "There is a flower known to botanists, one of the same genus with our summer plant called 'Life Everlasting,' a *Gnaphalium* like that which grows on the most inaccessible cliffs of the Tyrolese mountains, where the chamois dare hardly venture, and which the hunter, tempted by its beauty and by his love (for it is immensely valued by the Swiss maidens), climbs the cliffs to gather, and is sometimes found dead at the foot, with the flower in his hand. It is called by the botanists *Gnaphalium leontopodium*, but by the Swiss *Edelweisse*, which signifies *Noble Purity*. Thoreau seemed to me living in the hope to gather this plant, which belonged to him of right. The scale on which his studies proceeded was so large as to require longevity, and we were the less prepared for his sudden disappearance. The country knows not yet, or in the least part, how great a son it has lost. It seems an injury that he should leave in the midst his broken task, which none else can finish—a kind of indignity to so noble a soul that it should depart out of nature before yet he has been really shown to his peers for what he is.

But he at least is content. His soul was made for the noblest society; he had in a short life exhausted the capabilities of this world; wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, he will find a home."

Coming from one who is justly honored in England, and who is in the habit of weighing his words, this tribute will, I trust, be received by English readers as a justification of my attempt to introduce to them a man of whom they probably know little or nothing. I have met with but few in England, who have seen any one of Thoreau's books, and have seen no public notice of any of them except in the *Saturday Review*, which contained one or two articles concerning some of them last year, in one of which their author was designated, not quite happily I think, as "an American Rousseau." The reasons for this absence of any general recognition of so rare a mind lay doubtless rather in the peculiarities of the man himself than in the blindness of the world. As there are essences of such delicate flavor that they can be preserved only by being kept covered, there are characters whose fine aromas are destroyed by exposure to the *popularis aura*—spirits that must sit at silent, solitary tasks, leaving the world to enter and admire when they have passed away. Thoreau was eminently one of these; and his writings were so physiognomical, so blended with his personality, that they seemed to show their author's aversion to publicity. He once told me with evident satisfaction that his first, and at that time his only book—which was printed, I think, about twenty years ago—was still on its publisher's shelf, with the exception of copies given by him to his friends. Like the pious Yogi of the East so long motionless, while gazing on the sun, that knotty plants encircled his neck, and the cast snake-skin his loins, and the birds built their nests upon his shoulders, this seer and naturalist seemed by an equal consecration to have become a part of the field and forest amid which he dwelt; and he with his works—to read which is like walking through morning meadows, or amid the mystic wolds of nightingales—might naturally be undiscerned in the landscape by the

\* *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*. By HENRY D. THOREAU. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1862.

*Walden*. By HENRY D. THOREAU. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864.

*Excursions*. By HENRY D. THOREAU. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864.

*Cape Cod*. By HENRY D. THOREAU. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

*Letters to Various Persons*. By HENRY D. THOREAU. (Edited by R. W. Emerson.) Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

great world thundering past in its train, even in an interval when the newspaper or the railway romance might be laid aside.

Henry David Thoreau was born in Concord, in 1817, and there lived and died. He was the last son of a French ancestor, a lead-pencil maker, who went to Massachusetts from the Isle of Guernsey. He was graduated at Harvard University in 1837, though without scholastic distinction, and afterwards taught a private school for a short time. He then applied himself to his father's craft, and obtained certificates of having made a pencil better than any in use; but on being congratulated that the way to fortune was thus opened, he declared that he should never make another pencil, since he did not wish to do again what he had done once. He disappointed his family and friends by steadily declining to enter upon any of the accustomed paths to profit or fame with other educated young men; but was not self-indulgent nor idle, was skilful with his hands, and was already industrious about something, none knew what, in the woods around Concord. He could make a boat, or a fence, or plant a garden, and when he needed money obtained it by doing some such piece of work. It is plain, however, that he had no "talent for wealth," and it was an early perception with him that a man's real life was generally sacrificed to obtaining the means of living; he was resolved to make his wealth consist in his having few wants. His natural skill in mensuration, however, and his intimate knowledge of the neighborhood, rendered his services as a surveyor valuable to the farmers—of whom, for the most part, the town consists; and, leading him often to the fields and woods, this furnished to him an occupation so agreeable to his tastes, that he drifted into it as a profession. "If I had," he said, "the wealth of Cræsus bestowed on me, my aims must still be the same, and my means essentially the same." He declined dinner parties, because he could not meet individuals at them to any purpose: "They make their pride," he said, "in making their dinners cost much; I make my pride in making my dinner cost little." When asked at the table which dish he preferred, he answered

"the nearest." Those who met him felt at once that there was no affectation in all this, but that this youth had set for himself a real devotion to the current of his own nature. He was never sad, morose, or misanthropic, but had humor and enthusiasm. "He chose," says Emerson, "wisely, no doubt, for himself, to be the bachelor of thought and nature."

His first volume grew out of a voyage which he made on the Concord and Merrimack rivers in 1839, in company with a brother, who sympathized to a certain extent with his tastes, but who died about three years later. Having loaded their boat with vegetables and utensils, with wheels on which to roll the boat around falls, a buffalo skin for a bed, and a tent of cotton cloth for a roof, the brothers started on their river voyage, on a serene afternoon at the close of August. Thoreau celebrates the passage by the sunken but still visible abutments of the old bridge, where occurred the first battle between the colonies and the "mother country," and by the old "Manse" where Hawthorne lived, with the wayward but sweet verses which spring up here and there in all his works with the genuineness and beauty of wild flowers. "Gradually"—so runs his chronicle—"the village murmur subsided, and we seemed to be embarked on the placid current of our dreams, floating from past to future as silently as one wakes to fresh morning or evening thoughts. We glided noiselessly down the stream, occasionally driving a pickerel from the covert of the pads, or a bream from her nest; and the smaller bittern now and then sailed away on sluggish wings from some recess in the shore, or the larger lifted itself out of the long grass at our approach, and carried its precious legs away to deposit them in a place of safety. The tortoises, also, rapidly dropped into the water as our boat ruffled the surface amid the willows, breaking the reflections of the trees. . . . The bright blue flowers of the soap-wort gentian were sprinkled here and there in the adjacent meadows, like flowers which Proserpine had dropped; and still further, in the fields, or higher, on the bank, were seen the Virginian rhexia and drooping neottia or ladies'-tresses; while from the

more distant waysides, which we occasionally passed, and banks where the sun had lodged, was reflected a dull yellow beam from the ranks of tansy, now in its prime. . . . But we missed the white water lily, which is the queen of river flowers; its reign being over for this season. He makes his voyage too late, perhaps, by a true water-clock, who delays so long. Many of this species inhabit our Concord water. I have passed down the river before sunrise on a summer morning between fields of lilies still shut in sleep; and when at length the flakes of sunlight from over the bank fell on the surface of the water, whole fields of white blossoms seemed to flash open before me as I floated along, like the unfolding of a banner, so sensible is this flower to the influence of the sun's rays." A solitary fisherman on the bank reminds him to give some account of the fishermen he had known, and particularly of one from Tynemouth, England, who was the Walton of the stream; whose fishing was not for sport nor subsistence, "but a sort of solemn sacrament and withdrawal from the world, just as the aged read their Bibles." A minute and curious account of the habits of the twelve species of fishes to be found in the Concord follows. "Whether," he says, "we live by the seaside, or by the lakes and rivers, it concerns us to attend to the nature of fishes, since they are not phenomena confined to certain localities only, but forms and phases of the life in nature universally dispersed. The countless shoals which annually coast the shores of Europe and America are not so interesting to the student of nature as the more fertile law itself, which deposits their spawn on the tops of mountains and on the interior plains—the fish principle in nature." He takes the side of the shad against the corporation of Billerica, whose dam prevents that fish's migration up the river. "It will not be forgotten"—he apostrophises the creature struggling with so hard a destiny—"by some memory that we were contemporaries. Thou shalt ere long have thy way up the rivers—up all the rivers of the globe, if I am not mistaken. Yea, even thy dull, watery dream shall be more than realized. . . . Keep a stiff fin, then, and stem all the tides thou

mayst meet"—and goes on to argue with the corporation that its dam covers with water much that might be a green meadow. "At night they find their Ostia in a leafy wilderness—"a place for fauns and satyrs; where bats hung all day from the rocks, and at evening flitted over the water; and fireflies husbanded their light under the grass and leaves against the night." Here they pitch their tent. The following description of the events wherewith the night is crowded seems to me exquisite:

"For the most part there was no recognition of human life in the night, no human breathing, only the breathing of the wind. As we sat up, kept awake by the novelty of our situation, we heard at intervals foxes stepping about over the dead leaves, and brushing the dewy grass close to our tent, and once a musquash fumbling among the potatoes and melons in our boat; but when we hastened to the shore, we could detect only a ripple in the water ruffling the disk of a star. At intervals we were serenaded by the song of a dreaming sparrow, or the throttled cry of an owl; but after each sound, which, near at hand, broke the stillness of the night, each crackling of the twigs, or rustling among the leaves, there was a sudden pause, and a deeper and more conscious silence, as if the intruder were aware that no life was rightfully abroad at that hour. There was a fire in Lowell, as we judged, this night, and we saw the horizon blazing, and heard the distant alarm bells, as it were a faint tinkling music, borne to these woods. But the most constant and memorable sound of a summer's night, which we did not fail to hear every night afterward, was the barking of the house-dogs, from the loudest and hoarsest bark to the faintest aerial palpitation under the eaves of heaven—from the patient but anxious mastiff to the timid and wakeful terrier—at first loud and rapid, then faint and slow, to be imitated only in a whisper: Wow—wow—wow—wow—wo—wo—wo—w—w—. Even in a retired and uninhabited district like this, it was a sufficiency of sound for the ear of night, and more impressive than any music. I have heard the voice of a hound, just before daylight, while the stars were shining, from over the woods and river, far in the horizon, when it sounded sweet and melodious as an instrument. The hounding of a dog pursuing a fox or other animal, in the horizon, may have first suggested the notes of the hunting horn, to alternate with and relieve the lungs of the dog. This natural bugle long resounded in the woods of the ancient world before the horn was invented. . . . All these sounds—the crowing of cocks, the baying of dogs, and the hum of insects at noon—are the evidence



of nature's health or *sound* state. Such is the never-failing beauty and accuracy of language, the most perfect art in the world; the chisel of a thousand years retouches it."

A clear Sunday morning dawns upon the voyagers, as they start toward the larger river into which the Concord enters at a distance of about ten miles from the town of Concord. They see some teamster or other workman who seems to have been "waylaid by the Sabbath," and congratulate themselves on their freedom as they remember the old times of New-England, when each town had a "cage" near the meeting house, into which every offender against the sanctity of the Sabbath was thrust. It is clear that there is a good deal of paganism about Thoreau. "In my Pantheon, Pan still reigns in his pristine glory, with his ruddy face, his flowing beard, and his shaggy body, his pipe and his crook, his nymph Echo, and his chosen daughter Iambe; for the great god Pan is not dead, as was rumored. . . . It seems to me that the god that is commonly worshipped in civilized countries is not at all divine, though he bears a divine name, but is the overwhelming authority and respectability of mankind combined. Men reverence one another, not yet God." He is impressed with this wonderful addition to the old mythology, "the Christian fable," that "the humble life of a Jewish peasant should have force to make a New-York bishop so bigoted," and reveres the flame that kindles still the "forty-four lamps, the gift of kings, now burning in a place called the Holy Sepulchre;" but he thinks "it is necessary not to be Christian, to appreciate the beauty and significance of the life of Christ." "Your scheme," he says, "must be the framework of the universe; all other schemes will soon be ruins. The perfect God in His revelations of Himself has never got to the length of one such proposition as you, His prophets, state. Have you learned the alphabet of heaven, and can count three? Do you know the number of God's family? Can you put mysteries into words? Do you presume to fable of the ineffable?" As for the New Testament, he thinks that no other book is so strange and heretical, and that if its sentences "Seek first the kingdom of

heaven," "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth," were read or heard without cant in any pulpit, "there would not be left one stone of that meeting house upon another." He believes that the Church is a sort of hospital for men's souls, and as full of quackery as the hospital for their bodies; and the sound of Sabbath bells, heard as he rests on his oar, is "as the sound of many catechisms and religious books twanging a canting peal round the earth, seeming to issue from some Egyptian temple and echo along the shore of the Nile, right opposite to Pharaoh's palace, and Moses in the bulrushes, startling a multitude of storks and alligators basking in the sun." So, with no religious cobwebs between him and the clear sky, he reads his Sunday lesson from Sadi: "O thou! who towerest above the flights of conjecture, opinion, and comprehension; whatever has been reported of thee we have heard and read; the congregation is dismissed, and life drawn to a close; and we still rest in our first encomium of thee!"

Then follow curious details concerning the Indians who once inhabited the banks of the river, and the first English settlers who displaced them. He sympathizes as much with the red man as with the shad so wronged by the authorities. Interspersed are curious episodes concerning the trees, the fish, and the water-fowl, which he sees with his two eyes—one the eye of the naturalist, the other that of the poet. On Monday while "nooning" on the broad waters of the Merrimack, he feels himself removed back to the Orient, and gives us long and excellent readings from the *Vishna Purana*, the *Bhagavat Geeta*, and the *Dherma Sastra*. "In every man's brain is the Sanscrit. The Vedas and their Angas are not so ancient as serene contemplation. Why will we be imposed on by antiquity? Is the babe young? When I behold it, it seems to me more venerable than the oldest man; it is more ancient than Nestor or the Sybils, and bears the wrinkles of father Saturn himself. And do we live but in the present? How broad a line is that? I sit now on a stump whose rings number centuries of growth. If I look around, I see that the soil is composed of just such stumps, ancestors to this.

The earth is covered with mould. I thrust this stick many wons deep into its surface, and with my heel make a deeper furrow than the elements have ploughed here for a thousand years. If I listen I hear the peep of frogs which is older than the slime of Egypt, and the distant drumming of a partridge on a log, as if it were a pulse-beat of the summer air. I raise my fairest and freshest flowers in the old mould. Why, what we would fain call new is not skin-deep; the earth is not yet stained by it. It is not the fertile ground that we walk on, but the leaves that flutter over our heads. The newest is but the oldest made visible to our senses." Presently this strain of thought rises to the expression of verse:

"Now chiefly is my natal hour,  
And only now my prime of life.

I will not doubt the love untold,  
Which not my worth nor want hath  
bought,

Which wo'd me young and woos me old,  
And to this evening me hath brought."

Worthy to be quoted also are the following, which he calls "Rumors from an Æolian Harp:"

"There is a vale which none hath seen,  
Where foot of man has never been,  
Such as here lives with toil and strife,  
An anxious and a sinful life.

"There every virtue has its birth,  
Ere it descends upon the earth,  
And thither every deed returns,  
Which in the generous bosom burns.

"There love is warm, and youth is young,  
And poetry is yet unsung,  
For Virtue still adventures there,  
And freely breathes her native air.

"And ever, if you hearken well,  
You still may hear its vesper bell,  
And tread of high-souled men go by,  
Their thoughts conversing with the sky."

In the hand of the true priest of nature the most barren rod blossoms. Under Thoreau's touch the smallest, most ordinary facts attain a mystic significance. As he parches Indian corn by his fire, he is reminded that "there should always be some flowering and maturing of the fruits of nature in the cooking process. . . . In parching corn, for instance, there is a manifest sympathy between the bursting seed

and the more perfect developments of vegetable life. It is a perfect flower with its petals, like the *houstonia* or *anemone*." The bittern "is a bird of the oldest Thalesian school, and no doubt, believes in the priority of water to the other elements; the relic of a twilight antediluvian age which yet inhabits these bright American rivers with us Yankees." Passing a little island formed by the deposits from the eddy at the conjunction of two streams, he reflects that nature is, ant-like, still busy building continents on her old plan. He finds in his hammock the prototype of the Indian's canoe. Immediately after noon the cricket chirps, though no painter could paint the difference between that and the preceding hour; and "in deep ravines under the eastern sides of cliffs, Night forwardly plants her foot, even at noonday, and as day retreats she steps into his trenches, skulking from tree to tree, from fence to fence, until at last she sits in his citadel, and draws out her forces into the plain."

Some sentences in these books are felicities of expression—e. g., "the blue bird carries the sky on his back;" "the tanager flies through the green foliage as if it would ignite the leaves;" "nature made ferns for pure leaves, to show what she could do in that line;" "the locust z-ing;" "how can we have a harvest of thought who have not a seed-time of character?" "nothing is to be so much feared as fear; atheism may comparatively be popular with God himself;" "only that day dawns to which we are awake;" "thank God they can not cut down the clouds;" "all kinds of figures are drawn on the blue ground with this fibrous white paint."

Although Thoreau lived personally apart from the world, it is interesting to observe how, in his action and his writings, the society around him is reflected, though somewhat inverted. At the time when he was making the week's voyage, which I have followed a little, New-England was burgeoning forth, under the tropical breath of Transcendentalism, with strange and rare growths of new thoughts, and essays at thought, much to the dismay of the Puritan Apostolic succession. The capital of that strange realm was at Concord, where Emerson, the mildest promoter of a reign

of terror imaginable, and Margaret Fuller, and Hawthorne, and Elizabeth Peabody, and others, dwelt and worked as monarch and ministry of a new spiritual kingdom. It soon became plain that what these were endeavoring to put into literature, Thoreau was aiming to put into individual life; not consciously, perhaps, but because he must be the product of the intellectual as well as the physical elements surrounding him there at his first or his second birth. When the *Dial*—the quarterly magazine which represented the new movement—began its career in 1841, he was one of its contributors, and there were printed in it several of the papers which are now collected in the volume called *Excursions*. These papers related to the natural history around Concord, and are in form much like the earlier work from which I have given specimens. One piece published in the *Dial* in 1843, "A Winter Walk," was then and is now much admired for its delicate perception of the subtle beauties and truths of nature. But the Transcendental agitation was not more reflected in the secluded, wayward stream of Thoreau's life than the Socialistic movement which followed it, and, was doubtless, its first offspring. When nearly every leading spirit of what were called the "New Views" went into the Brook Farm community—even Channing and Hawthorne, who were not distinctively Transcendentalists—Emerson remained at home to evolve Arcadias of pure thought, and Thoreau to reproduce Utopias of individual life. In 1845 he built himself a house with his own hands, on the shores of a beautiful water near Concord called "Walden." This lakelet, which is but a short distance from Emerson's home, and has been long the haunt of poets and students, is a perennial clear spring, set in a frame of thick pine and oak wood—is half a mile long, and a mile and three quarters in circumference. The pond has no visible inlet or outlet, and its water is of such extraordinary transparency that the bottom may be seen at a depth of twenty-five or thirty feet, with the fishes large and small swimming below. On one occasion Thoreau lost his axe through the ice on it, and looking down saw it and obtained it again from

a depth of twenty-five feet with a slip noose, at the end of a long birch. The water is remarkable too for its beautiful shifting tints, being at times almost of the dove's-neck lustre. It is fringed with flowers in their season, and always encinctured with evergreen: many fishes—silver, steel-colored, and golden—and ducks, geese, peewees, with other wild birds, may be found there. One who has seen the spot can scarcely wonder that to such a child of the elements as Thoreau there was in the pure depths of Walden the eye and the voice of the Erl-King's daughter. For though, as I have said, the movements of opinion and reform going on around him were reflected in Thoreau's thought and life, it was only as the bird or cloud flitting over the lake would seem to pass through its depths; it has winged and fair things of its own beneath them. To show that educated man could build his house and live happily in Nature without impawing the hours of his life or coining his heart and soul into money, were incidental motives and appropriate to the times; below these are the deeps of individuality, with their strange, ineffable dreams and aspirations. "I long ago," he says in the opening chapter of *Walden*, "lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle dove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travellers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks, and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who had heard the hound and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud, and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves."

It was near the end of March that Thoreau began to build his house, and by the middle of April it was framed and ready for raising. He had purchased the boards of an Irishman's shanty, and by the Fourth of July—Independence Day—his mansion was ready for occupation. "There is some of the same fitness," he thinks, "in a man's building his own house that there is in a bird's building its own nest. Who knows but if men constructed their dwellings with their own hands, and provided food for themselves and their families simply and honestly enough, the poetic faculty would be universally developed, as birds

universally sing when so engaged? But alas! we do like cowbirds and cuckoos, which lay their eggs in nests which other birds have built, and cheer no traveller with their chattering and unmusical notes." Wishing, doubtless, to anticipate his necessities as little as possible, he built his chimney only as the winter approached. When all was complete, he has a residence which he de-

scribes thus: "I have thus a tight shingled and plastered house, ten feet wide by fifteen long, and eight-foot posts, with a garret and a closet, a large window on each side, two trap doors, one door at the end, and a brick fireplace opposite. The exact cost of my house, paying the usual price for such materials as I used, but not counting the work, all of which was done by myself, was as follows:

Boards.....	\$8.03½	—Mostly shanty boards.
Refuse shingles for roof and sides.....	4.00	
Laths.....	1.25	
Two second-hand windows with glass..	2.43	
One thousand old bricks.....	4.00	
Two casks of lime.....	2.40	—That was high.
Hair.....	31	—More than I needed.
Mantle-tree iron.....	15	
Nails.....	3.90	
Hinges and screws.....	14	
Latch.....	10	
Chalk.....	01	
Transportation.....	1.40	—I carried a good part on my back.
In-all.....	\$28.12½	

These are all the materials, excepting the timber, stones, and sand, which I claimed by squatter's right. I have also a small woodshed adjoining, made chiefly of the stuff which was left after building the house." He then recalls, with a natural complacency, that at Cambridge College the student pays for his room one dollar eighty-seven and a half cents each year more than his house has cost, and is led into an episode on education, ending with the reflection that while the student is reading "Adam Smith, Ricardo, and Say, he runs his father in debt irretrievably."

He next planted about two acres and a half of the ground around him with beans, potatoes, peas, and maize. He realized from those above what he required of them for his own use, \$8.71½. (The land seemed to have been left unused by its owner, as unfit to raise "anything but squirrels" on.)

At the close of the first season he feels that he is more independent than any farmer in Concord, "for I was not anchored to a house or farm, but could follow the bent of my genius, which is a very crooked one, every moment. Beside being better off than they already, if my house had been burned, or my crops failed, I should have been nearly as well off as before."

From July 4th to March 1st, Thoreau spent for food \$8.74, and for clothing \$8.40½, which, with other expenses, amounted to \$61.99½, \$36.78 of which was met by earnings to that amount, the rest being covered by the capital with which he began. He did not have much furniture, and thought himself all the better for its absence. He thinks baggage and furniture to be truly what the popular phrase terms them—"traps." "He was a lucky fox that left his tail in the trap. The muskrat will gnaw his third leg off to be free." He pursues his anti-furniture reflections to their largest applications. "I look upon England to-day as an old gentleman who is travelling with a great deal of baggage—trumpery which has accumulated from long housekeeping—which he has not the courage to burn; great trunk, little trunk, bandbox, and bundle. Throw away the first three at least." His two years' residence at Walden convinced him "that to maintain one's self on this earth is not a hardship, but a pastime, if we will live simply and wisely, as the pursuits of the simpler nations are still the sports of the more artificial." In reply to those who declared this to be all very selfish, he maintains that "Doing good is one of the professions which are full. . . . Probably I should not



consciously and deliberately forsake my particular calling to do the good which society demands of me, to save the universe from annihilation; and I believe that a like but infinitely greater steadfastness elsewhere is all that now preserves it. But I would not stand between any man and his genius; and to him who does this work, which I decline, with his whole heart, and soul, and life, I would say persevere, even if the world call it doing evil, as it is most likely they will." He does not, indeed, think much of philanthropists. "Those plants of whose greenness, withered, we make herb tea for the sick, serve but a humble use and are mostly employed by quacks. I want the flower and fruit of a man; that some fragrance be wafted over from him to me, and some ripeness flavor our intercourse. His goodness must not be a partial and transitory act, but a constant superfluity, which costs him nothing, and of which he is unconscious. This is a charity that hides a multitude of sins. The philanthropist too often surrounds mankind with the remembrance of his own cast-off griefs as an atmosphere, and calls it sympathy. If you should ever be betrayed into any of these philanthropies, do not let your left hand know what your right hand does, for it is not worth knowing. Rescue the drowning, and tie your shoe strings."

Our hermit had enough solitude so far as human beings were concerned; but he trolled for the golden fishes and caught some golden fancies with them. "Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in. I drink at it; but while I drink I see the sandy bottom, and detect how shallow it is. Its thin current slides away, but eternity remains. I would drink deeper; fish in the sky, whose bottom is pebbly with stars." In the absence of humankind the wild kinds keep him company. The worshipper of Pan naturally had a flute, and he drew the fishes to him oftener with this than with the line, and the echoes applauded his performance. A mouse became familiar, and played "bo-peep," and ate from his hand, and the mole was welcomed in his cellar. Of a sparrow that alighted on his shoulder he is prouder than of any epaulette he could have worn. A phæbe built in his shed, the

robin in a pine which grew in his house, and the partridge with her brood fed beneath his window. A fox came near his window, attracted by the light, "barked a vulpine curse" at him, and retreated; and the great owl said "*How der do?*" He observes them all closely and with the eyes of a transcendental Pilpay. These animals are all beasts of burden, in a sense, made to carry some portion of our thoughts." He rejoices in the hootings of owls: "It is a sound admirably suited to swamps and twilight woods, which no day illustrates, suggesting a vast and undeveloped nature which men have not recognized. They represent the stark twilight and unsatisfied thoughts which all have." By art and by sympathy he gained a close acquaintance with these poor relations of Humanity; and his respect for them increases: "If we take the ages into our account, may there not be a civilization going on among brutes as well as men? They seemed to me to be rudimental, burrowing men, still standing on their defence, awaiting their transformation."

Æneas Sylvius, Olaus Magnus, and Huber, have given accounts of the battles of ants. Thoreau has given a graphic narrative of one witnessed by himself near his hermitage:

"One day when I went out to my woodpile, or rather to my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants—the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black—fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled, and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum* but a *bellum*, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embrace, in a little sunny val-

ley amid the chips, now at noonday prepared to fight till the sun went down or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumbings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers, near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board, while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side; and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. In the meanwhile there came along a single red ant, evidently full of excitement, who either had dispatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. He saw this unequal combat from afar—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red—he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat, even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. . . . There was not one hireling there. I have no doubt it was a principle they fought for as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a threepenny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill at least. I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore-leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breastplate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging

on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow. . . . I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity, and carnage of a human battle before my door."

He adds: "The battle which I witnessed took place in the Presidency of Polk, five years before the passage of Webster's Fugitive Slave bill."

Hither in the deep winter came through the snow the fools of ideas, the victims of crotchets, the running slave—whom he sheltered and helped toward the North Star—and at times, the poets and philosophers of the village, to visit him. These last found with him ambrosial days. "We made that small house ring with boisterous mirth, and resound with the murmur of much sober talk; making amends then to Walden Vale for the long silences. Broadway was still and deserted in comparison. . . . We made many a 'bran new' theory of life over a thin dish of gruel, which combined the advantages of conviviality with the clear-headedness which philosophy requires." Over the door of Thoreau's cabin was written for those who could read it, "Entertainment for man, but not for beast;" and many a youth who sought that higher entertainment came to him. But there came also less agreeable visitors. He discovered that there are some guests who appeal, "not to your hospitality, but to your *hospitality*;" and there are others who do not know when their visits have terminated. Then there came "men of one idea, like a hen with one chicken, and that a duckling; men of a thousand ideas and unkempt heads, like those hens which are made to take charge of a hundred chickens, all in pursuit of one bag; a score of them lost in every morning's dew—and become frizzled and mangy in consequence; men of ideas instead of legs; a sort of intellectual centipede, that made you crawl all over. One man proposed a book in which visitors should write their names, as at the White Mountains; but, alas! I have too good a memory to make that necessary." The only compensation he could get seems to have been to botanize and zoologize, as it were, on his

visitors. Girls and boys and young women generally seemed glad to be in the woods, and improved their time. Men of business thought only of his distance from "something or other." Restless, committed men, whose time was all taken up in getting a living or keeping it; ministers "who spoke of God as if they enjoyed a monopoly of the subject;" doctors, lawyers, uneasy house-keepers, who pried about his cupboard; young men "who had ceased to be young, and concluded that the beaten track was safest;" these said it was not possible to do much good out there. The aged and infirm thought how far it was from the doctor: "to them a village was literally a *community*, a league for mutual defence." With these he argues that a man sits as many risks as he runs. "Finally, there were the self-styled reformers, the greatest bores of all, who thought I was for ever singing—

'This is the house that I built;

This is the man that lives in the house that I built;'

But they did not know that the third line was—

These are the folks that worry the man  
That lives in the house that I built."

But he had more cheering visitors. "Children come a-berrying; railroad men taking a Sunday morning walk in clean shirts; fishermen and hunters, poets and philosophers; in short, all honest pilgrims, who came out to the woods for freedom's sake, and really left the village behind, I was ready to greet with 'Welcome, Englishmen! welcome, Englishmen!' for I had had communication with that race." But his flute seems to have been his truest friend, and had some deep tones for him. "John Farmer sat at his door one September evening, after a hard day's work; his mind still running on his labor, more or less. Having bathed, he sat down to recreate his intellectual man. It was a rather cool evening, and some of his neighbors were apprehending a frost. He had not attended to the train of his thoughts long, when he heard some one playing on a flute, and that sound harmonized with his mind. Still he thought of his work; but the burden of his thought was, that though this kept run-

ning in his head, and he found himself contriving and planning it against his will, yet it concerned him very little. It was no more than the scurf of his skin, which was constantly shuffled off. But the notes of the flute came home to his ears out of a different sphere from that he worked in, and suggested work for certain faculties which slumbered in him. They gently did away with the street, and the village, and the State in which he lived. A voice said to him—'Why do you stay here and live this mean, moiling life when a glorious existence is possible for you? Those same stars twinkle over other fields than these.' But how to come out of this condition, and actually migrate thither? All that he could think of was to practice some new austerity, to let his mind descend into his body and redeem it, and treat himself with ever-increasing respect."

But while "John Farmer" was thus ready to ignore the existence of the village and the State, they were not so willing to ignore his. The tax-gatherer visited him. To pay taxes at that date meant a sanction of some very questionable expenditures—such, for example, as slave auctions at the gate of the Capitol, and the seizing of Mexican territory to make it into slave States. Thoreau therefore declined to pay his tax; and one day, having taken a boot to the village to be mended, he is arrested when about to return, and thrown into the Concord gaol. He gave the town clerk the following statement in writing: "Know all men by these presents, that I, Henry Thoreau, do not wish to be regarded as a member of any incorporated society which I have not joined." This imprisonment caused a considerable sensation in the quiet village, and some gentleman having paid the tax, Thoreau was released on the next day. He went to the shoe shop immediately, got the boot he had brought to be mended, and returned to the woods, not well satisfied, however, at what he regarded as an unwarrantable interference on the part of the friend who so far allowed his private feelings to interfere with the public good as to pay the tax. The collector never again asked him for a tax. He wrote in 1849 an account of his experience in prison,

which is unfortunately not included in any of his published volumes. I must, however, include some portions of it here. "As I stood considering the walls of solid stone, two or three feet thick, and the iron grating which strained the light, I could not help being struck with the foolishness of that institution which treated me as if I were mere flesh and blood and bones, to be locked up. I wondered that it should have concluded at length that this was the best use it could put me to, and had never thought to avail itself of my services in some way. I saw that, if there was a stone wall between me and my townsmen, there was a still more difficult one to climb or break through before they could get to be as free as I was. I did not for a moment feel confined, and the walls seemed a great waste of stone and mortar. I felt as if I alone of all my townsmen had paid my tax. They plainly did not know how to treat me, but behaved like persons who are underbred. In every threat and in every compliment there was a blunder, for they thought that my chief desire was to stand on the other side of that stone wall. I could not but smile to see how industriously they locked the door on my meditations, which followed them out again without let or hindrance, and *they* were really all that was dangerous. As they could not reach me, they had resolved to punish my body; just as boys, if they cannot come at some person against whom they have a spite, will abuse his dog." The gentleman who lately slept in Lambeth Workhouse will perceive by the following narrative that his plan of gaining knowledge has been anticipated:

"The night in prison was novel and interesting enough. The prisoners in their shirt-sleeves were enjoying a chat and the evening air in the doorway when I entered. But the jailer said, 'Come, boys, it is time to lock up;' and so they dispersed, and I heard the sound of their steps returning into the hollow apartments. My roommate was introduced to me by the jailer as 'a first-rate fellow and a clever man.' When the door was locked, he showed me where to hang my hat, and how he managed matters there. The rooms were whitewashed once a month; and this one, at least, was the whitest, most simply furnished, and probably the neatest apartment in the

town. He naturally wanted to know where I came from and what brought me there; and when I had told him, I asked him in my turn how he came there, presuming him to be an honest man of course; and, as the world goes, I believe he was. 'Why,' said he, 'they accuse me of burning a barn, but I never did it.' He was quite domesticated and contented, since he got his board for nothing, and thought that he was well treated. He occupied one window, and I the other; and I saw that if one stayed there long his principal business would be to look out of the window. I had soon read all the tracts that were left there, and examined where former prisoners had broken out, and where a grate had been sawed off, and heard the history of the various occupants of that room; for I found that even here there was a history and a gossip which never circulated beyond the walls of the jail. . . . It was like travelling into a far country, such as I had never expected to behold, to be there for one night. It seemed to me that I had never heard the town clock strike before, nor the evening sounds of the village. It was to see my native village in the light of the middle ages, and our Concord was turned into a Rhine stream, and visions of knights and castles passed before me. They were the voices of old burghers I heard in the street. I was an involuntary spectator and auditor of whatever was done and said in the kitchen of the adjacent village inn—a wholly new and rare experience to me. It was a closer view of my native town. I was fairly inside of it. I never had seen its institutions before. I began to comprehend what its inhabitants were about. . . . When I came out of prison—for some one interfered and paid the tax—I did not perceive that great changes had taken place on the common, such as he observed who went in a youth and emerged a tottering and gray-headed man; and yet a change had to my eyes come over the scene—the town, and State and country—greater than any that mere time could effect."

In conclusion he says:

"I please myself with imagining a State at last which can afford to be just to all men, and to treat the individual with respect as a neighbor; which even would not think it inconsistent with its own repose if a few were to live aloof from it, not meddling with it, nor embraced by it, who fulfilled all the duties of neighbors and fellow-men."

Thoreau left Walden after two years' residence there: having several lives to live, he could only spare so much for that one. It was left as a walled-up chamber of the shell that protected and recorded his growth.

The United States Revenue law was



not the only regulation that gave way before such a resolute seceder. Conventional rules were no more solid to him than prison walls. Mr. Emerson relates that on one occasion, when he went to procure some books from the library of Cambridge University, the librarian refused to lend them. Thoreau repaired to the president, who stated to him the rules and usages, which permitted the loan of books to resident graduates, to clergymen who were *alumni*, and to some others resident within a circle of ten miles' radius from the college. Thoreau explained to the president that the railroad had destroyed the old scale of distances; that the library was useless, yes, and president and college useless, on the terms of his rules; that the one benefit he owed the college was its library; that at this moment not only his want of books was imperative, but he wanted a large number of books, and assured him that he, Thoreau, and not the librarian, was the proper custodian of these. In short the president found the petitioner so formidable, and the rules getting to look so ridiculous, that he ended by giving him a privilege which in his hands proved unlimited thereafter. Curious and sometimes distinguished persons, who inquired if he would walk with them, were often put off: "He did not know. There was nothing so important to him as his walk; he had no walks to throw away on company." He was intensely American. "In every part of Great Britain," he wrote in his diary, "are discovered traces of the Romans, their funereal urns, their camps, their roads, their dwellings. But New-England, at least, is not based on any Roman ruins. We have not to lay the foundations of our houses on the ashes of a former civilization." When John Brown was on trial for his life in Virginia, for his armed attack upon slavery at Harper's Ferry, and before any friendly word for him had been spoken, Thoreau, who had once known Brown, sent notices to the various houses of the village to announce that he would on the following Sunday evening address those who should meet him in the Town Hall. The anti-slavery committee sent him word that it was premature. He replied, "I did not send to you for advice, but to announce that I am to speak." The hall

was filled, and the oration became memorable not only for its intrinsic merit, but for its early recognition of a hero where for some length of time all parties saw a madman. Nevertheless, Thoreau's idea of Brown was that which afterward took shape in marble, and rests on the heart of the country.

On a summer morning about fourteen years ago I went with Mr. Emerson and was introduced to Thoreau. I was then connected with Divinity College at Cambridge, and my new acquaintance was interested to know what we were studying there at the time. "Well, the Scriptures." "But *which*?" he asked, not without a certain quiet humor playing about his serious blue eye. It was evident that, as Morgana in the story marked all the doors so that the one ceased to be a sign, he had marked Persian and Hindu and other ethnical Scriptures with the reverential sign usually found on the Hebrew writings alone. He had the best library of Oriental books in the country, and subsequently Mr. Cholmondeley, an English gentleman to whom he was much attached, sent him from England more than a score of important works of this character. His books show how closely and reverently he had studied them, and indeed are worthy of attention from lovers of Eastern Scriptures apart from their other values. Out of courtesy to my introducer, doubtless, he asked me to go with him on the following day to visit some of the pleasant places around the village (in which I was as yet a stranger), and I gladly accepted the offer. When I went to the house next morning, I found them all (Thoreau was then living in his father's house) in a state of excitement by reason of the arrival of a fugitive negro from the South, who had come fainting to their door about daybreak and thrown himself on their mercy. Thoreau took me in to see the poor wretch, whom I found to be a man with whose face as that of a slave in the South I was familiar. The negro was much terrified at seeing me, supposing that I was one of his pursuers. Having quieted his fears by the assurance that I too, though in a different sense, was a refugee from the bondage he was escaping, and at the same time being able to attest the negro's genuineness, I sat and

watched the singularly tender and lowly devotion of the scholar to the slave. He must be fed, his swollen feet bathed, and he must think of nothing but rest. Again and again this coolest and calmest of men drew near to the trembling negro, and bade him feel at home, and have no fear that any power should again wrong him. He could not walk that day, but must mount guard over the fugitive, for slavehunters were not extinct in those days; and so I went away after a while much impressed by many little traits that I had seen as they had appeared in this emergency, and not much disposed to cavil at their source, whether Bible or Bhagavat.

A day or two later, however, I enjoyed my first walk with Thoreau which was succeeded by many others. We started westward from the village, in which direction his favorite walks lay, for I then found out the way he had of connecting casual with universal things. He desired to order his morning walk after the movement of the planet. The sun is the grand western pioneer; he sets his gardens of Hesperides on the horizon every evening to lure the race; the race moves westward, as animals migrate by instinct; therefore we are safe in going by Goose pond to Baker's farm. Of every square acre of ground, he contended, the western side was the wildest, and therefore the fittest for the seeker to explore. *Ex oriente lux, ex occidente frux.* I now had leisure to observe carefully this man. He was short of stature, well built, and such a man as I have fancied Julius Cæsar to have been. Every movement was full of courage and repose; the tones of his voice were those of Truth herself; and there was in his eye the pure bright blue of the New-England sky, as there was sunshine in his flaxen hair. He had a particularly strong aquiline Roman nose, which somehow reminded me of the prow of a ship. There was in his face and expression, with all its sincerity, a kind of intellectual furtiveness; no wild thing could escape him more than it could be harmed by him. The gray huntsman's suit which he wore enhanced this expression.

"He took the color of his vest  
From rabbit's coat and grouse's breast;

For as the wild kinds lurk and hide,  
So walks the huntsman unespied."

The cruellest weapons of attack, however, which this huntsman took with him were a spyglass for birds, a microscope for the game that would hide in smallness, and an old book in which to press plants. His powers of conversation were extraordinary. I remember being surprised and delighted at every step with revelations of laws and significant attributes in common things—as a relation between different kinds of grass, and the geological characters beneath them, the variety and grouping of pine needles, and the effect of these differences on the sounds they yield when struck by the wind, and the shades, so to speak, of taste represented by grasses and common herbs when applied to the tongue. The acuteness of his senses was marvellous: no hound could scent better, and he could hear the most faint and distant sounds without even laying his ear to the ground like an Indian. As we penetrated farther and farther into the woods he seemed to gain a certain transformation, and his face shone with a light that I had not seen in the village. He had a calendar of the plants and flowers of the neighborhood, and would sometimes go around a quarter of a mile to visit some floral friend, whom he had not seen for a year, who would appear for that day only. We were too early for the *hibiscus*, a rare flower in New-England which I desired to see. He pointed out the spot by the river side where alone it could be found, and said it would open about the following Monday and not stay long. I went on Tuesday evening and found myself a day too late—the petals were scattered on the ground.

Thoreau had a special horror of the spirit-rapping excitement which was pervading some of the American villages at that time. There were some in Concord who desired at that time (1852) to interest him in them; with what success may be inferred from the following extract from a letter written by him:

"Most people here believe in a spiritual world which no respectable junk bottle, which had not met with a slip, would condescend to contain even a portion of for a moment—

whose atmosphere would extinguish a candle let down into it, like a well that wants airing; in spirits which the very bull-frogs in our meadows would blackball. Their evil genius is seeing how low it can degrade them. The hooting of owls, the croaking of frogs, is celestial wisdom in comparison. If I could be brought to believe in the things that they believe, I should make haste to get rid of my certificate of stock in this and the next world's enterprises, and buy a share in the first Immediate Annihilation Company that offered. I would exchange my immortality for a glass of small beer this hot weather. Where are the heathens? Was there ever any superstition before? And yet I suppose there may be a vessel this very moment setting sail from the coast of North America to that of Africa with a missionary on board! Consider the dawn and the sunrise, the rainbow and the evening, the words of Christ and the aspirations of all the saints! Hear music! see, smell, taste, feel, hear—anything—and then hear these idiots, inspired by the cracking of a restless board, humbly asking, 'Please, Spirit, if you cannot answer by knocks, answer by tips of the table.'!!!!!!"

Thoreau was as apart from other-worldliness as from worldliness:

"I am not afraid," he writes in another letter, "that I shall exaggerate the value and significance of life, but that I shall not be up to the occasion which it is. I shall be sorry to remember that I was there, but noticed nothing remarkable, not so much as a prince in disguise; lived in the golden age a hired man; visited Olympus even, but fell asleep after dinner, and did not hear the conversation of the gods. I lived in Judea eighteen hundred years ago, but I never knew there was such a one as Christ among my contemporaries!"

Thoreau was a good reader of books, and was fond of conversing about his favorites in this kind. "Books," he said, however, "can only reveal us to ourselves, and as often as they do us this service we lay them aside." He had studied carefully the old English chronicles, and Chaucer, Froissart, Spenser, and Beaumont and Fletcher. He recognized kindred spirits in George Herbert, Cowley, and Quarles—considering the latter an example of how a man may be a poet, yet not an artist. He explored the old books of voyages—Drake, Purchas, and many another and rarer—who assisted him much in his circumnavigations of Concord, which he thought equally important. The Oriental Bibles

which he read in the French and German editions, were his daily bread; and Homer and Æschylus, from whom he made some excellent translations, were his luxuries. Of moderns, he was much indebted to Wordsworth, Coleridge, and (though to a less extent) Carlyle and Goethe. He admired Ruskin, especially his *Modern Painters*, though he thought the author bigoted. In the *Seven Lamps of Architecture* he found with the good stuff "too much about art," as he said, "for me and the Hottentots. Our house is yet a hut." He enjoyed much reading the works of William Gilpin, his *Hints on Landscape Gardening*; *Tour of the River Wye*; and a dozen others perhaps. He read also with care the works of Dr. Franklin. He had as a touchstone for authors their degree of ability to deal with supersensual facts and feelings with scientific precision and dignity. What he admired in Emerson was that he discerned the phenomena of thought and the functions of every idea as if they were *antennæ* or *stamina*. To the young men and women who sought his advice as to their reading, he generally recommended intellectual biographies, or autobiographies if possible, as those of Goethe, Alfieri, Benvenuto Cellini, Dr. Franklin, De Quincey's Confessions, etc.

Yet one would soon learn in conversation with him that all these writers had in his estimation only put clever footnotes here and there to the true volume he was reading. And here I may mention also his mental habit of regarding his neighborhood as of cosmical importance. Mr. Emerson says that he returned *Kane's Arctic Voyage* to a friend with the remark that "most of the phenomena noted might be observed in Concord." He seemed a little envious of the Pole for the coincident sunrise and sunset, or five minutes' day after six months: a splendid fact which Annurnuc had never afforded him. He found red snow in one of his walks near Concord, and was hoping one day to find the *Victoria Regia*. He reported to Emerson somewhat triumphantly that the foreign *savans* had failed to discriminate a particular botanical variety. "That is to say," replied Emerson with comic seriousness, "the blockheads were not born in Concord; but who said they

were? It was their unspeakable misfortune to be born in London, or Paris, or Rome; but, poor fellows, they did what they could, considering that they never saw Bateman's Pond, or Nine-acre Corner, or Becky Stow's Swamp. Besides, what were you sent into the world for but to add this observation?" He would not read the newspapers which demanded his attention most impertinently for Europe or Washington instead of Walden Pond. One of his beatitudes ran—"Blessed are the young, for they do not read the President's Message." Of friends who read to him of the Crimean War he asks, "Pray, to be serious, where is Sevastopol? Who is Menchikoff;" and goes on to meditate on the white oak in his stove. His motto being thus, *Ne quid quasiveris extra te Concordiamque*, he did not, as he was well able to do, explore the great West; nevertheless he visited Cape Cod and wrote a curious and valuable work on its ancient and its natural history; also Canada, concerning which he wrote a valuable paper not included in the published volumes. He visited also the mountains of Maine and New-Hampshire.

Though shy of general society, Thoreau was a hero among children, and the captain of their excursions. He was the *sine quâ non* of the Concord huckleberry-party, which is in that region something of an institution. To have Thoreau along with them was to be sure of finding acres of bushes laden with the delicious fruit. On these occasions his talk with the children was as a part of the spirit and circumstance which go to make up what is called in Yankee phrase "a good time." A child stumbles and falls, losing his carefully gathered store of berries; Thoreau kneels beside the weeping unfortunate, and explains to him and to the group that Nature has made these little provisions for next year's crop. If there were no obstacles, and the little boys did not fall occasionally, how would berries be scattered and planted? and what would become of huckleberrys? He will then arrange that he who has thus suffered for the general good shall have the first chance at the next pasture.

Mr. Emerson relates that one day, when he was about to deliver the lecture at the Concord Lyceum, Thoreau re-

marked to him, that whatever succeeded with the audience was bad. Mr. E. replied—"Who would not like to write something which all can read, like *Robinson Crusoe*? and who does not see with regret that his page is not solid with a right materialistic treatment, which delights everybody?" Henry objected, of course, and vaunted the better treatment which reached only a few persons. But at supper a young girl, understanding that he was to lecture at the Lyceum, sharply asked him "whether his lecture would be a nice interesting story, such as she wished to hear, or whether it was one of those old philosophical things that she did not care about." Henry turned to her (says Emerson) and bethought himself, and, I saw, was trying to believe that he had matter that might fit her and her brother, who were to set up and go to the lecture, if it was a good one for them.

Sometimes I have gone with Thoreau and his young comrades for an expedition on the river, to gather, it may be, water lilies. Upon such excursions his resources for our entertainment were inexhaustible. He would tell stories of the Indians who once dwelt thereabout until the children almost looked to see a red man skulking with his arrow on shore; and every plant or flower on the bank or in the water, and every fish, turtle, frog, lizard, about us was transformed by the wand of his knowledge, from the low form into which the spell of our ignorance had reduced it, into a mystic beauty. One of his surprises was to thrust his hand softly into the water, and as softly raise up before our astonished eyes a large bright fish, which lay as contentedly in his hand as if they were old acquaintances! If the fish had also dropped a penny from its mouth, it could not have been a more miraculous proceeding to us. The entire crew bared their arms and tried to get hold of a fish, but only the captain succeeded. We could not get his secret from him then, for it was to surprise and delight many another merry boat-full; but later I have read in his account of the bream, or ruff (*pomotis vulgaris*) of that river, that "it is a simple and inoffensive fish, whose nests are visible all along the shore, hollowed in the sand, over which it is steadily poised through the summer



hours on waving fin. . . . The breems are so careful of their charge that you may stand close by in the water and examine them at your leisure. I have thus stood over them half-an-hour at a time, and stroked them familiarly without frightening them; suffering them to nibble my fingers harmlessly; and seen them erect their dorsal fins in anger when my hand approached their ova; and have even taken them gently out of the water with my hand." I do not doubt but that it was this and other intimacies of Thoreau with various animals that suggested to his friend and neighbor Mr. Hawthorne the character of Donatello in the tale of *Transformation*. And I have fancied that Emerson—who has applied to him what Fuller said of Butler the apologist, that "either he had told the bees things or the bees had told him"—had Thoreau in his mind when he wrote in his *Woodnotes*:

"It seemed as if the breezes brought him;  
It seemed as if the sparrows taught him;  
As if by secret sight he knew  
Where, in far fields, the orchis grew.  
Many haps fall in the field,  
Seldom seen by wishful eyes,  
But all her shows did Nature yield,  
To please and win this pilgrim wise.  
He saw the partridge drum in the woods;  
He heard the woodcock's evening hymn;  
He found the tawny thrush's broods,  
And the shy hawk did wait for him;  
What others did at distance hear,  
And guessed within the thicket's gloom,  
Was showed to this philosopher,  
And at his bidding seemed to come."

But it seems that the elves of wood and water were alluring him from the earth. The seeds of consumption were prematurely developed, perhaps by his life of exposure; but the distress and appeals of friends and relatives could not, to the last, overcome the fascinations of Nature, and persuade him to remain within doors. He was sent at length to the more gentle climate of the Mississippi; but it was of no avail, and he soon returned home to die. In his last letter (March 21st, 1862), written by his sister, to a young poet whom he had never met, he said: "I am encouraged to know that, so far as you are concerned, I have not written my books in vain. . . . I suppose that I have not many months to live; but of course

I know nothing about it. I may add that I am enjoying existence as much as ever, and regret nothing."

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Saturday Review.

MOZART'S LETTERS.\*

IN comparing the capabilities of dialogue and narrative, George Sand somewhere remarks that the former has this advantage, that it allows the author to come closer to his subject, and bring out the essence of a "situation" or the workings of a mind with greater subtlety and force. Letters possess the same sort of superiority over a biography written in the third person. They reveal "the man behind the picture" in a way that no description can do, however Boswellian the describer's powers of observation may be. A full edition of *Mozart's Letters* is therefore a welcome supplement to the Lives that have already been published. Much which they contain had been embodied in previous biographies, and a good deal, we may add, had been very judiciously rejected; for, with all deference to Herr Nohl, some of this correspondence is rather tedious reading. We agree, however, with the editor that it fully merits to be given to the public as a whole, partly because a series of fragmentary quotations can never convey a just idea of the tone and mood of the writer—which in Mozart's case was peculiarly frank and confidential—and partly because these letters many of them being addressed to one person, possess something like the continuity of a journal; but chiefly because, as Herr Nohl observes, in them is strikingly set forth how Mozart lived and labored, enjoyed and suffered. "They are manifestly the unconstrained, natural, and simple outpourings of his heart, delightfully recalling to our minds all the sweetness and pathos, the spirit and grace, which have a thousand times delighted us in his music."

Among the crowd of musical patrons and professors who flit before us in this correspondence there are few prominent

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\* *Mozart's Letters*. Translated from the Collection of LUDWIG NOHL, by LADY WALLACE. London: Longmans & Co. 1865.

figures. The interest centres in three or four persons or groups of persons. First of all, of course, is the writer himself. He discloses himself in his letters very vividly and completely. Never was there a German more devoid of dreamy sentimentalism—less *subjective*, to use a phrase which German philosophy has coined. His early letters from Italy, written in a sort of *lingua franca* of French, Italian, and German, exhibit at their height the animal spirits and joyousness of temperament which marked his nature, and which he retained in the midst of much anxiety until the shadow of death obscured them. But a grave mood underlay the gay. Happiness, he says in one letter, is a thing of the imagination; and in another he draws a distinction between living respectably and living happily, the latter of which fates he does not expect to be his. From childhood his mind seems to have been penetrated by a deep sense of religion. "Do not be uneasy on my account," he writes on his nameday to his father; "I have God always before my eyes. I acknowledge his omnipotence—I dread his wrath; but I also know his love, and that he will never forsake his servants. When his will is done, I am resigned." He is sustained by the calm and unwavering conviction that he has an appointed work to perform. "I place faith," he says, "in three friends, and they are powerful and invincible ones—God, and your head, and mine. . . . Let us put our trust in God. I shall not be found wanting." His earliest letters are full of expressions like the last, which in the mouth of an ordinary man would sound vaunting and presumptuous, but which indicate in the most simple and artless manner possible his consciousness of his own powers. Speaking of a man of superior talents, he adds—"which, without being unthankful to Providence, I cannot deny that I possess." "If the Archbishop would only place confidence in me I could soon make this music celebrated." "Salzburg is no place for my talent." "I am quite resolved that the Emperor shall know me." Even his youthful criticisms of Italian music and singers have a bold, independent ring in them. The writer is evidently one who took none of his opinions secondhand, but thought and judged for himself.

They have none of the crudity which usually marks the views of a precocious boy. This early maturity is perhaps the most distinctive feature of Mozart's genius. His works show fewer traces of the mellowing effects of increased experience and insight than those of many other composers, not because his genius was unprogressive, but because it ripened to perfection with such unique rapidity. One can hardly realize this adequately without reference to dates. To one who began composing at four years of age, and died utterly worn out with work at thirty-five, no ordinary law of development can apply. His genius flowered, and richly too, at a period when other minds are merely germinating. Just when they are attaining their full strength, it collapsed in premature decay. What a mass of work was compressed into those thirty-one years these letters show. At the same time they show the extraordinary ease with which he worked. At Munich he is willing to engage with the Opera director to produce every year four German operas, partly *buffe* and partly *serie*. Happening to have no symphony with him while on a visit to Count Thun, he sits down and writes one for a concert that was to be given. This ease was the result of long and patient study. There is an amusing anecdote, mentioned in one of his Viennese letters, illustrative of this. A Dutch pianist, coarse and labored in his style of playing, is watching Mozart play. He looked steadily at his fingers, and then exclaimed: "Good heavens! how I do labor and overheat myself, while to you, my dear friend, it seems all child's-play!" Mozart's reply is very characteristic. "I once took trouble enough in order no longer to require to do so."

Next to Mozart himself, the most prominent figure depicted in these pages is that of Leopold Mozart, the composer's father. The portrait is not altogether an attractive one. Genuinely fond and proud of his son, he seems nevertheless to have pursued him throughout life with a sort of fretful and vexatious espionage, which degenerated now and then into downright unkindness and injustice, and which, with a son less sweet-tempered, would have assuredly caused a rupture. Always distrustful and suspicious, always

ready to listen to his son's detractors, selfish enough to oppose his dearest wishes, and mean enough to pretend to pay a debt which he never really liquidated, he is incessantly plaguing his son with fussy complaints and timid counsels. No small portion of this whole correspondence is devoted to Mozart's efforts to rebut or disprove the idle and imaginary charges which his father threw in his teeth. The pet object of the elder Mozart's aversion seems to have been the Weber family, with whom his son's fortunes were destined to be so curiously blended. The Webers first appear on the scene at Mannheim, where the father was a struggling musician, with a large family and small means. Here Mozart, on his way to Paris, met and befriended them, ending by falling deeply in love with Aloysia, the eldest daughter, whose singing "brought tears into his eyes." How, on his return from Paris, he found the faithless Aloysia estranged from him, needs not here to be repeated. Later on, he fell in with the Webers once more in Vienna, and lodged in their house, which gave him the opportunity of observing the domestic virtues of Constance, a younger daughter, exhibited under somewhat trying circumstances. She seems to have made him a good wife, though she did not succeed in keeping him out of debt. In a historical point of view, the most interesting portion of these letters consists of the vivid glimpses which they afford of German Court life during the last century. The small potentates whom Mozart in turn solicited seem to have been uniformly actuated by one dominant motive—a desire to act the part of Mæcenæ with the smallest possible outlay. "The German princes are all niggards," is his bitter exclamation. Prominent among them, in stinginess and the arts of petty tyranny, stands the Archbishop Sigismund of Salzburg. He had the meanness to depreciate Mozart's talents in order to avoid having to pay for them. He prevented him from earning a living elsewhere, and yet refused him an equivalent. Smarting under this ill-treatment, it was only natural that Mozart should have detested the very name of Salzburg. The only wonder is that a man of such singular independence of mind should have submitted to the in-

justice so long. The final rupture between the young composer and his prince occurred at Vienna, whither the Archbishop had repaired in something like feudal state and ceremony. The story is told very graphically in the opening letters of the second of these volumes. They contain a curious picture of the *personnel* of the archiepiscopal train, which included two valets, two cooks, a confectioner, a vocalist, a violinist, and Mozart himself. "At dinner," the latter says ironically, "I have at all events the honor to be placed above the cooks." After preventing Mozart from gaining money and reputation by giving a concert in the Imperial city, the prelate summarily ordered his dependents to return at once to Salzburg. Mozart had some moneys to collect, and could not start, therefore, quite so soon as the rest; whereupon the Archbishop flew into a violent passion, and, after indulging in unmeasured vituperation, bade his young musician begone. Mozart took him at his word, and instantly quitted his service. His father writes in his usual querulous tone about the incident. Probably he feared that it would compromise his own situation. It is a curious proof of the dread which Mozart had of the Archbishop's vengeance that he begs his father to abuse him as much as he liked in public, but to write by some private hand that he is satisfied. Even some years later, when projecting a visit to Salzburg with his wife, he is haunted by the fear of an arrest.

These letters teem with evidence of the unerring justness of Mozart's musical taste. It is rare indeed to find a man of such transcendent genius so absolutely devoid of flightiness in his art. His unlimited confidence in his own powers was coupled with a strong though self-imposed sense of artistic responsibility. His letters leave the impression that, if he had not been the most inspired of composers, he would have been the most eminent of musical critics. One can hardly take up these volumes without lighting on some indication of this—among others, his constant anxiety to bring his librettos into conformity with truth and nature. As might be supposed, the task gave him no little trouble. It was proposed, for instance, in *Idomeneo*, his Munich opera, to represent the

King as alone in a ship; *d propos* of which Mozart observes:

"If the Abbé thinks that he can be reasonably represented in the terrible storm forsaken by every one, *without a ship*, exposed to the greatest peril, all may remain as it is; but N.B. no ship—for he cannot be alone in one; so, if the other mode be adopted, some generals or confidants must land from the ship with him."

The only text in the selection of which his usual good judgment may be thought perhaps to have deserted him, is that of the *Flauto Magico*; but the opera was composed under peculiar circumstances, when the shadow of death had filled his mind with serious thoughts, which found a congenial vent in the symbolism of the libretto. In a letter from Mannheim, written on his return from Paris, will be found some interesting remarks on the use of recitative in opera. He expresses the opinion that, as a rule, recitative should be *spoken* to an orchestral accompaniment, and only occasionally sung when the words can be thoroughly expressed by the music:

"Nothing (he says) ever surprised me so much, for I had always imagined that a thing of this kind would make no effect. There is no singing, but merely recitation, to which the music is a sort of *obbligato recitativo*. At intervals there is speaking, while the music goes on, which produces the most striking effect."

We know to what account Mendelssohn has turned this combination. To make the music thoroughly expressive of the words was Mozart's grand object as a composer, although he never carried this principle to a pedantic or finical extreme. His criticisms on pianoforte-playing and singing are at once singularly acute and sound. The art of reading at sight, he says in one place, consists in playing a piece in the time in which it ought to be played, with proper taste and feeling as written, "so that it should give the impression of being composed by the person who plays it." It is curious to find a vigorous protest against "the bad habit of making the voice tremble" — that artificial "*tremolo*" which is, unhappily, so favorite a trick with our modern singers. The distinction between what is a charm and what is an abuse of the human voice is drawn with admirable precision:

"The human voice (he observes) is naturally tremulous, but only so far as to be beautiful; such is the nature of the voice, and it is imitated not only on wind instruments, but on stringed instruments, and even on the piano. But the moment the proper boundary is passed it is no longer beautiful, because it becomes unnatural."

The piece of advice which he gives to a young lady, "not to be all honey when she sings," falls characteristically enough from the lips of a composer whose loveliest melodies have nothing of a cloying sweetness about them. Of Madame Mara, the great songstress of his day, he speaks in disparaging terms. "She does too little," he says, "to equal Bastardella" (a singer of remarkable powers of execution), "and too much to equal Madlle. Weber" (the charm of whose singing lay in its simple pathos). Possibly he was prejudiced by the arrogance of the lady's husband, of whose strange proceedings at a concert at Munich he gives an amusing account.

It does not say much for the appreciation of art in Germany that Mozart should have experienced so much neglect in his own country. Only a year before his death, in the zenith of his powers, we find him soliciting the municipality of Vienna for the post of unpaid assistant-organist in St. Stephen's Church. But neither petty persecutions nor Imperial slights shook his patriotic resolution to labor for the cause of German art. Of the French school of music he expresses the most unbounded contempt. "I am here," he writes from Paris, "surrounded by mere brute beasts. . . . The singers scream and bawl through their noses and throats." He is even alarmed lest contact with Parisian notions on music should injure his natural taste. "I pray to God," he continues, "to grant me grace to continue firm and steadfast here, that I may do honor to the German nation," adding naively, "and to enable me to prosper and make plenty of money."

Lady Wallace does not uniformly succeed in finding the idiomatic equivalent for the original, as in Letter XVI, for instance, where she makes Mozart, who is encouraging his sister to persevere in composing, say "Often try something similar." The following piece of nonsense, written to his pretty cousin at



Augsburg, must at any rate have taxed the translator's ingenuity:

"MY DEAR COZ—BUZZ:

"I have safely received your precious epistle—thistle, and from it I perceive—achieve, that my aunt—gaunt, and you—shoe, are quite well—bell. I have to-day a letter—setter, from my papa—ah! ah! safe in my hands—sands. I hope you also got—trot, my Manheim letter—setter. Now for a little sense—pence. The prelate's seizure—leisure, grieves me much—touch, but he will, I hope, soon get well—sell. You write, blight, that you will keep—cheap, your promise to write to me—he! he! to Augsburg soon—spoon. Well, I shall be very glad—mad."

The Art Journal.

#### A MEMORY OF FREDERICA BREMER.

ANOTHER golden bowl broken! another of the world's literary workers gone home. It is a loss to earth for which we may truly grieve. Frederica Bremer was no common laborer; her mission was to do good; her task here is finished. Her energy and perseverance; her knowledge, acquired rather from observation than from books; her extensive sympathy, not alone with her class and country, but with her kind; her close association with genuine progress; all rendered her of great importance, not only as an author, but as a leader among women. She was by no means what is understood as "a rights-of-woman woman," but she was deeply anxious for the emancipation of her sex in her own land from the heavy thralldom, the absolute hard bodily labor to which they have been doomed so long; and to know that they enjoyed the privileges of occasional rest and ease, with opportunities of cultivating their minds so as to render them not so much the slaves as the companions of their husbands, the early teachers as well as the mothers of Swedish men—to know that, and to believe that by her aid the "great glory" had been "helped on," would have brought to the evening of her days intense happiness—did so, no doubt.

Our valuable and admirable friend Mary Howitt introduced Miss Bremer to the British public by her translation of *The Neighbors*; a translation which

Miss Bremer herself told me was "faultless." Almost suddenly, that charming book entered into our hearts and homes, as a sister who, though brought up in a distant land, with habits and thoughts not ours, was our "little sister" still: a darling, with open heart and beaming eyes, and lips dropping sweetness—the sweetness of innocence and content; her hands loving work; her head wise with womanly wisdom; bringing with her a freight of fresh air and healthfulness of which we still delight to think. Miss Bremer continued to write, and Miss Howitt to translate, various tales and sketches of Swedish life of more or less importance; all original to us; until we looked for her latest book as eagerly as if she had been one of our own native story-tellers.

Her first visit to England was brief and rapid; she had determined to travel, alone or not, as it might be, and took England only *en route*; she panted for knowledge; and resolved to see and judge for herself of the habits and institutions of many lands. It was after her extensive wanderings, and during her second visit to England, that we had the happiness to receive her as our guest at our country house. We never had a more interesting or amusing visitor; she stipulated that she was to breakfast in her own room—chiefly on potatoes—and not to be disturbed until two o'clock. From early morning until the appointed hour, she wrote, and then came down to lunch, full of the life and spirit which the consciousness of a task accomplished is certain to give. She was very small and delicately proportioned—not unlike Maria Edgeworth in form, and in some points of manner, particularly when speaking to children, of whom she was very fond; she could hardly pass a child without a word or a caress. She could never have been even pretty in the usual acceptation of the word; yet no one could have thought her more than plain. Her pleasing and even playful manners, her freedom from affectation, the warm interest she took in everything around her, certain quaint, half Swedish, half English expressions, the amusing stores of an excellent memory—all imparted a piquancy and variety to her conversation that was especially delightful in a coun-

try house. She was undoubtedly restless and inquisitive; investigating all the domestic departments with inquiries which half annoyed, half amused, the servants, but giving quite as much information as she received. I found she liked to go by herself into the cottages of our village, and generally left her to do as she liked; after paying two or three visits she would hurry back to me that I might explain to her what she did not understand; nothing, however trivial, escaped her observation. She had visited and closely inspected several of our manufacturing towns, but I believe our locality was the only one where she had the means of making acquaintance with a district purely agricultural. We chanced to live near the farm of a gentleman farmer, and she was often gratified by the knowledge she obtained from him as to the management of horses, cows, and sheep, and concerning the culture of fields and pasture-land. I believe these studies were not merely to satisfy curiosity, but that they were intended to produce, and did produce, fruit after her return home. It was often made clear to me that the purpose of her life was to be useful. Her books of travel in Greece and in America are well known; no doubt in these countries also she gathered much knowledge that she has made of practical value to her country.

One of our poor neighbors at Addlestone inhabited a two-roomed cottage—to which was attached a strip of garden kept in neat order by the woman's husband when his day's work was done—not remarkable for its internal neatness of arrangement; but what would you have? the woman had had twins twice in one year! Miss Bremer, attracted by the four baby faces sleeping at the door in the sunshine, crept into the cottage of the "twin woman," as she afterwards called her, but would not believe that all the infants were her own. She seized on the two youngest, placing one on each arm, and brought them rapidly to me to ascertain the truth of the story, closely followed by the mother, who feared the good little lady was slightly crazed, and could not see what there was to wonder at. It sorely puzzled Miss Bremer how that cottage full of rosy children could be brought up on

such small means. There was no end to her inquiries if it was the custom in English villages for mothers to have "multitudes of little babies all at once;" and the "Addlestone twins" had a corner in her well-stored memory for a long time afterwards: she alludes to the subject in more than one of her letters.

Our residence was within an easy drive of Virginia Water and regal Windsor; both gave much pleasure to our Swedish visitor. Virginia Water, all lovely as it is, seemed to her more like a water-toy than a real lake. Her taste for lake scenery had been born among the mountains and tors of northern lands. She readily and gracefully yielded to us the meed of beauty and cultivation, but evidently considered us a people who possessed neither mountain nor lake.

An earnest desire of her heart and mind was to see the Queen—knowing well how dearly her subjects loved her. So we drove off early one day, determined, if possible, to waylay her Majesty when leaving the Castle for her morning drive. We took our stand with determined patience as near the great gates as propriety permitted, and very soon, in the well-known phaeton, came forth the royal lady, seated beside him whose loss has been a mournful loss to millions. Miss Bremer was all quicksilver; I could not keep her on the seat; she would lean out of the brougham window and bow; and thus the little woman—insignificant as far as appearance went (and the Queen little knew who it was that tendered to her fervent, but, perhaps, obtrusive, homage)—attracted her Majesty's attention, who bowed and smiled with more than her usual graciousness, even slightly turning her head to look at the enthusiastic lady. As she did so, the brougham door flew open, and it was with difficulty I prevented my companion from falling out; but her favorite umbrella (a venerable companion in many lands and of a color that once was red) was not so fortunate. It rolled on the grass; the Queen's quick eye saw the danger and the escape, and moreover her Majesty saw the umbrella. The royal carriage drew up for a moment, the Prince spoke, or perhaps only signed to an at-

tendant groom, who turned back, picked up the umbrella, and returned it to my fluttering friend. It is impossible to describe her delight—she literally cried with joy; the courtesy was so marked, so graciously rendered.

We were bowling homeward along the banks of our beautiful Thames before her enthusiasm subsided. When we got out to visit Magna Charta Island, her fervor took another turn, and burst forth in admiration of the sturdy English barons who obliged the tardy king to sign the record of our rights on the "traditional" stone, which she kissed in a spirit of reverential Liberty. I look back with intense pleasure to the days this bright-hearted woman passed at our home and in our society.

If a thing of physical beauty is "a joy forever," which I feel and gratefully acknowledge it is—how truly is the memory of hours and days spent with the good and the gifted, a perpetual well-spring of happiness! Her views of books, and places, and people—of religion and politics—were frequently very different from mine. Hers were broader, mine more conventional, it may be, perhaps more narrow. She said we did each other good, and now especially when I feel that we shall never meet again in this world, I am glad to believe it was so. Her nature was brave and independent; her affections warm and true. Her published letters to her sister are wonderful records of tenderness and love. I knew how she loved that sister, and how she was looking forward to meeting her, as her great reward for all the fatigue and discomfort she had endured while on her travels. In the happy evenings we spent together, she was the life of our little circle, teaching us Swedish games and singing us Swedish songs; every now and then something about her sister would "crop up," as if she were the living motive of her thoughts and actions. Alas! at that very time when we looked over the beautiful valley, with its all-bountiful river, from the brow of St. George's Hill, and believed that we saw the towers of Windsor from its height—at that very time her beloved sister was dead at Stockholm. Pleasant were their lives, and now they are not divided. Death has brought them again together.

Cornhill Magazine.

## THE STUDY OF CELTIC LITERATURE.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

### PART II.

I SAID that a skeptic like Mr. Nash, by demolishing the rubbish of the Celtic antiquaries, might often give himself the appearance of having won a complete victory, but that a complete victory he had, in truth, by no means won. He has cleared much rubbish away, but this is no such very difficult feat, and requires mainly common-sense; to be sure, Welsh archæologists are apt to lose their common-sense; but at moments when they are in possession of it, they can do the indispensable, negative part of criticism, not, indeed, so briskly or cleverly as Mr. Nash, but still well enough. Edward Davies, for instance, has quite clearly seen that the alleged remains of old Welsh literature are not to be taken for genuine just as they stand: "Some petty and mendicant minstrel, who only chaunted it as an old song, has tacked on" (he says of a poem he is discussing) "these lines, in a style and measure totally different from the preceding verses: 'May the Trinity grant us mercy in the day of judgment: a liberal donation, good gentlemen!'" There, fifty years before Mr. Nash, is a clearance very like one of Mr. Nash's. But the difficult feat in this matter is the feat of construction; to determine when one has cleared away all that is to be cleared away, what is the significance of that which is left; and here, I confess I think Mr. Nash and his fellow-skeptics who say that next to nothing is left, and that the significance of whatever is left is next to nothing, dissatisfy the genuine critic even more than Edward Davies and his brother enthusiasts, who have a sense that something primitive, august, and interesting is there, though they fail to extract it, dissatisfy him. There is a very edifying story told by O'Curry of the effect produced on Moore, the poet, who had undertaken to write the history of Ireland (a task for which he was quite unfit), by the contemplation of an old Irish manuscript. Moore had, without knowing anything about them, spoken slightly of the value to the historian of Ireland of the materials afforded by such manuscripts; but, says O'Curry:

"In the year 1839, during one of his last visits to the land of his birth, he, in company with his old and attached friend Dr. Petrie, favored me with an unexpected visit at the Royal Irish Academy. I was at that period employed on the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, and at the time of his visit happened to have before me on my desk the *Books of Ballymote and Lecain*, *The Speckled Book*, *The Annals of the Four Masters*, and many other ancient books, for historical research and reference. I had never before seen Moore, and after a brief introduction and explanation of the nature of my occupation by Dr. Petrie, and seeing the formidable array of so many dark and timeworn volumes by which I was surrounded, he looked a little disconcerted, but after a while plucked up courage to open the *Book of Ballymote* and ask what it was. Dr. Petrie and myself then entered into a short explanation of the history and character of the books then present as well as of ancient Gaedhelic documents in general. Moore listened with great attention, alternately scanning the books and myself, and then asked me, in a serious tone, if I understood them, and how I had learned to do so. Having satisfied him upon these points, he turned to Dr. Petrie and said: 'Petrie, these huge tomes could not have been written by fools or for any foolish purpose. I never knew anything about them before, and I had no right to have undertaken the *History of Ireland*.'"

And from that day Moore, it is said, lost all heart for going on with his *History of Ireland*, and it was only the importunity of the publishers which induced him to bring out the remaining volume.

*Could not have been written by fools, or for any foolish purpose.* That is, I am convinced, a true presentiment to have in one's mind when one looks at Irish documents like the *Book of Ballymote*, or Welsh documents like the *Red Book of Hergest*. In some respects, at any rate, these documents are what they claim to be, they hold what they pretend to hold, they touch that primitive world of which they profess to be the voice. The true critic is he who can detect this precious and genuine part in them, and employ it for the elucidation of the Celt's

genius and history, and for any other fruitful purposes to which it can be applied. Merely to point out the mixture of what is late and spurious in them, is to touch but the fringes of the matter. In reliance upon the discovery of this mixture of what is late and spurious in them, to pooh-pooh them altogether, to treat them as a heap of rubbish, a mass of middle-age forgeries, is to fall into the greatest possible error. Granted that all the manuscripts of Welsh poetry (to take that branch of Celtic literature which has had, in Mr. Nash, the ablest disparager), granted that all such manuscripts that we possess are, with the most insignificant exception, not older than the twelfth century; granted that the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were a time of great poetical activity in Wales, a time when a mediæval literature flourished there, as it flourished in England, France, and other countries; granted that a great deal of what Welsh enthusiasts have attributed to their great traditional poets of the sixth century belongs to this later epoch—what then? Does that get rid of the great traditional poets—the Cynveirdd or old bards, Aneurin, Taliesin, Llywarch Hen, and their compeers—does that get rid of the great poetical tradition of the sixth century altogether; does it merge the whole literary antiquity of Wales in her mediæval literary antiquity, or, at least, reduce all other than this to insignificance? Mr. Nash says it does; all his efforts are directed to show how much of the so-called sixth-century pieces may be resolved into mediæval, twelfth-century work; his grand thesis is that there is nothing primitive and pre-Christian in the extant Welsh literature, no traces of the Druidism and Paganism every one associates with Celtic antiquity; all this, he says, was extinguished by Paulinus in A.D. 59, and never resuscitated. "At the time the Mabinogion and the Taliesin ballads were composed, no tradition or popular recollection of the Druids or the Druidical mythology existed in Wales. The Welsh bards knew of no older mystery, nor of any mystic creed, unknown to the rest of the Christian world." And Mr. Nash complains that "the old opinion that the Welsh poems contain notices of Druid or Pagan superstitions of a remote origin" should



still find promulgators; what we find in them is only, he says, what was circulating in Wales in the twelfth century, and "one great mistake in these investigations has been the supposing that the Welsh of the twelfth, or even of the sixth century, were wiser as well as more Pagan than their neighbors."

Why, what a wonderful thing is this! We have, in the first place, the most weighty and explicit testimony—Strabo's, Cæsar's, Lucan's—that this race once possessed a special, profound, spiritual discipline; that they were, to use Mr. Nash's words, "wiser than their neighbors." Lucan's words are singularly clear and strong, and serve well to stand as a landmark in this controversy, in which one is sometimes embarrassed by hearing authorities quoted on this side or that, when one does not feel sure precisely what they say—how much or how little; Lucan, addressing those hitherto under the pressure of Rome, but now left by the Roman civil war to their own devices, says:

"Ye too, ye bards, who by your praises perpetuate the memory of the fallen brave, without hindrance poured forth your strains. And ye, ye Druids, now that the sword was removed, began once more your barbaric rites and weird solemnities. To you only is given knowledge or ignorance (whichever it be) of the gods and the powers of heaven; your dwelling is in the lone heart of the forest. From you we learn, that the bourne of man's ghost is not the senseless grave, not the pale realms of the monarch below; in another world his spirit survives still; death, if your lore be true, is but the passage to enduring life."

There is the testimony of an educated Roman, fifty years after Christ, to the Celtic race being then "wiser than their neighbors;" testimony all the more remarkable because civilized nations, though very prone to ascribe to barbarous people an ideal purity and simplicity of life and manners, are by no means naturally inclined to ascribe to them high attainment in intellectual and spiritual things. And now, along with this testimony of Lucan's, one has to carry in mind Cæsar's remark, that the Druids, partly from a religious scruple, partly from a desire to discipline the memory of

their pupils, committed nothing to writing. Well, then comes the crushing defeat of the Celtic race in Britain, and the Roman conquest; but the Celtic race subsisted here still, and any one can see that while the race subsisted, the traditions of a discipline such as that of which Lucan has drawn the picture, were not likely to be so very speedily "extinguished." The withdrawal of the Romans, the recovered independence of the native race here, the Saxon invasion, the struggle with the Saxons, were just the ground for one of those bursts of energetic national life and self-consciousness, which find a voice in a burst of poets and poetry. Accordingly, to this time, to the sixth century, the universal Welsh tradition attaches the great group of British poets, Taliesin and his fellows. In the twelfth century there began for Wales, along with another burst of national life, another burst of poetry; and this burst *literary* in the stricter sense of the word—a burst which left, for the first time, written records. It wrote the records of its predecessors, as well as of itself, and therefore Mr. Nash wants to make it the real author of the whole poetry, one may say, of the sixth century, as well as its own. No doubt one cannot produce the texts of the poetry of the sixth century; no doubt we have this only as the twelfth and succeeding centuries wrote it down; no doubt they mixed and changed it a great deal in writing it down. But, since a continuous stream of testimony shows the enduring existence and influence among the kindred Celts of Wales and Brittany, from the sixth century to the twelfth, of an old national literature, it seems certain that much of this must be traceable in the documents of the twelfth century, and the interesting thing is to trace it. It cannot be denied that there is such a continuous stream of testimony; there is Gildas in the sixth century, Nennius in the eighth; the laws of Howel in the tenth; in the eleventh, twenty or thirty years before the new literary epoch began, we hear of Rhys ap Tudor having "brought with him from Brittany the system of the Round Table, which at home had become quite forgotten, and he restored it as it is, with regard to minstrels and

bards, as it had been at Cærlleon-upon-Usk, under the Emperor Arthur, in the time of the sovereignty of the race of the Cymry over the island of Britain and its adjacent islands." Mr. Nash's own comment on this is: "We here see the introduction of the Arthurian romance from Brittany, preceding, by nearly one generation, the revival of music and poetry in North Wales," and yet he does not seem to perceive what a testimony is here to the reality, fulness, and subsistence of that primitive literature about which he is so skeptical. Then in the twelfth century testimony to this primitive literature absolutely abounds; one can quote none better than that of Giraldus de Barri, or Giraldus Cambrensis, as he is usually called. Giraldus is an excellent authority, who knew well what he was writing about, and he speaks of the Welsh bards and rhapsodists of his time as having in their possession "ancient and authentic books" in the Welsh language. The apparatus of technical terms of poetry, again, and the elaborate poetical organization which we find, both in Wales and Ireland, existing from the very commencement of the mediæval literary period in each, and to which no other mediæval literature, so far as I know, shows at its first beginnings anything similar, indicates surely, in these Celtic peoples, the clear and persistent tradition of an older poetical period of great development, and almost irresistibly connects itself in one's mind with the elaborate Druidic discipline which Cæsar mentions.

But perhaps the best way to get a full sense of the storied antiquity, forming as it were the background to those mediæval documents, which in Mr. Nash's eyes pretty much begin and end with themselves, is to take, almost at random, a passage from such a tale as *Kilhwch and Olwen*, in the *Mabinogion*, that charming collection, for which we owe such a debt of gratitude to Lady Charlotte Guest (to call her still by the name she bore when she made her happy entry into the world of letters), and which she so unkindly suffers to remain out of print. Almost every page of this tale points to traditions and personages of the most remote antiquity, and is instinct with the very breath of the primitive world. Search is made for

Mabon, the son of Modron, who was taken when three nights old from between his mother and the wall. The seekers go first to the Ousel of Cilgwri: the Ousel had lived long enough to peck a smith's anvil down to the size of a nut, but he had never heard of Mabon. "But there is a race of animals who were formed before me, and I will be your guide to them." So the Ousel guides them to the Stag of Redynvre. The Stag had seen an oak sapling, in the wood where he lived, grow up to be an oak with a hundred branches, and then slowly decay down to a withered stump, yet he had never heard of Mabon. "But I will be your guide to the place where there is an animal which was formed before I was;" and he guides them to the Owl of Cwn Cawlwyd. "When first I came hither," says the Owl, "the wide valley you see was a wooden glen. And a race of men came and rooted it up. And there grew a second wood; and this wood is the third. My wings, are they not withered stumps?" Yet the Owl, in spite of his great age, had never heard of Mabon; but he offered to be guide "to where is the oldest animal in the world, and the one that has travelled most, the Eagle of Gwern Abwy." The Eagle was so old, that a rock, from the top of which he pecked at the stars every evening, was now not so much as a span high. He knew nothing of Mabon; but there was a monster salmon, into whom he once struck his claws in Llyn Llyw, who might, perhaps, tell them something of him. And at last the Salmon of Llyn Llyw told them of Mabon. "With every tide I go along the river upwards, until I come near to the walls of Gloucester, and there have I found such wrong as I never found elsewhere." And the Salmon took Arthur's messengers on his shoulders up to the walls of the prison in Gloucester, and they delivered Mabon.

Nothing could better give that sense of primitive and pre-mediæval antiquity which to the observer with any tact for these things is, I think, clearly perceptible in these remains, at whatever time they may have been written, or better serve to check too absolute an acceptance of Mr. Nash's doctrine—in some respects very salutary—"that the com-

mon assumption of such remains of the date of the sixth century, has been made upon very unsatisfactory grounds." It is true it has; it is true too, that, as he goes on to say, "writers who claim for productions actually existing only in manuscripts of the twelfth, an origin in the sixth century, are called upon to demonstrate the links of evidence, either internal or external, which bridge over this great intervening period of at least five hundred years." Then Mr. Nash continues: "This external evidence is altogether wanting." Not altogether, as we have seen; that assertion is a little too strong. But I am content to let it pass, because it is true that without internal evidence in this matter the external evidence would be of no moment. But when Mr. Nash continues further: "And the internal evidence even of the so-called historic poems themselves, is, in some instances at least, opposed to their claims to an origin in the sixth century," and leaves the matter there, and finishes his chapter, I say that is an unsatisfactory turn to give to the matter, and a lame and impotent conclusion to his chapter; because the one interesting, fruitful question here is, not in what instances the internal evidence opposes the claims of these poems to a sixth-century origin, but in what instances it supports them, and what these sixth-century remains, thus established, signify.

So again with the question as to the mythological import of these poems. Mr. Nash seems to me to have dwelt with this, too, rather in the spirit of a sturdy enemy of the Celts and their pretensions—often enough chimerical—than in the spirit of a disinterested man of science. "We find in the oldest compositions in the Welsh language no traces," he says, "of the Druids, or of a pagan mythology." He will not hear of there being, for instance, in these compositions, traces of the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, attributed to the Druids in such clear words by Cæsar. He is very severe upon a German scholar, long and favorably known in this country, who has already furnished valuable contributions to our knowledge of the Celtic race, and of whose labors the main fruit has, I believe, not yet been given us—Mr. Meyer. He is very severe upon Mr. Meyer, for finding in one

of the poems ascribed to Taliesin, "a sacrificial hymn addressed to the god Pryd, in his character of god of the Sun." It is not for me to pronounce for or against this notion of Mr. Meyer's. I have not the knowledge which is needed in order to make one's suffrage in these matters of any value; speaking merely as one of the unlearned public, I will confess that allegory seems to me to play, in Mr. Meyer's theories, a somewhat excessive part; Arthur and his Twelve (?) Knights of the Round Table signifying solely the year with its twelve months; Percival and the Miller signifying solely steel and the grindstone; Stonehenge and the *Gododin* put to purely calendrical purposes; the *Nibelungen*, the *Mahabharata*, and the *Iliad*, finally followed the fate of the *Gododin*; all this appears to me, I will confess, a little prematurely grasped, a little unsubstantial. But that any one who knows the set of modern mythological science towards astronomical and solar myths, a set which has already justified itself in many respects so victoriously, and which is so irresistible that one can hardly now look up at the sun without having the sensations of a moth; that any one who knows this, should find in the Welsh remains no traces of mythology, is quite astounding. Why, the heroes and heroines of the old Cymric world are all in the sky as well as in Welsh story; Arthur is the Great Bear, his harp is the constellation Lyra; Cassiopeia's chair is Llys Don, Don's Court; the daughter of Don was Arianrod, and the Northern Crown is Caer Arianrod; Gwydion was Don's son, and the Milky Way is Caer Gwydion. With Gwydion is Math, the son of Mathonwy, the "man of illusion and fantasy;" and the moment one goes below the surface—almost before one goes below the surface—all is illusion and fantasy, double-meaning, and far-reaching mythological import, in the world which all these personages inhabit.

What are the three hundred ravens of Owen, and the nine sorceresses of Peredur, and the dogs of Annwn, the Welsh Hades, and the birds of Rhannon, whose song was so sweet that warriors remained spell-bound for eighty years together listening to them? What is the Avanc, the water-monster, of whom every lake

side in Wales, and her proverbial speech and her music, to this day preserve the tradition? What is Gwyn the son of Nudd, king of fairie, the ruler of the Tylwyth Teg, or family of beauty, who till the day of doom fights on every first day of May—the great feast of the sun among the Celtic peoples—with Gwythyr for the fair Cordelia, the daughter of Lear? What is the wonderful mare of Teirnyon, which on the night of every first of May foaled, and no one ever knew what became of the colt? Who is the mystic Arawn, the king of Annwn, who changed semblance for a year with Pwyll, prince of Dyved, and reigned in his place? These are no mediæval personages; they belong to an older, pagan, mythological world. The very first thing that strikes one, in reading the *Mabinogian*, is how evidently the mediæval story-teller is pilaging an antiquity of which he does not fully possess the secret; he is like a peasant building his hut on the site of Halicarnassus or Ephesus; he builds, but what he builds is full of materials of which he knows not the history, or knows by a glimmering tradition merely—stones “not of this building,” but of an older architecture, greater, cunninger, more majestic. In the mediæval stories of no Latin or Teutonic people does this strike one as in those of the Welsh. Kilwech, in the story already quoted of *Kilwech and Olwen*, asks help at the hands of Arthur’s warriors; a list of these warriors is given, which fills I know not how many pages of Lady Charlotte Guest’s book; this list is a perfect treasure house of mysterious ruins:

“Teithi Hen, the son of Gwynhan—(his domains were swallowed up by the sea, and he himself hardly escaped, and he came to Arthur, and his knife had this peculiarity, that from the time that he came there no haft would ever remain upon it, and owing to this a sickness came over him and he pined away during the remainder of his life, and of this he died.)

“Drem, the son of Dremidydd—(when the gnat arose in the morning with the sun, Drem could see it from Gelli Wie in Cornwall, as far off as Pen Blathaon in North Britain.)

“Kynyr-Keinvarvawe—(when he was

told he had a son born, he said to his wife: ‘Damael, if thy son be mine, his heart will be always cold, and there will be no warmth in his hands’).”

How evident, again, is the slightness of the narrator’s hold upon the *Twrch-Trwyth* and his strange story! How manifest the mixture of known and of unknown, shadowy and clear, of different layers and orders of tradition jumbled together in the story of Bran the Blessed, a story whose personages touch a comparatively late and historic time. Bran invades Ireland, to avenge one of “the three unhappy blows of this island,” the daily striking of Branwen by her husband Matholwch, king of Ireland. Bran is mortally wounded by a poisoned dart, and only seven men of Britain, “the Island of the Mighty,” escape, among them Taliesin.

“And Bran commanded them that they should cut off his head. ‘And take you my head,’ said he, ‘and bear it even unto the White Mount in London, and bury it there with the face towards France. And a long time will you be upon the road. In Harlech you will be feasting seven years, the birds of Rhianon singing unto you the while. And all that time the head will be to you as pleasant company as it ever was when on my body. And at Gwales in Penfro you will be fourscore years, and you may remain there, and the head with you uncorrupted, until you open the door which looks towards Aber Henvelen and towards Cornwall. And after you have opened that door, there you may no longer tarry; set forth then to London to bury the head, and go straight forward.’

“So they cut off his head, and those seven went forward therewith. And Branwen was the eighth with them, and they came to land at Aber Alaw in Anglesey, and they sate down to rest. And Branwen looked towards Ireland and towards the Island of the Mighty, to see if she could descry them. ‘Alas,’ said she, ‘woe is me that I was ever born; two islands have been destroyed because of me.’ Then she uttered a loud groan, and there broke her heart. And they made her a four-sided grave, and buried her upon the banks of the Alaw.

“Then they went on to Harlech, and sate down to feast and to drink there;



and there came three birds and began singing, and all the songs they had ever heard were harsh compared thereto; and at this feast they continued seven years. Then they went to Gwales in Penvro, and there they found a fair and regal spot overlooking the ocean, and a spacious hall was therein. And they went into the hall, and two of its doors were open, but the third door was closed, that which looked towards Cornwall. 'See, yonder,' said Manawyddan, 'is the door that we may not open.' And that night they regaled themselves and were joyful. And there they remained fourscore years, nor did they think they had ever spent a time more joyous and mirthful. And they were not more weary than when first they came, neither did they, any of them, know the time they had been there. And it was as pleasant to them having the head with them as if Bran had been with them himself.

"But one day said Heilyn, the son of Gwyn: 'Evil betide me if I do not open the door to know if that is true which is said concerning it.' So he opened the door and looked towards Cornwall and Aber Henvelen, and when they had looked, they were as conscious of all the evils they had ever sustained, and of all the friends and companions they had lost, and of all the misery that had befallen them, as if all had happened in that very spot, and especially of the fate of their lord. And because of their perturbation they could not rest, but journeyed forth with the head towards London. And they buried the head in the White Mount."

Arthur afterwards, in his pride and self-confidence, disinterred the head, and this was one of "the three unhappy disclosures of the island of Britain."

There is evidently mixed here, with the newer legend, a *detritus*, as the geologists would say, of something far older; and the secret of Wales and its genius is not truly reached until this *detritus*, instead of being called recent because it is found in contact with what is recent, is disengaged, and is made to tell its own story.

But when we show him things of this kind in the Welsh remains, Mr. Nash has an answer for us. "Oh," he says, "all this is merely a machinery of necro-

mancers and magic, such as has probably been possessed by all people in all ages, more or less abundantly. How similar are the creations of the human mind in times and places the most remote! We see in this similarity only an evidence of the existence of a common stock of ideas, variously developed according to the formative pressure of external circumstances. The materials of these tales are not peculiar to the Welsh." And then Mr. Nash points out, with much learning and ingenuity, how certain incidents of these tales have their counterparts in Irish, in Scandinavian, in Oriental romance. He says, fairly enough, that the assertions of Taliesin, in the famous *Hanes Taliesin* or *History of Taliesin*, that he was present with Noah in the Ark, at the Tower of Babel, and with Alexander of Macedon, "we may ascribe to the poetic fancy of the Christian priest of the thirteenth century, who brought this romance into its present form. We may compare these statements of the universal presence of the wonder-working magician with those of the gleeman who recites the Anglo-Saxon metrical tale called the *Traveller's Song*." No doubt lands the most distant can be shown to have a common property in many marvellous stories. This is one of the most interesting discoveries of modern science; but modern science is equally interested in knowing how the genius of each people has differentiated, so to speak, this common property of theirs; in tracking out, in each case, that special "variety of development," which, to use Mr. Nash's own words, "the formative pressure of external circumstances" has occasioned; and not the formative pressure from without only, but also the formative pressure from within. It is this which he who deals with the Welsh remains in a philosophic spirit wants to know. Where is the force, for scientific purposes, of telling us that certain incidents by which Welsh poetry has been supposed to indicate a surviving tradition of the doctrine of transmigration, are found in Irish poetry also, when Irish poetry has, like Welsh, its roots in that Celtism which is said to have held this doctrine of transmigration so strongly? Where is even the great force, for scientific purposes, of proving,

if it were possible to prove, that the extant remains of Welsh poetry contain not one plain declaration of Druidical, pagan, pre-Christian doctrine, if one has in the extant remains of Breton poetry such texts as this from the prophecy of Gwenchlan: "Three times must we all die, before we come to our final repose"? or as the cry of the eagles, in the same poem, of fierce thirst for Christian blood, a cry in which the poet evidently gives vent to his own hatred? since the solidarity, to use that convenient French word, of Breton and Welsh poetry is so complete, that the ideas of the one may be almost certainly assumed not to have been wanting to those of the other. The question is, when Taliesin says, in the *Battle of the Trees*—

"I have been in many shapes before I attained a congenial form. I have been a narrow blade of a sword, I have been a drop in the air, I have been a shining star, I have been a word in a book, I have been a book in the beginning, I have been a light in a lantern a year and a half, I have been a bridge for passing over three-score rivers; I have journeyed as an eagle, I have been a boat on the sea, I have been a director in battle, I have been a sword in the hand, I have been a shield in fight, I have been the string of a harp; I have been enchanted for a year in the foam of water. There is nothing in which I have not been." . . the question is, have these "statements of the universal presence of the wonder-working magician" nothing which distinguishes them from "similar creations of the human mind in times and places the most remote;" have they not an inwardness, a severity of form, a solemnity of tone, which indicates the still reverberating echo of a profound doctrine and discipline, such as was Druidism? Suppose we compare Taliesin, as Mr. Nash invites us, with the gleeman of the Anglo-Saxon *Traveller's Song*. Take the specimen of this song which Mr. Nash himself quotes: "I have been with the Israelites and with the Essyngi, with the Hebrews and with the Indians and with the Egyptians; I have been with the Medes and with the Persians and with the Myrgings." It is very well to parallel with this extract Taliesin's "I carried the banner before

Alexander; I was in Canaan when Absalom was slain; I was on horse's crupper of Elias and Enoch; I was on the high cross of the merciful Son of God; I was the chief overseer at the building of the tower of Nimrod; I was with my King in the manger of the ass; I supported Moses through the waters of Jordan; I have been in the buttery in the land of the Trinity; it is not known what is the nature of its meat and its fish." It is very well to say that these assertions "we may fairly ascribe to the poetic fancy of a Christian priest of the thirteenth century." Certainly we may; the last of Taliesin's assertions more especially; though one must remark at the same time that the Welshman shows much more fire and imagination than the Anglo-Saxon. But Taliesin adds, after his "I was in Canaan when Absalom was slain," "*I was in the hall of Don before Gwydion was born*;" he adds, after "I was the chief overseer at the building of the tower of Nimrod," "*I have been three times resident in the castle of Arianrod*;" he adds, after "I was at the cross with Mary Magdalene," "*I obtained my inspiration from the cauldron of Ceridwen*." And finally, after the mediæval touch of the visit to the buttery in the land of the Trinity, he goes off at score: "I have been instructed in the whole system of the universe; I shall be till the day of judgment on the face of the earth. I have been in an uneasy chair above Caer Sidin, and the whirling round without motion between three elements. Is it not the wonder of the world that cannot be discovered?" And so he ends the poem. But here is the Celtic, the essential part of the poem: it is here that the "formative pressure" has been really in operation; and here surely is paganism and mythology enough, which the Christian priest of the thirteenth century can have had nothing to do with. It is unscientific, no doubt, to interpret this part as Edward Davies and Mr. Herbert do; but it is unscientific also to get rid of it as Mr. Nash does. Wales and the Welsh genius are not to be known without this part; and the true critic is he who can best disengage its real significance.

I say, then, what we want is to *know* the Celt and his genius; not to exalt him or to abase him, but to know him. And

for this a disinterested, positive, and constructive criticism is needed. Neither his friends nor his enemies have yet given us much of this. His friends have given us materials for criticism, and for these we ought to be grateful; his enemies have given us negative criticism, and for this, too, up to a certain point, we may be grateful; but the criticism we really want neither of them has yet given us. Philology, that science which in our time has had so many successes, has not been abandoned by her good fortune in touching the Celt; philology has brought, almost for the first time in their lives, the Celt and sound criticism together. The Celtic grammar of Zeuss, whose death is so grievous a loss to science, offers a splendid specimen of that patient, disinterested way of treating objects of knowledge, which is the best and most attractive characteristic of Germany. Zeuss proceeds neither as a Celt-lover nor as a Celt-hater; not the slightest trace of a wish to glorify Teutonism or to abase Celtism, appears in his book. The only desire apparent there, is the desire to know his object, the language of the Celtic peoples, as it really is. In this he stands as a model to Celtic students; and it has been given to him, as a reward for his sound method, to establish certain points which are henceforth cardinal points, landmarks, in all the discussion of Celtic matters, and which no one had so established before. People talk at random of Celtic writings of this or that age; Zeuss has definitely fixed the age of what we actually have of these writings. To take the Cymric group of languages; our earliest Cornish document is a vocabulary of the thirteenth century; our earliest Breton document is a short description of an estate in a deed of the ninth century; our earliest Welsh documents are Welsh glosses of the eighth century to Eutychus, the grammarian, and Ovid's *Art of Love*, and the verses found by Edward Lhuyd in the *Juvencus* manuscript at Cambridge. The mention of this *Juvencus* fragment, by the by, suggests the difference there is between a sound and an unsound critical habit. Mr. Nash deals with this fragment; but, in spite of all his great acuteness and learning, because he has a bias, because he does not bring to these matters the

disinterested spirit they need, he is capable of getting rid, quite unwarrantably, of a particular word in the fragment which does not suit him; his dealing with the verses is an advocate's dealing, not a critic's. Of this sort of thing Zeuss is incapable.

The test which Zeuss used for establishing the age of these documents is a scientific test, the test of orthography and of declensional and syntactical forms. These matters are far out of my province, but what is clear, sound, and simple, has a natural attraction for us all, and one feels a pleasure in repeating it. It is the grand sign of age, Zeuss says, in Welsh and Irish words, when what the grammarians call the "destitutio tenuium" has not yet taken place; when the sharp consonants have not yet been changed into flat, *p* or *t* into *b* or *d*; when, for instance, *map*, a son, has not yet become *mab*; *coet*, a wood, *coed*; *oet*, a harrow, *oged*. This is a clear, scientific test to apply, and a test of which the accuracy can be verified; I do not say that Zeuss was the first person who knew of this test or applied it, but I say that he is the first person who in dealing with Celtic matters has invariably proceeded by means of this and similar scientific tests; the first person, therefore, the body of whose work has a scientific, stable character; and so he stands as a model to all Celtic inquirers.

His influence has already been most happy; and as I have enlarged on a certain failure in criticism of Eugene O'Curry's—whose business, after all, was the description and classification of materials rather than criticism—let me show, by another example from Eugene O'Curry, this good influence of Zeuss upon Celtic studies. Eugene O'Curry wants to establish that compositions of an older date than the twelfth century existed in Ireland in the twelfth century, and thus he proceeds. He takes one of the great extant Irish manuscripts, the *Leabhar na h'Uidhre*; or *Book of the Dun Cow*. The compiler of this book was, he says, a certain Maelduiri, a member of the religious house of Cluainmacnois. This he establishes from a passage in the manuscript itself: "This is a trial of his pen here, by Maelduiri, son of the son of Conn na m'Bocht." The date of Maelduiri he establishes from a passage

in the *Annals of the Four Masters*, under the year 1106: "Maeldmuri, son of the son of Conn na m'Bocht, was killed in the middle of the great stone church of Cluainmacnois, by a party of robbers." Thus he gets the date of the *Book of the Dun Cow*. This book contains an elegy on the death of St. Columb. Now even before 1106, the language of this elegy was so old as to require a gloss to make it intelligible, for it is accompanied by a gloss written between the lines. This gloss quotes, for the explanation of obsolete words, a number of more ancient compositions; and these compositions, therefore, must, at the beginning of the twelfth century, have been still in existence. Nothing can be sounder; every step is proved, and fairly proved, as one goes along. O'Curry thus affords a good specimen of the sane mode of proceeding so much wanted in Celtic researches, and so little practiced by Edward Davies and his brethren; and to found this sane method Zeuss, by the example he sets in his own department of philology, has mainly contributed.

Science's reconciling power, too, on which I have already touched, philology, in her Celtic researches, again and again illustrates. Races and languages have been absurdly joined, and unity has been often rashly assumed at stages where one was far, very far from having yet really reached unity. Science has and will long have to be a divider and a separatist, breaking arbitrary and fanciful connections, and dissipating dreams of a premature and impossible unity. Still, science—true science—recognizes in the bottom of her soul, a law of ultimate fusion, of conciliation. To reach this, but to reach it legitimately she tends. She draws, for instance, towards the same idea which fills her elder and divine sister, poetry—the idea of the substantial unity of man; though she draws towards it by roads of her own. But continually she is showing us affinity where we imagined there was isolation. What schoolboy of us has not rummaged his Greek dictionary in vain for a satisfactory account of that old name for the Peloponnese, the *Apian Land*? and within the limits of Greek itself there is none. But the Scythian name for earth, "apia," watery, water-

issued, meaning first *isle* and then *land*—this name, which we find in "avia," Scandinavia, and in "ey" for island, Alderney, not only explains the *Apian Land* of Sophocles for us, but points the way to a whole world of relationships of which we knew nothing. The Scythians themselves again—obscure, far-separated Mongolian people as they used to appear to us—when we find that they are essentially Teutonic and Indo-European, their very name the same word as the common Latin word "scutum," the *shielded* people, what a surprise they give us! And then, before we have recovered from this surprise, we learn that the name of their father and god, Targitavus, carries us I know not how much further into familiar company. This divinity, *Shining with the targe*, the Greek Hercules, the Sun, contains in the second half of his name, *tavus*, "shining," a wonderful cement to hold times and nations together. *Tavus*, "shining," from "tava"—in Sanscrit, as well as Scythian, "to burn" or "shine"—is *Divus, dies, Zeus, Θεός, Déva*, and I know not how much more; and *Taviti*, the bright and burnt fire, the place of fire, the hearth, the centre of the family, becomes the family itself, just as our word family, the Latin *familia*, is from *thymelé*, the sacred centre of fire. The hearth comes to mean home. Then from home it comes to mean the group of homes, the tribe; from the tribe the entire nation; and in this sense of nation or people, the word appears in Gothic, Norse, Celtic and Persian, as well as in Scythian; the *Theuthisks*, *Deutschen*, *Tudesques*, are the men of one *theuth*, nation, or people; and of this our name *Germans* itself is, perhaps, only the Roman translation, meaning the men of one germ or stock. The Celtic divinity, Teutates, has his name from the Celtic *teuta*, people; *taviti*, fire, appearing here in its secondary and derivative sense of *people*, just as it does in its own Scythian language in Targitavus's second name, *Tavit-varus*, *Teutaros*, the protector of the people. Another Celtic divinity, the Heus of Lucan, finds his brother in the Gaisos, the sword, symbolizing the god of battles of the Teutonic Scythians. And after philology has thus related to each other the Celt and the Teuton, she takes



another branch of the Indo-European family, the Slaves, and shows us them as having the same name with the German Suevi, the *solar* people; the common ground here, too, being that grand point of union, the sun, fire. So, also, we find Mr. Meyer, whose Celtic studies I just now mentioned, harping again and again on the connection even in Europe, if you go back far enough, between Celt and German. So, after all we have heard, and truly heard, of the diversity between all things Semitic and all things Indo-European, there is now an Italian philologist at work upon the relationship between Sanscrit and Hebrew.

Both in small and great things, philology, dealing with Celtic matters, has exemplified this tending of science towards unity. Who has not been puzzled by the relations of the Scots with Ireland—that *vetus et major Scotia*, as Colgan calls it? Who does not feel what pleasure Zeuss brings us when he suggests that *Gael*, the name for the Irish Celt, and *Scot*, are at bottom the same word, both having their origin in a word meaning *wind*, and both signifying the *violent, stormy people*? Who does not feel his mind agreeably cleared about our friends the Fenians, when he learns that the root of their name, *fen*, “white,” appears in the hero Fingal; in Gwynedd, the Welsh name for North Wales; in the Roman Venedotia; in Vannes in Brittany; in Venice? The very name of Ireland, some say, comes from the famous Sanscrit word *Arya*, the land of the Aryans, or noble men; although the weight of opinion seems to be in favor of connecting it rather with another Sanscrit word, *avara*, occidental, the western land or isle of the west. But, at any rate, who that has been brought up to think the Celts utter aliens from us and our culture, can come without a start of sympathy upon such words as *heol* (sol), or *buaist* (fuisti)? or upon such a sentence as this, “*Peris Dui dui funnaun*” (“God prepared two fountains”)? Or when Mr. Whitley Stokes, one of the ablest scholars formed in Zeuss’s school, a born philologist—he now occupies, alas! a post under the government of India, instead of a chair of philology at home, and makes one think mournfully of Montesquieu’s saying, that had he been an

Englishman he should never have produced his great work, but caught the contagion of practical life, and devoted himself to what is called “rising in the world”—when Mr. Whitley Stokes, in his edition of *Cormac’s Glossary*, holds up the Irish word *triath*, the sea, and makes us remark that, though the names *Triton*, *Amphitrite*, and those of corresponding Indian and Zend divinities, point to the meaning *sea*, yet it is only Irish which actually supplies the vocable, how delightfully that brings Ireland into the Indo-European concert! What a wholesome buffet it gives to Lord Lyndhurst’s alienation doctrines. To go a little further: of the two great Celtic divisions of language, the Gaelic and the Cymric, the Gaelic, say the philologists, is more related to the younger, more synthetic group of languages, Sanscrit, Greek, Zend, Latin, and Teutonic; the Cymric to the older more analytic Turanian group. Of the more synthetic Aryan group, again, Zend and Teutonic are, in their turn, looser and more analytic than Sanscrit and Greek, more in sympathy with the Turanian group and with Celtic. What possibilities of affinity and influence are here hinted at; what lines of inquiry worth exploring, at any rate, suggest themselves to one’s mind! By the forms of its language a nation expresses its very self. Our language is the loosest, most analytic, of all European languages. And we, then, what are we? What is England? I will not answer, A vast obscure Cymric basis with a vast visible Teutonic superstructure; but I will say that that answer sometimes suggests itself, at any rate—sometimes knocks at our mind’s door for admission; and we begin to cast about and see whether it is to be let in.

But the forms of its language are not our only key to a people; what it says in its language, its literature, is the great key, and we must get back to literature. The literature of the Celtic peoples has not yet had its Zeuss, and greatly it wants him. We need a Zeuss to apply to Celtic literature, to all its vexed questions of dates, authenticity, and significance the criticism, the sane method, the disinterested endeavor to get at the real facts, which Zeuss has shown in dealing with Celtic language. Science

is good in itself, and therefore Celtic literature—Mr. Nash and the Celt-haters having failed to prove it a bubble—Celtic literature is interesting, merely as an object of knowledge. But it reinforces and redoubles our interest in Celtic literature if we find that here, too, science exercises the reconciling, the uniting influence of which I have said so much; if we find here more than anywhere else, traces of kinship, and the most essential sort of kinship, spiritual kinship, between us and the Celt, of which we had never dreamed. I settle nothing, and can settle nothing; I have not the special knowledge needed for that. I have no pretension to do more than to try and awaken interest; to seize on hints, to point out indications, which, to any one with a feeling for literature, suggest themselves; to stimulate other inquirers. I must surely be without the bias which has so often rendered Welsh and Irish students extravagant; why, my very name expresses that peculiar Semitic-Saxon mixture which makes the typical Englishman; I can have no ends to serve in finding in Celtic literature more than is there. What *is* there, is for me the only question. But this question must be for another time.

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Saturday Review.

THE REBUILDING OF THE TUILERIES.

It is now understood in Paris that the Emperor intends gradually to pull down the whole palace of the Tuileries, and rebuild it with a magnificence in accordance with the massive and ornate pavilions of the new Louvre. The project will no doubt involve an immense outlay, and yet we cannot consider it unreasonable. The Tuileries is the most inconvenient palace in Europe; indeed, it is not too much to say that no English gentleman would endure in his own house the awkward communication and insufficient accommodation which so many French sovereigns have patiently put up with in their town residence. When Catherine de Medicis built her house where the tilekilns had been, the edifice was of very moderate dimensions, and, as a Renaissance palace, quite complete in its way. It consisted of a cen-

tral pavilion, smaller and lower than the present one, two wings, and two smaller pavilions, one at each end. No doubt Philbert de l'Orme and Jean Bulan took care to arrange the interior conveniently, and the outside looked well enough in times when the Louvre, so far from being a portion of the same building, was not even visible from it. But under Henri IV. and subsequent sovereigns the well-proportioned little palace of Catherine de Medicis was enlarged by additional wings and pavilions; and though Francois d'Orbay gave it greater height in 1664 from designs of Louis de Vau, it has ever since been low for its length, and the central pavilion (de l'Horloge) has been far too insignificant to sustain such a prodigious development of wing. The building is a mere curtain, and much of its apparent extent, as compared with Buckingham Palace, is due to its want of depth. The breadth of a single hall represents the thickness of the structure, and such is the want of independent communication inside, that we have been told on very good authority that the inhabitants have sometimes to make their way from one end to the other by going out of doors in a carriage. The state rooms are magnificent, and the private Imperial apartments, if we may judge from the careful water-color drawings of M. Fournier, are very pleasant and comfortable; but persons of inferior consequence are said to be lodged less commodiously than the habits of modern times, and the splendor of the Imperial Court, would lead them to expect.

These architectural and constructive defects existed, no doubt, under former reigns, but they have been recently brought into far greater prominence by the erection of the new buildings which complete the connection between the Louvre and the Tuileries. These buildings have many faults of their own, but they also possess qualities of a kind very injurious to the residence of the Emperor. They are so massive, so charged with ornament, so extravagantly sumptuous, that they would kill works of far greater artistic merit, and have reduced the Tuileries, as seen from the Place du Carrousel, to a mere line of quite commonplace mason's work. Every addition to the original design of Philbert

de l'Orme has been an injury to it, but the new Louvre of M. Visconti is more than injury—it is annihilation.

It is a favorite practice of M. Thiers, before or after telling his readers the one thing which his hero really did, to expatiate on the five or six other things any one of which, under the circumstances, he as easily might have done. We feel tempted, in this instance, to follow the historian's example by showing three or four ways in which the Emperor's architectural difficulties might have been avoided. When Catherine de Medicis built the Tuileries, there was as little idea of uniting that palace with the Louvre as there is at present of uniting Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House. Hence it never occurred to Philbert de l'Orme to have his façade parallel with the colonnade of the Louvre, and he built it at such an angle that their lines prolonged, would meet somewhere in the direction of Montmartre, forming a triangle with the Seine for its base. But when the two palaces were united on the river side by that wonderful long gallery which all art-students have either seen or heard of, this absence of parallelism became visible as a defect, and subsequent cumbrous attempts to hide it have only made it the more obtrusively obvious. The angle formed by the junction of the Tuileries and the long gallery of the Louvre at the Pavillon de Flore is acute, and the whole quadrangle is irregular.

M. Visconti had a project in his portfolio for twenty years, which he was in the habit of offering to successive Governments, and which at length found acceptance at the hands of Napoleon III. The great practical object of this scheme was to hide the absence of parallelism; and to accomplish this M. Visconti erected two immense wings inside the quadrangle coming from the Louvre towards the Tuileries, but ending abruptly in the Place du Carrousel, where they rejoin the line of building in the Rue de Rivoli and the long gallery by the Seine—the angles, in neither case a right angle, being crowned by heavy pavilions. Every reader who has visited Paris during the last ten years will remember these singular edifices, with their massive arcades covered with sculpture and crowned with rows of

colossal stone statues of French notabilities. They have several evident disadvantages. In the first place, considered with reference to the Louvre, and as wings, they are far too long, forming a sort of street or *cul de sac* at the end of which stands the Louvre, diminished by perspective (when you are far enough off in the Place du Carrousel to see the wings completely) to a mere barrier wall of comparative little architectural importance; while the single pavilion in the middle is crushed by no less than six pavilions in the wings, of which two are more important than itself. What more clearly establishes Visconti's ignorance of the commonest necessities of composition is that he actually conceived it possible at first to leave the old back wall of the Louvre visible as a centre, merely fixing a few bits of sculpture upon it as a relief to its bare and miserable surface. He seems to have had no notion of the destructive effect of contrast. He seems to have imagined that richness had no active operation beyond its proper prestige; he seems to have thought that superlative magnificence might be set beside comparative simplicity, and not endow it with the conspicuousness of poverty. Persons who have no confidence in great artistic principles may, however, yet be sensible to their own violations of them; and this error was to some extent corrected by removing the experimental ornaments from the Louvre and casing the old wall with a new stone front in a style corresponding to the great wings. But it may be fairly argued, in a case of this kind, that the ornament of the central mass should be even richer than that of the wings, for the reason that perspective concentrates ornament, and these wings *can* only be seen in perspective, which gives an impression of even more abundant decoration than that which really exists in proportion to the length of wall.

The right policy would have been to give the central mass of the Louvre the advantage of superior height, by keeping the new buildings as low as the Tuileries, while its pavilion ought to have been left in solitary grandeur, and its whole front decorated as sumptuously as possible, the new buildings being left as plain as those of Napoleon I. Accepting

M. Visconti's device for the concealment of the irregularity of the quadrangle, this, we say, would have been, from the artistic point of view, his most judicious course. But we consider his whole device quite ludicrously inadequate. So far from hiding the defect, it positively makes it plainer. Go towards the Louvre between Visconti's wings, turn round and look at the Tuileries, and Visconti's own lines, instead of guarding your eye to the central pavilion of the Tuileries, lead it to a point south of it, and so mathematically demonstrate the very irregularity they were designed to conceal. We are not, however, disposed to attach so much consequence to this absence of parallelism as Visconti himself did. Not one person in a hundred can tell a moderately obtuse angle from a right angle when he sees it, and we never met with a single tourist who, not having made architecture a study, had from his own observation detected the irregularity of the Place du Carrousel. Half the rooms in Paris have obtuse and acute angles in their corners; the new Hotel du Louvre is full of them, and yet they pass entirely unperceived by the visitors. The fault is really of no consequence, glaring as it is; but if it had been worth while to hide it, there were many ways to choose from. The Place du Carrousel might have been divided into three quadrangles, and the fault carefully distributed within the thickness of the intervening lines of building (which might have diminished gradually from south to north); or an immense oval place might have been built within the square, the irregularities being lost in the smaller courts at the corners; or, finally, the square might have been left to its own shapelessness, with a lofty building in the middle to prevent people from seeing its lines and angles uninterrupted. As it exists at present, the new Louvre is rich and picturesque and barbarous; its very irregularities are agreeable to the eye, and there is much grandeur in the vistas of its long colonnades, and in the various groupings of its huge pavilions.

It is said that when these new works were completed the Emperor was dissatisfied, and exclaimed, "*Si je m'en croyais, je ferais tout recommencer.*"

Apparently, one of two things had to be done—either to pull down Visconti's creation or demolish the Tuileries; and it seems that his Majesty has decided for the latter. An excellent pretext for a beginning was afforded by the evidently insecure condition of the Pavillon de Flore (that close to the river) and of a portion of the long gallery contiguous. Fissures were observed in the walls of the pavilion, and that of the gallery leaned ominously over the passers-by. So these were pulled down, and then a little more of the gallery, and yet a little more, till now all that part known by its long fluted pilasters is gone; and the reconstruction is already advancing rapidly without long pilasters, and in the style of the older part near the Louvre, begun under the reign of Charles IX. It is believed that the demolition will continue until this part is reached, when an uninterrupted front of similar decoration will extend from the Tuileries to the Gallery of Apollo. As to the Tuileries itself, the demolition and reconstruction are expected to proceed very slowly, advancing from the Pavillon de Flore to the Rue de Rivoli, and there gradually replacing the still recent and sound, but comparatively simple, line of building which now extends from the garden to the new Louvre.

From one point of view this project will be looked with unmixed regret. The Tuileries is the most interesting historical palace in Europe, and on these grounds an effort ought to have been made to save it. The architectural requirements of the Place du Carrousel, and the convenience of the Imperial Court, might both, we should think, be satisfied and provided for by the erection of a new line of building behind the historical palace, which would at once double its accommodation and hide it from the eyes of visitors dazzled by the glories of Visconti's Louvre. But considerations of economy and a regard for historical associations do not seem to be much in the Emperor's way, and the temptation to give himself a magnificent new house is likely to be too strong for them. Whether justly or not, he is now fully credited with this design, and the very *sergents de ville* talk openly of its fulfilment as only a question of time.



Popular Science Review.

## ENGRAVING WITH A SUNBEAM.

WHEN, twenty-four years ago, the first specimens of Photographic Art on paper were handed round among the *savans* of the period, speculation was rife concerning the probable effects which the new art would produce on miniature painting, and the results which, generally, would accrue from its introduction. But wild as were then deemed some of the conjectures formed concerning its future, and visionary as were supposed to be the dreams of those who hazarded opinions concerning its probable bearings and results, it must now be admitted that in many respects, if not quite in the manner expected, Photography has, even at the present time, not only fulfilled, but surpassed, the wildest dreams of those who watched by its cradle, and has more than realized the expectations, now no longer considered Utopian, of its projectors. Consequent upon its introduction, new facts in Chemistry have been discovered, and an entirely new path of investigation in Optical science laid open. Advancing with rapid strides, it has been the means of causing kindred sciences to advance along with it; and the pages of the *Popular Science Review* have from time to time borne testimony to the aid thus rendered by Photography to cognate sciences.

After the persevering efforts and assiduous application of Mr. Fox-Talbot to perfect his process of Photography on paper had been crowned with a degree of success not long before considered quite unattainable, that gentleman made the unpleasant discovery that photographic pictures were far from being permanent; that, called into existence, as it were, in consequence of the instability of certain metallic salts, the same causes by which they were produced operated in inducing their destruction; and the elements of decay could not with certainty or satisfaction be eliminated from the finished picture, notwithstanding the care and pains employed in the endeavor to obtain this desideratum.

A brief glance at the cause and nature of this decay or fading of photographs may not here be improper, seeing that it was the means of leading to im-

portant results, to a description of one of which we have devoted this article.

The blacks of photographic prints on ordinary unsized paper consist of silver. To aid in the proper fixing of a photograph, or destroying its further sensitiveness to light, hyposulphite of soda in solution is employed. The action of this salt on the silver in the pores of the paper is of an extremely complex nature, and long washing is requisite to secure its removal. If not thoroughly removed, an action continues to be exerted which ultimately results in the destruction of the picture, the blacks of which are converted into a sulphide of silver. But the sulphurous gases with which the atmosphere is impregnated, joined to the complex effects produced by the albumen (with which photographic paper is usually prepared) acting on the silver in a manner not yet clearly understood, exert a destructive influence on photographs. The introduction of gold-toning has mitigated this evil to a considerable extent, but an inspection of some recent pictorial productions of photographers of reputation suffices to show that it still exists, notwithstanding the known care taken by them to obviate it.

It was this knowledge of the liability of silver prints to fade that induced Mr. Talbot, upwards of fourteen years ago, to search through the arcana of science for a more stable substance than silver of which to form the photographic image, his search being accelerated, as he informed the writer, by the fact that even the paste by which the pictures in his *Pencil of Nature* (the first illustrated photographic work ever published) were attached to the mounting board had set up a process of decomposition.

The most stable substance which presented itself to him was carbon; but, eminently unaffected by light as it was, the question of how to utilize it in the production of a photograph was one that occupied much time and involved much labor in answering. The ink used by the engraver, he considered, was permanent; and if means existed by which a photograph could be automatically engraved on a metal plate, then would the product of this plate be permanent when printed with a carbonaceous ink. Hence resulted a discovery of infinitely more importance than he himself could possi-

bly have foreseen, from which have proceeded numerous ramifications, one of the latest and possibly most important of these being Woodbury's method of photo-relief printing, to the elucidation of the principles and practice of which we now address ourselves.

In his endeavor to obtain an engraved plate by means of photography, Mr. Talbot availed himself of the discovery of the photogenic properties of bichromate of potash which had been made a short time before by Mr. Mungo Ponton. From the apparently trivial discovery of this gentleman, that paper which had been washed with a solution of this salt became darker in color when exposed to light—a discovery followed by some researches by M. Becquerel into the nature and cause of this action—the active and practical mind of Mr. Talbot at once led him to see how this discovery might be turned to a valuable and practical issue. Accordingly the scientific world was startled and gratified by the announcement in the *Athenæum*, in 1853, that the problem of permanent photographic printing had been solved by this gentleman's discovery of a method by which photographs could be printed from an engraved steel plate in the usual carbonaceous ink of the copperplate printer. Some of the specimens shown as the result of this discovery possessed great delicacy and beauty; and we have scientific journals which have been illustrated by engraved photographs of natural scenery effected by the process in question, which is based on the fact that bichromatized gelatine, gum, and other organic bodies become, after exposure to light, insoluble in water, and that an etching ground thus composed may be dissolved away in all those parts from which the light has been debarred access.

This was the original discovery, but who can estimate the magnitude of its results? For, arising out of it, and based on its simple principles, are the numerous varieties of photo-lithography, photo-zincography, photo-galvanography, photographic engraving in its now numerous phases, carbon printing, vitrified or enamelled photographs, surface block-printing, and, lastly, the process of relief-printing, now more immediately under consideration.

Gelatine is the principal agent in relief-printing; and several previously unknown properties possessed by this substance have been brought to light through the agency of its photographic application. But before entering on the subject in detail, a synopsis of the process had better here be given.

Woodbury's relief-printing is based on the fact that, if a layer of any dark-colored transparent material be placed upon a white sheet of paper, the color transmitted to the eye will be light or dark in proportion to the thickness of the material; if extremely thin, then the paper will appear white or almost so, every increase in the thickness causing the color to appear deeper. If now a mould be prepared in intaglio, and it be filled with a colored transparent body, such as gelatine, containing a dark pigment mixed with it, a sheet of paper pressed on this mould by means of a flat plate of metal would cause all the superfluous gelatine to be expressed at the edges, but as soon as the gelatine becomes set, the paper will, on being raised from the mould, carry with it the gelatine cast, which will be a faithful register of the mould, the heights and depths in which being thus translated into color. As will readily be supposed, the preparation of the intaglio mould used in this process is an operation of the highest importance, for on the delicacy and accuracy of its gradations evidently depends the beauty of the finished picture; and it is in the preparation of this mould that the wonderful properties of bichromatized gelatine become apparent.

The particular kind of gelatine employed in the preparation of a mould is of more importance than would at first be supposed. That found by experience to be best for this purpose is known as *Nelson's Opaque Gelatine*, an ounce of which is placed in five ounces of water, allowed to remain until it swells, and liquefied by setting the vessel that contains it in hot water. To each ounce of this solution must be added fifteen grains of bichromate of ammonia, previously dissolved in about a drachm of warm water. The mixture should be carefully filtered, and kept in a dark place for use. This bichromatized gelatine possesses some curious properties,

the nature of some of which will be ascertained from the following experiment: Coat a plate of glass on one side with the solution, and when dried, which must be done in a feebly lighted place, cover it with a paper containing ordinary printed matter on one side, press in intimate contact with the surface of the glass by means of a second glass plate, and expose to sunlight (through the paper) for a few minutes. On examining the plate in a subdued light, those parts on which the light was allowed to act, corresponding with the white paper, will be found to be deeper in color than the parts which were shielded from luminous action by the black letters. The bichromate of ammonia has been decomposed by the light, and chromic acid has been liberated, which, acting on the gelatine, has so modified its nature as to cause it to be no longer soluble in water. If now the plate be immersed in cold water and quickly withdrawn, it will be found that the parts on which the light has been allowed to act are, to some extent, repellent of the water. A prolonged immersion in water causes the unaltered parts of the surface to swell and stand out in relief, those parts in which the chromic acid has been liberated apparently undergoing no change.

It will readily suggest itself to a reflective mind that a difficulty will exist in the way of securing a series of gradations in a photographic negative having their proper effect produced when thus attempting to print on the surface of a sensitive gelatine film. The possibility of obtaining half-tones is dependent upon the power of the light to penetrate the yellow coating of bichromate and gelatine by which it is rendered more or less insoluble, but the impermeability to light of this layer long stood in the way of the best results being obtainable, until Mr. Burnett, of Edinburgh, solved the difficulty by printing on the under instead of the upper surface, and since that time no more difficulties have intervened in the way of producing photographs in relief in solid gelatine. Bearing this principle in view, we shall see how it is applied by Mr. Woodbury to aid him in securing a mould.

A sheet of talc of the size of the pic-

ture required is affixed to a plate of glass by means of a little gum or water and after being placed on a levelling stand, some of the bichromatized gelatine—prepared as previously intimated—is poured on to its surface so as to form an even coating. When it has become quite dry, the talc, by means of a sharp knife, is removed from the glass, and the exposed surface of the gelatinized talc carefully cleaned and placed in contact with the negative of the subject that is to be reproduced. The surface of the gelatine is protected by means of a sheet of blotting-paper, after which it is covered over with a glass to insure uniform pressure and close contact between the talc and the negative. After exposure to the light of the sun for about an hour, the film must be placed face upward in a dish of hot water, by which means all the gelatine unacted on by the light will be dissolved away, leaving a picture in relief the height of which depends upon the penetrating power of the light through the negative, the parts most acted upon standing in highest relief. When no more gelatine will dissolve from the film, it is dried by a gentle heat up to a certain stage, after which the drying is allowed to be completed spontaneously. This precaution serves to prevent the gelatine film from splitting away from the talc.

Reliefs obtained in the manner described may be kept in a portfolio for any length of time, and are always ready for the next operation, that of securing an intaglio impression in metal. To obtain this impression, the electrotype process at once suggests itself as the most suitable one for the purpose, and in the early days of the process—if such a phrase be applicable to that which has not yet been a year in existence—the moulds were obtained by electrical deposition. This, however, was attended by a loss of time which it was desirable should be avoided; accordingly, after some experiments, Mr. Woodbury found that when the gelatine "relief" had become thoroughly dried, it was hard enough to be impressed in soft metal, faithfully transmitting its most delicate details, and, curiously enough, still remaining uninjured after having done so. This discovery at once shortened the preparatory process of printing by some

days; for the time occupied in producing a perfect mould in metal does not now occupy a minute. The metallic intaglio is produced in the following manner: On the flat bed of a hydraulic press is placed the gelatine relief, talc side down, over which is placed a clean sheet of metal, composed, by preference, of a mixture of type metal and lead. A perfectly flat plate of steel is placed over this, and the whole subjected to a degree of pressure which varies with the hardness of the metal employed. For a picture of the size of the portraits of Baron Liebig or Professor Huxley, which serve as illustrations of the process in the present number of this work, a pressure of upwards of fifty tons will suffice to impress every detail in the type metal. There is no limit to the size of the plate that may thus be produced; but, in proportion as its area increases, so must the pressure also be increased. In the mean time, with metal of a suitable degree of hardness, the amount of pressure may be approximately stated as four tons to the square inch. In obtaining this metal intaglio it is of the greatest importance that it should be absolutely flat, and for this purpose it is necessary to employ two flat polished plates of steel of a thickness sufficient to prevent their bending or yielding when in the press. One of these should be laid on the bed of the press, and on its face should the gelatine mould be placed, the other, as just stated, serving to act as a cover. It might be thought that, by passing the two steel plates with their intervening contents between a pair of large rollers, pressure would be communicated in an equally advantageous manner to that obtained in the hydraulic press, and at a less expenditure of mechanical means. Careful experiment has, however, determined that the momentary and local pressure obtained from rollers will not yield such perfect moulds as are obtainable by hydraulic agency. The cause of this may be found in the elasticity of the mould, and, possibly, in a lesser degree, in that of the metal also. Simple percussion fails to yield details in a mould so made; but even a lesser amount of force expended over an appreciable time, say one second, will not fail to cause every detail to be impressed in the metal.

One important advantage in this process is found to arise from the fact that the gelatine mould is in no wise deteriorated by its having communicated its details to a metallic surface, but, where a large number of prints are required, will serve to produce several moulds ready for printing, and in this, too, in a space of time not exceeding one minute for each.

The process of obtaining prints from the mould is simple, and is conducted in the following manner: A press is made in the form of a very shallow box, with a hinged lid. In the bottom of the box is placed a thick plate of glass, a similar glass plate forming the lid. The bottom plate rests on four screws which serve to adjust the plate to any height. On this plate is laid, face upwards, the metal intaglio mould, and the lid being closed down, the screws in the bottom are so adjusted as to bring the upper surface of the mould in equal contact with the glass lid. The cover being again raised, a small quantity of ink is now poured on the centre of the mould, the sheet of paper destined to receive the impression is then laid down on the top of the small pool of ink, and the lid having again been closed down, the ink is spread out between the mould and the paper, filling up the cavities in the former, and the superfluous portion escaping over the edges. The lid should remain closed for nearly a minute, or until the ink sets sufficiently to allow of its being removed in contact with the paper, to the surface of which it is eventually found adhering. The conditions required in a suitable ink are fluidity, with rapid setting, transparency, and facility for removal from the mould with perfect adherence to the paper. These conditions are fulfilled in gelatine to which any coloring matter may be added; and as the range of transparent pigments is very extended, so are the colors in which prints may be produced by the process in question. The gelatine is dissolved in the same manner as that described in the preparation of the mould, and a small quantity of a suitable pigment mixed with it. The lamp-black of the ordinary capsuled tin colored tubes, with the addition of a little carmine or crimson lake, forms an agreeable tint; but this is entirely dependent



upon the taste of the operator or the nature of the subject. A picture may be printed either in the most sombre black, the most intense red, or the richest violet or blue. The most suitable thickness of the gelatine ink is best determined by experience, and it will generally be found necessary occasionally to add to it a little water. The ink must be kept warm by means of a gas stove or otherwise, the heat and strength of the gelatinous ink being such as to insure its setting in the mould in a reasonable time. To prevent the ink from adhering to the mould, or parting from it readily, the latter must, from time to time, be slightly moistened with a sponge or pledget of cotton charged with oil.

When a suitable time has elapsed—usually from half a minute to a minute—the lid is raised and the paper removed from the mould, taking with it the whole of the colored gelatine, which at this stage forms a picture on the paper in relief, and to which peculiarity the name of the process—"relief-printing"—owes its origin. It is only in relief, however, for a very short time, for as it dries, this peculiarity disappears, until, when it has become quite dry, no trace of relief is apparent. From the fact that the print must remain in the press for nearly a minute ere it is ready for removal, it is expedient that one operator should have several presses to work so as to fill up his time. By adopting this plan a skilled printer will be enabled to produce prints at the rate of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred per hour.

To prevent the print from sustaining any damage from moisture, gelatine being readily susceptible to hygrometric influences, the prints before being mounted are fixed—an operation performed in a very simple manner, namely, by immersing them for a short time in a solution of alum. By this means the image is rendered insoluble, so that when it is again dried it is found to be impervious to moisture, and its mechanical condition, too, is improved.

The cost of photographs printed in the manner described is very moderate. The ink and paper combined will not amount to a farthing, each print of a size suitable for average book illustra-

tion, and all the waste ink recovered from the superfluity around the edges of the mould may be instantaneously utilized by being again returned to the vessel from which the warm and melted ink is poured; and thus the economy of the process is in no way affected by the quantity of ink that may be poured on to the surface of the plate during the operation of printing.

From what has been said it will have been seen that Mr. Woodbury, in the process described, has introduced an entirely new principle in printing—a principle by which the most perfect gradation is obtained, differing in this respect from any other kind of press-printing. When a suitable paper is employed to receive the image, details almost microscopic in their minuteness are found in the finished picture, and this combined with brilliance and vigor. If the impressions be received on a plate of opal glass instead of on paper, transparencies of the richest and most delicate nature are obtained, rivalling the choicest productions of Feriér and Souliér.

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Temple Bar.

#### FINANCE, FRAUDS, AND FAILURES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BUBBLES OF FINANCE."

AMONG ordinary Englishmen, how many were there five years ago who attached any definite meaning to the word "finance," or in conversation ever used the verb "to finance?" We had all read of the Minister of Finance in continental countries; and shortly after the great mutiny, British India was not a little puzzled at hearing that the late Mr. Wilson had been appointed "Finance Minister" for our Eastern Empire. The office of the former we knew was analogous to that of our own Chancellor of the Exchequer; and we lamented the death of the latter, who so quickly met in the East the fate of seven out of every ten Europeans who go late in life to that land of the sun. But the substantive "finance" was rarely, and the verb "to finance" never, made use of. Not even within the precincts of the city did any man of business apply to the work of banking, discounting, lending, or borrowing, the terms "Finance," or "to

Finance." There were then, as now, bankers in Lombard-street, and for those who had good security to offer, it was never difficult to obtain aid in pecuniary difficulty. If a merchant wanted money he used to take to his bankers the bills of exchange which he held, and which had been accepted by firms of respectability in consequence of merchandise sold or conveyed to their care for sale, and these documents, if deemed "good," the banker discounted at the current rate of the day. Thus the merchant obtained money he required, while, in return for what he had disbursed, the banker held legal available security, for the payment of which two, three, or more firms were responsible, and for which, if he wished to exchange for current money, he, the banker, could always do so by what is called re-discounting. In the same way country gentlemen, landed proprietors, householders, or others who had security to offer, could always get advances at a reasonable rate of interest, by depositing with their bankers equivalent security for the sum they required.

Nor was it only those who had substantial securities to place at their bankers that could obtain advances or loans. If Captain Heavy of the "Bays" wanted a couple of hundreds or so to pull him through the Epsom week, what more natural than that he should get his friend De Saurey of the Guards to write his name across a piece of stamped paper, and that with this document he should repair to Mr. Leverson and get him to "do" the bill, paying for the "accommodation" at the rate of between sixty and one hundred per cent. per annum! Nor could the transaction be deemed altogether illegitimate, although it was certainly irregular. It was of vital importance to Heavy that he should get money somehow, else how could he meet his engagements at Tattersall's, or pay his brother plungers at the Rag what he had lost to them? Heavy has nothing that could be called "capital," beyond his two chargers, his uniform, a gold watch, chain, rings, and scarf pins, in addition to a plentiful, but mostly unpaid, wardrobe of clothes. It is true that his father allows him £500 a year; but he owes Poole alone half a year's income, and his "paper" is by no means un-

known to the money-lending fraternity of London, Aldershot, and Dublin. Leverson knows this, and is equally aware that—beyond a yearly increasing crop of debt—Lieutenant and Captain the Hon. Arthur De Saurey, of the Coldstreams, the acceptor of the bill, has no property whatever. But Leverson trusts to the chapter of accidents, and for the chance of an immense profit, is ready to run the risk of an entire loss. The friends and relatives of Heavy would not allow that foolish dragoon to be ruined for want of so small a sum. And even if his relatives fail altogether, is not De Saurey the younger son of an earl, and surely his Lordship would never see his offspring reduced to go through the Bankruptcy Court? Such is the train of reasoning of Mr. Leverson.

We have written of all these money dealings in the past tense, not because similar transactions are unknown at the present time, but because very few years ago there were, as a general rule, no other kinds of monetary business practiced among us. Unfortunately for the pockets and the prospects of many thousand Englishmen, it is now otherwise. It was an evil day for this country when the word "finance" and the undertakings known as "Finance Companies," became known in this country, and the mania of attempting to make paper represent money without money's worth being given in exchange, seized upon so many persons of all classes and callings throughout the land. Ever since failures in trade have been more frequent; and as the facilities of obtaining money for what represented nothing became more common, frauds, in the general race for wealth, gradually came to be looked on as far less iniquitous than formerly. In fact, the introduction of "financing" among us has been one of the most serious evils which ever afflicted our commercial world. It began by calling into existence a race of men formerly unknown in business, and now called "promoters of companies;" and it has gradually brought about the failures and panic which were witnessed in the City on Thursday and Friday, the 10th and 11th of May. The era of "finance" and "financing" in England found our commerce flourishing, and

confidence between men of business as great as it had ever been in the history of trade. It has ended—for let us hope that we have, at any rate, seen the beginning of the end of the system in this country—by leaving our monetary dealings branded as gambling, and by spreading the curse of mutual mistrust among all our trading classes. But to illustrate our meaning we will relate some facts which happened within our own experience.

Rather more than two years ago, one of the many Financial Companies, which at that time were daily springing into existence, was "brought out." The "promoters" of the concern were three in number. One was a solicitor without business, but who had not long before had to take refuge from his debts under the doors of the court in Basinghall-street. The second was a Scotchman, who had never been possessed of capital, or land, or business, but had been a traveller for a Dundee or Glasgow firm, and had lately settled in London, taking a small office in the city and calling himself a commission agent. The third was a naval officer on half pay, whose modest pension barely served to keep down the interest of his debts, and who had managed to live in London for many years by the renewal of small bills at three months, by touting for money-lenders, and finding wealthy victims for bill discounters. The first time these three worthies met to discuss the prospectus of their proposed scheme, it was at the office of the Caledonian "commission agent," and having ordered a luncheon of beef-steaks and "cooper" from a neighboring tavern, found, after they had discussed the meal, that the means for paying for it could not be raised among the three. The lad who brought them the repast said he "had master's orders not to leave without the money;" and so the half-pay lieutenant, under pretence of "seeing whether a friend in the next office had any silver by him," went out and pawned for five shillings a silk umbrella which he had the day before obtained on credit from a West-End shop. Yet not only did these individuals manage to "float" a financial undertaking, which had a subscribed capital of one million, a very influential direction, and whose shares "came

out" at three to four premium, but they also managed to divide among them no less than £10,000 of promotion money, their only regret being that they had not asked and obtained twenty.\*

But how, it will be asked, could men without means contrive to meet the ordinary expenses of starting a public company, to say nothing of getting men of position and means to lend their names as directors of a concern, the promoters of which were mere adventurers? To all save those acquainted with the inward life of "business" London, it would seem more than improbable that three individuals, equally bankrupt in character and purse, should be able to obtain the amount of credit requisite to start an undertaking which was to begin business with as large a capital as Rothschild or Baring can command. But the story is not the less true for all that. In the days of which we write—the end of 1863 and the first few months of 1864—men of all classes were so eager to be "on some good thing," so afraid that others should pass them in the race for riches, that they were willing, nay anxious, to lend their names to anything and everything that held out the most remote chance of gaining money. When the half-pay lieutenant had induced an old brother officer who could write baronet after his name, to become one of the directors, the Scotch "commission agent" had got the consent of a fellow-countryman, who had once belonged to a respectable Glasgow firm, to do the same, and the insolvent attorney had managed to swell the list by a so-called "captain" belonging to a good club, the battle was more than half won. It is true that each and every one of these "directors" had not only received written guarantees from the "promoters" that they would not be held liable for any of the preliminary expenses of starting the company, but were also to be paid, or promised, large sums in paid-up shares of the concern, before they would consent that their names should be published in the

\* The story of the preliminary luncheon, the want of money, and the pawning of the umbrella, was told the present writer with great glee by one of the three worthies concerned after the undertaking had been "floated" with great success.

direction of the undertaking. Thus fraud was, from the very outset, perpetrated upon the intending shareholders of the concern. When Mr. A, B, or C, of the outside world, applied for shares in a new company, he did so on the faith that some persons, whose name he saw on the direction, had really a *bona fide* stake in the company's undertaking, instead of which they had not only risked nothing whatever, but had really been paid for patronizing that by which they could lose little or nothing. What was this but the obtaining money under false pretences? The finance company of which we write was not more dishonest in this respect than its neighbors. We believe, if the true history of the most "respectable" of the finance companies could be made public, it would be found that the instances in which directors had duly qualified themselves for their posts by subscribing and really paying for a certain number of shares in hard cash were few indeed. In the concern in question, there were, when the direction was completed, eleven gentlemen who had accepted seats at the board. They were each obliged, by the articles of association, to hold at least fifty shares, but of the eleven, not one had paid for a single share, and of the great majority it might have been said with truth, their means were—means of payment being investigated—much more "limited" than the liabilities of the shareholders.

Still, it will be argued, there must be certain considerable expenses in the bringing out a new company, which have to be met with cash, and how could this be done by men utterly penniless? To the brave all things are possible, more particularly in London. In the case of which we write, temporary offices were hired, and what little furniture was necessary procured on the chance of being paid for at some future day, or given back should the concern not "float." The most serious expense was the advertising. The prospectuses of new joint-stock companies are necessarily long. We have before us the prospectus of the finance company of which we write, and it takes up very nearly a column of the *Times*. The expense of each such advertisement cannot be less than twenty or twenty-five pounds. And when that has to be inserted for a fort-

night in all the list of daily, to say nothing of the weekly and provincial, papers, the sum required must be something considerable.

Then newspapers do not give credit. To advertise is to pay down hard cash, and "no money, no advertisement," is a standing rule at all the newspaper offices in London.

But even in this matter the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb; in London there are such persons as "advertising agents," whose business it is to act as a sort of middle men between the public who want to advertise and the newspapers that want advertisements, receiving a small commission from the former. In ordinary times and circumstances these persons merely act in the ordinary way of their calling. But in the days of which we write there were some of them who added to their business a speculative trade which they generally found pretty profitable. They undertook to advertise embryo companies in the public papers, and to pay all expenses of such advertisements, on the following very simple conditions. If the undertaking flourished—if the public came forward, took shares, and the directors were able to "proceed to an allotment" of the same—the advertising agent was to receive, in consequence of the risk he had run, double the amount—cent. per cent.—of his bill, no matter how much the total might be. The risk he ran was, that the company, in promoter's slang, "did not float." If this happened, all that the advertising agent had laid out was lost. Thus it was that those who brought out the company of which we write found means to make the golden hopes which their undertaking held out, known to the public. Here, too, as in many hundreds of instances, it may be noted that the frauds upon the shareholders commenced from the very first. For every pound that had been really expended in the expenses of advertising, the unfortunate shareholders had to pay forty shillings when they took possession of their property. In some few instances—but rarely—the directors had the courage to insist that the advertising expenses should be paid by the promoters out of the promotion money. This was, however, exceptional, and in most cases the double expense



had to be borne by those who were not parties to the bargain, and were ignorant that the charge had ever been made or paid.

To follow out step by step the history of a joint-stock company, through every stage, is not necessary for our purpose; so long as the rage for this kind of investment lasted, the history of these undertakings has been very much the same.

During the company mania it was almost invariably those investments of which the public understood least that were most sought after, namely, the shares of the finance companies; and this brings us back to our original question as to what the operations of a finance company really were, and how it was that during their palmy days they were able to announce such large dividends.

Let us imagine "The Universal Finance and Comprehensive Credit Company Limited" fairly launched. The promoters, or nurses, are dismissed, after having pocketed their checks; and as among the directors there are four or five gentlemen—say one third of their number—of fair standing, and against whose commercial character nothing is known, the undertaking may now look out for business. The capital of the company is one million, divided into fifty thousand shares of £20 each. But when we come to read a little lower down in the prospectus, we find that only "one half of these shares are to be issued for the present." Here, then, at one blow, is the real capital reduced from £1,000,000 to £500,000. A little further on and we find that it is only intended to call up "for the present" £5 per share, so that the actual *bona fide* paid-up capital of the company will not amount to more than £125,000, that is, 25,000 shares with £5 paid up—minus of course the balances due by those who cannot pay their calls, and of the directors' shares, upon which nothing whatever has been paid. Still there is the nominal paid-up capital of £5 per share, and on this we find—or we did find before the bubble burst—finance companies paying dividends of one, two, three, or four pounds per share, or at the rate of twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty per cent. per annum; nay, if we are not mistaken, there was an undertaking of

this kind for one half year declared a dividend at the rate of one hundred and fifty per cent. per annum. No wonder that for a time people went mad after this new method of acquiring riches at a blow. Buy shares, invest in one of these new-fashioned undertakings, and for every five-pound note sown there was reaped at the half-yearly harvests a like sum, or perhaps even more. But how? This was the question which every one asked. How came it that old flourishing joint-stock banks, with wary managers, could not make more than eight, ten, or fourteen per cent., in the most favorable times, and that these new "Finance" undertakings, at the very first starting used to declare—yes, and to pay—dividends at double, treble, and even ten times those rates? Surely it were better for every one to sell or dispose of every share they had in the world in old affairs and invest their all in a better, because a quicker, mode of making money.

Here let us digress for a moment in order to glance at two subjects for congratulation that there are connected with the "finance" company mania. The one is, that the bubble has burst so comparatively early in its career. Had it been otherwise—had the general public got so accustomed to the name and system of the scheme as to invest more largely in their shares, the ruin brought about would have crushed forever hundreds of thousands of poor men, instead of only partially injuring a few hundreds of comparatively wealthy individuals. The faith in these new institutions has been very fervent, but it has by no means been general. The belief in their stability has been confined mostly to city men, who ought to have known better, and has hardly been shared in at all by country gentlemen, or by that numerous body of the middle classes who have a fixed but small income to live upon. Sensational leading articles to the contrary notwithstanding, the immense majority of Englishmen are careful of their means, and not over credulous with respect to new undertakings. Had the finance companies lasted longer, it would have been far otherwise, and as many more would have invested their little all in these companies a year or two hence, so when the crash came the ruin would

have been far more general than it is now.

The second reason for congratulation in our late monetary troubles, is that the working classes in England have entirely held aloof from any speculations in these new undertakings. Neither individually nor collectively has there been any buying of shares among the artisans of London, or any of our large towns, in investments which their own rough common sense told them held out promises far too bright to be real. Had the mania taken among them—had the working men of England been induced by golden promises to believe in the new gospel of immense profits upon outlays of small capital, who can tell what the results would have been when the bitter fruit of failure had to be eaten? If the many thousand associations of "Odd Fellows," "Foresters," and "Friendly Societies" had invested their funds in these concerns, Mr. Tidd Pratt would have needed no small amount of extra help to get through the additional work of his office. No; amidst the general feeling of regret for the misfortune of so many individuals who have been led into buying at a high price shares which they can hardly get rid of now upon any terms, we have good reasons to be thankful that the working classes of this country were not tempted by large dividends to risk their money in such straw-built edifices.

But it is—or rather, it was—on paper and not on straw that these finance palaces were founded, and by the same material they were built up. Once fairly started at work, it was the directors' business to find out how, where, and by what means the largest returns could be made, and the following is but a specimen of the many ways by which they worked the oracle.

A railway contractor finds that he is in want of funds with which to conclude the contracts. On application to the company, to which the intended line belongs, he meets with a frank avowal that, what between fare expenses, surveying fees, engineers' charges, and other outlays, their balance with their bankers is in a state of collapse. What is to be done? To go on without money is impossible—to declare his inability to proceed is bankruptcy and ruin. In

place of hard cash, will the directors give him a certain amount in debentures or paid-up shares upon the future line? Of course they will, and are delighted to do so. In other words they virtually discount the future problematical profits of a line not yet made, or, at any rate, not finished. It is as if a young man newly appointed to a commission in the army should pay for his outfit by bills which would fall due when he shall become a captain in the service. But anything is better than to stop the works of the railway. To place debentures bearing four, five, or even six per cent., and which are only payable after a term of years, with the general public, is an impossibility. What man outside of Bedlam would dream of investing in such securities with consols at 88, and finance companies paying forty per cent.? But these securities serve the purpose of the contractor who has undertaken far more than his capital justified him in doing, and his employers are equally pleased to pay him on these terms. But of what use are these debentures to a man whose chief outlay is the weekly wages he has to pay? Navvies, even if they could be made to understand the nature of such securities, could hardly be induced to take them in lieu of their weekly wages. But the contractor has no intention of making any attempt to palm off the paper he holds upon the rough giants he employs. With, say, £50,000 of these debentures in his hand, he betakes himself to the "Universal Finance and Comprehensive Credit Company Limited," and after one or two interviews with the general manager, his pecuniary arrangements are completed. By depositing these debentures for £50,000 with the "Universal Finance," he obtains the acceptances of that company to sundry small bills drawn in sums of perhaps £500 each, and amounting to a total perhaps of £30,000, thus leaving a margin on the security of £20,000.

For these bills, which are drawn by himself and accepted by the "Universal Finance," he has to pay at the rate of from fifteen to thirty per cent. by way of commission. If he is well to do in the world the company would make him pay the smaller, if needy the latter sum. The bills are drawn at three months, and as the "Universal Finance

and Comprehensive Credit Company Limited" enjoy good credit in the City, what banker could refuse to discount them? Of course the paper is "good," quite good, and so the contractor gets it discounted at once, and placing the proceeds to the credit of his account with his own banker, obtains the credit of being a wealthy man. But three months is not a long time to wait, particularly when the end of that time is noted by the date upon stamped paper, as many of us know to our cost, or have known at some period or other. In three months' time "The Universal" will have to meet their bills, and with their small capital of but £5 paid upon each of the twenty-five thousand shares that were issued, where is the money to come from, for our contractor is by no means the only party with whom "The Universal" does business of this kind? This small difficulty is, however, easy of solution. With a little more stamped paper, and a pen and ink, fresh bills are drawn out, discounted, and the old ones taken up. By the initiated this process is called renewing bills; and according to the agreement of "The Universal" with the contractor, that institution is obliged to renew these little documents over a certain number of years. But what say the bankers to whom acceptances, bearing the same names, are offered again and again for discount? In the first place a judicious distribution of these documents is made—no monopoly of favors being conferred upon any one bank. If the first set of bills are discounted, say by "The London Joint Stock Bank," the second, with which they are to be taken up, will be sent to "The London and Westminster," or to Paris, Bristol, Liverpool—anywhere. What would, what could, Messrs. Blount, or Mallett Freres, or Hottinguer of the first of those towns, Messrs. Baillie & Co., or Stuckey & Co., of the second, or Barned & Co., or "The Consolidated Bank" at the third, know of the acceptances which the contractor had previously discounted, and which he now wants to take up? The bills appear perfectly good; "The Universal" is believed to be good for almost any amount; and it is all in the way of business that a great railway contractor should have these bills to offer. There-

fore the second set are discounted, the first set taken up. So long as the commercial barometer stands at "set fair," the process is easy and pleasant, if not profitable, to the contractor; at any rate it keeps him always in funds, which, with the "go-ahead" class of business men, seems all that is required to insure prosperity in their undertakings. How the machinery would act if the same barometer marked "change," or what would be the results if it fell to "stormy," we shall see presently; but let us first take a glance as to how the bargain we have detailed would work in the interests of that much-enduring body, the shareholders of "The Universal Finance and Comprehensive Credit Company Limited."

Directors of public companies invariably and naturally place the best construction possible upon their own acts. If the gentlemen who rule the affairs of "The Universal Finance" had laid before the shareholders an account of this transaction with the railway contractor, they would no doubt call attention to the great safety as well as the large profits of the bargain. On deposit of £50,000 "securities"—they do not say *what securities*, for that would be a betrayal of confidence, and secrets like this are held inviolable until the day for a general smash arrives—they have advanced £80,000 in bills, for which they have charged ten per cent. per annum interest, and twenty per cent. commission. Thus, with a margin of forty per cent. in case of fluctuations in these "securities," they get twenty per cent. for the use of their name, and not a shilling paid out, *the whole of the paid-up capital of the company being still in the hands of their bankers*. The last words we have put in italics, for they are, or used to be, very generally used by finance company directors, and were always sure to make an immense impression upon shareholders, particularly such among them as were not business men. With perhaps a hundred, thirty, or forty similar transactions in the course of the six months, what wonder if the half-yearly dividend of the company was immense, if the shares rose in value, and if the outside world—including the great majority of the shareholders—felt convinced that, here in the city of London,

a new El Dorado had been discovered, in which money could command thirty or forty per cent, and still be retained in the strong box of its owner. "How can we ever go wrong?" said a lady shareholder in one of the finance companies to the present writer, "when by our banker's own books the whole of our capital is still in his hands, with the exception of a few thousands, and yet we are getting interest at the rate of twenty-five per cent. per annum for our money?" It is greatly to be feared that our friend—like many others of the innocent shareholding class—did not fully understand the meaning of the word "liabilities."

And now let us glance at the other side of the picture, with respect to this bargain with our railway contractor. It is true that the "Universal Finance and Comprehensive Credit Company Limited" have upon securities of £50,000 value only advanced £30,000; but what is the real nature of such paper, of what use would it be if required to be converted into cash in order to meet liabilities? Of none whatever. The debentures have four, five, or more years to run; the very line on which they are to form a mortgage is only partially constructed, and will not be at work for a long time. The contractor may fail—such an event is by no means uncommon among men of his class and calling—and where will be the money with which the "Universal" will have to meet its engagements? With perhaps a hundred or two such transactions of the kind on their books, of what use would be the £125,000 (twenty-five thousand shares, with £5 paid on each) of paid-up capital? It may be said that a call could be made, £15 per share being still payable on each share. But that is what all directors would avoid, and do avoid, until the very last moment; a call, no matter of how small an amount, being certain to send down the shares in the market, and to put all the shareholders in the very worst possible humor. There are no pleasant half-yearly meetings when a call has to be made, for the very reason that more than half the shareholders have not the means with which to pay the call, and are obliged to sell out at a loss.

Or, take for instance, what we have

witnessed in the city during the last few weeks. Money gets dear; rumors of companies getting "shaky" are afloat; bankers look shy at paper which they formerly took freely; it is impossible to get any but the best bills "done" on almost any terms; to obtain money with which to keep up the renewing game is out of the question; contractors fail, and the value of debentures as securities is shown to be *nil*; the panic increases; one or two large houses "go," and, for a time, anything like business is at an end, and credit, even to good houses, is suspended. Then comes the fall of joint-stock concerns; the ruin of shareholders; the angry meetings; the threatenings with Guildhall, and criminal indictments; and all the commercial panic and confusion through which we have just passed.

But although we have taken an advance made to a railway contractor as an instance of the business done by finance companies, our readers must not think that all contractors are men of straw, or that the instance we have adduced is one by any means extraordinary. There are many of this class who can, and do, pay their way with as much regularity as any men in the kingdom; and the difficulties with which a number of them have to contend, are, in most instances, brought about by the mismanagement of those who employ them. Various and wonderful are the proposals for "business" which are put before a finance company, and more extraordinary still are the engagements which some of these undertakings enter into. We cannot wonder at this when we consider the numerous companies that exist and the immense competition. Nor is this all. It is well known in the City that the business of "financing"—or of granting credits with paper for long periods, upon securities which will not be paid until some distant day—is one which is *nominally* so profitable, that many establishments, constituted for perfectly different purposes, have taken to it. This increases the existing competition, and increases also the facilities which men of no means have of obtaining "accommodation" for their speculative schemes.

It will hardly be believed what extraordinary proposals are brought before finance companies with requests for as-



assistance, and often upon security which a child would condemn as utterly worthless. But still more wonderful are some of the proposals which have been entertained, and are now, or were quite recently, working out their own destruction and the loss of the shareholders under the auspices of some of the financial companies. To obtain advances, by bills of course—with which to build cities in South America—the security offered being mortgages on whole streets yet to be built, upon ground which is still a virgin forest—was once proposed to one of the finance companies in London, and at a board meeting, at which there were nine directors present, the scheme was only rejected by a majority of one. On another occasion, by the board of another company, a proposal to borrow—by acceptances, as in the former case—£100,000, with which to cut down in the far north of Sweden vast quantities of timber, and import the same to Liverpool (the security offered being a large forest, from which the wood was to be cut), was accepted, but the resolution was not confirmed at a subsequent meeting of the directors—the chief reason for the more prudent action being that no one could find the forest upon any known map of Europe; and even if found the name was such as no one in the office could pronounce. A third proposition—the promoters of which very nearly obtained the acceptances they asked for—brought before a finance company, was to build warehouses at a certain seaport in the south of Europe. By mere accident the plans of the buildings, together with the site on which they were to stand, were shown to a gentleman unconnected with the company, but who happened to be well acquainted with the town which was to be thus highly favored. From what he said, an English architect was sent to visit the place, when it was found that excellent, capacious warehouses had been erected about five years previously on this very spot, and that no one in the place ever dreamed of building others. And if it were allowable to give names of persons and places in a magazine article, how astonished would many worthy shareholders be at the extraordinary schemes which their money—or rather their credit—has helped to “finance” over difficulties.

Mines, railways, coffee and tea plantations, timber estates, fisheries, loans on unheard-of land to unheard-of people, the building of detached and semi-detached villas in “genteel” suburban districts by insolvent builders; the “bringing out”—which means acting as the “promoters”—of companies more visionary than the wildest dreams of bankrupt schemers could imagine—are but a few of the uses to which the credit of finance companies has been applied during the last two years. Anything, everything, to make money—if possible by fair means—but in any case to make, or rather seem to make, large dividends to parade before the shareholders.

If any one thinks that we have at all exaggerated the combined evils of Finance and Fraud, let him turn to the *Times* of Tuesday, the 15th of May, and in the parliamentary report of the previous evening read what Lord Reddale said respecting the unscrupulous practices by which railway schemes are worked up, and the way in which contractors and finance companies involve the shareholders in enormous liabilities in return for “accommodation.” Among others, his lordship instanced the Carmarthen and Cardigan Railway Company. The proposed capital of the concern was £300,000, and of this only £29,000 was ever subscribed. But to increase their funds the directors had raised £158,780 by preference shares, £60,355 by debentures, and £733,833 on Lloyd's bonds, making a total capital of £981,968, for the construction of a line of railway for which £300,000 only had been proposed in the bill, and allowed by Parliament. The question will naturally rise, first, as to what became of the balance of the money raised, and secondly, how will the subscribers to the original £29,000 feel at being thus swamped by the increased capital? Were these gentlemen consenting parties to the drowning of their own property, or had the directors the power to make ducks and drakes of their money? Another example as to how the property of shareholders was played with by directors, was on the same occasion brought forward by his lordship. He stated that during the past year the contractors for the city extension of

the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway went to the Credit Mobilier Finance Company for a million sterling, which they obtained on the following terms: For every £21 advanced there was given £40 of fully paid-up stock, thus paying £19 for every £21. "It was in effect," said his lordship, "paying £522,200—sacrificing that amount at once and for ever—in order to get £577,500." For the benefit of the uninitiated it may perhaps be as well to explain that the "£40 fully paid-up stock" being given for £21 advanced, was a transaction precisely similar to that one by which Captain Heavy would give Mr. Leveson his bill for £40 on condition of the latter advancing him £21, a piece of business which we believe the most foolish dragoon or spendthrift guardsmen that ever "got up behind" stamped paper would refuse to transact, although as trading on his own credit he would be perfectly justified in doing that which the directors of a joint-stock company are by no means at liberty to do with the credit of others.

Is it, then, any wonder if, with the state of commercial morality of the present day, failures follow, as a matter of course, upon the "finance" and frauds which we have endeavored to depict? Go where you will, in business parts, or meet who you like of business men, it is—and has been for the last three years—the same story and the same lament. Dishonesty, untruth, and what may, in plain English, be termed mercantile swindling within the limits of the law, exist on all sides and on every quarter. There is everywhere such a keen contest for wealth, such a determination on the part of those who have no means to hold their own in trade with those who have capital, that ten thousand doors are open for every one who chooses to pass out of the old track which men used to term honesty. That there are honorable, honest men left still among our merchants, is an assertion which cannot be denied; but it is quite as certain that these are outnumbered a hundred to one by mere adventurers who—like the finance companies which have helped so greatly to exalt this class—with a £5 paid-up capital, do business, accept bills, and trade where and how they can for their hundreds of

thousands. The present writer could point out an instance—one among many—of a north countryman who, eighteen months ago, came to London (just after having failed in Scotland) with barely money enough to pay for a third-class railway ticket, and who for many weeks after his arrival in this metropolis used to live by begging half crowns from the few acquaintances he had in town. This man never had, and never will have, any capital whatever, save a large stock of impudence. But to-day he has an office in the City, two clerks at work under him, and passes many thousands of pounds' worth of bills into his bankers—and gets cash in return—every week of his life. When such a state of things can exist, and when all men know, not only that it exists, but that it is the rule and not the exception, what wonder if when the slightest panic arises in the money market, every one takes fright, and by the confusion which they cause increase a hundred-fold the number of commercial disasters. This is a state of affairs which we shall see yet worse instead of better, until by the force of events there shall arise a whirlwind in the mercantile atmosphere which will so purify the air that it will be impossible for either companies or individuals to trade upon imaginary capital; and then borrowing upon bills, which are nothing more than so much "accommodation" paper, will become a moral impossibility. For some time past it has been only those who have no solid foundation for their business that really launch out. They "finance," and commit what are really frauds, as long as they can; and when those mines can no longer be worked, they fail. There is a strong feeling among the firms that have something to lose that things must be worse before they are better, and that we shall yet see a far more universal shipwreck in the mercantile world than anything we have hitherto witnessed. The present systematic overtrading, and the facilities by which the merest adventurer can obtain money or money's worth, if he likes to pay for it, can only have one result; and until that general overturning takes place, the commerce of the country, both export and import, as well as banking and monetary, must be a business of

so much risk, that those only who have little or nothing to lose will engage in it to any extent. As the late panic took no one by surprise, so now every one is looking forward to a coming day the final result of which will be to strip "duffer" firms and make-believe companies of that pretence of capital which enables them to cause so much disaster and ruin to trade. With the collapse of the "finance" companies' system we shall hear less of frauds and failures; and although our commerce may be more limited, it will be infinitely sounder than at present. Nor will any one who does not belong to the mercantile-adventurer class look back with regret to the days when these large "accommodation" shops were in the full swing of business, and when, as at present, every man who is able to buy bill-stamps can write himself down a merchant.

The Art Journal.

#### MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

LITTLE is known of the life of this famous lady; and there is little to tell of one who passed nearly all her days in comparative retirement. What there is has been communicated to me by her friend—himself a poet of no mean order—Francis Bennoch, F.S.A., who, while Miss Mitford was confined to her sick room, superintended the publication of *Atherton* and her dramatic works, and earnestly desires to do honor to her memory. I give it as I receive it; for I believe there is no other memoir of a woman whose renown has been established throughout the world.

Mary Russell Mitford was born on the 16th of December, in the year 1786, at the little town of Alresford, in Hampshire. Her father was George Mitford, M.D., the son of a younger branch of the Mitfords, of Mitford Castle, Northumberland, and Jane Graham, of Old Wall, Westmoreland, a branch of the Netherby Clan. Her mother was Mary Russell, the only surviving child and heiress of Richard Russell, D.D., who

for more than sixty years was rector of Asha and Tadley, and Vicar of Overton, in Hampshire. He was the intimate associate of Fielding and many of the wits of the period; remembered to have seen Pope at Westminster school, and died at the ripe age of eighty-eight, previous to his daughter's marriage.

Three or four years after his daughter's birth, Dr. Mitford removed from Alresford to Reading, and a few years subsequent to that removal, he went to reside at Lyme Regis, Dorsetshire, in a fine old mansion previously occupied by the great Lord Chatham, whose two sons frequently spent their holidays there. The French Revolution and the great Continental wars, with threats of invading England, brought prominently out the patriotic spirit of the nation. The militia was trained, volunteer corps were formed, and the yeomanry cavalry was thoroughly prepared to aid in repelling any invader of the sacred soil of England. Dr. Mitford, at his own cost, raised, equipped, and maintained a troop of yeomanry cavalry at an expense that few could bear, and he was not long in discovering that just in proportion as his popularity rose, his fortune fell. In a few years £30,000 or £40,000 had disappeared; his troop was disbanded, and he went to London to retrench and determine his future course. His daughter, then ten years of age, was his companion; and now occurred an incident in the life of Miss Mitford that reads like a page taken from a fairy tale. The circumstances are related by her in her *Recollections of a Literary Life*, accompanied by sundry hints and suggestions leading to the conclusion that much of Dr. Mitford's property had vanished at the gaming-table.

They were then lodged in dingy apartments near Westminster, and in the intervals of his professional pursuits, Dr. Mitford would walk about London with his little girl holding his hand.

"One day"—(we quote Miss Mitford)—"it was my birthday, and I was ten years old—he took me into a not very tempting-looking place, which was, as I speedily found, a lottery office. An Irish lottery was on the point of being drawn, and he desired me to

choose one out of the several bits of printed paper that lay upon the counter. I did not then know their significance.

"Choose what number you like best," said the dear papa, "and that shall be your birthday present."

"I immediately selected one and put it into his hand—No. 2224.

"Ah," said my father, examining it, "you must choose again. I want to buy a whole ticket, and this is only a quarter. Choose again, my pet."

"No, dear papa: I like this one best."

"There is the next number," interposed the lottery-office keeper—"No. 2223."

"Ay," said my father, "that will do just as well, will it not, Mary? We'll take that."

"No," returned I, obstinately, "that won't do. This is my birthday, you know, papa, and I am ten years old. Cast up my number, and you will find that the figures 2224 added together make ten; the others make only nine."

The father, like all speculators, was superstitious—the ticket was purchased—and a few months afterwards intelligence arrived that No. 2224 had been drawn a prize of £20,000. "Ah, me!" reflects Miss Mitford: "in less than twenty years, what was left of the produce of the ticket so strangely chosen? What? except a Wedgwood dinner service that my father had ordered to commemorate the event, with the Irish harp within the border on one side, and his family crest on the other! That fragile and perishable ware long outlasted the more perishable money. Then came long years of toil and struggle and anxiety, and jolting over the rough ways of the world, and although want often came very close to our door it never actually entered."

Within twenty years of the lottery prize (and notwithstanding that other acquisitions, inherited through the death of relatives, had more than once repaired his fortunes) Dr. Mitford had again run through his property, little or nothing being left beyond £5000, settled upon his wife as pin-money. This, in course of years, well-nigh evaporated also, as well as different legacies left to his daughter, and given up by her on various emergencies. Then they retired to a small cottage at Three-Mile Cross, near Reading, modestly taken for three months, but inhabited by them for thirty years.

And there it was that Miss Mitford, finding it needful to turn her talents to profitable account, began those charming sketches which formed the first series of *Our Village*. Like many other of our now standard works, they were lightly esteemed when first written. They were declined by Campbell the poet, who was then editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and rejected also by the editors of several other periodicals; but at last found favor in the eyes of the editor of the *Lady's Magazine*, where they were published; and in 1823 were collected in one volume, and never after had the author occasion to beg the acceptance of any work from her pen. The first series of *Our Village* was followed by a second in 1826, a third in 1828, a fourth in 1830, and a fifth in 1832. After this, Miss Mitford published in 1835, *Belford Regis*, in three volumes, and *Country Stories*, in 1837. She also edited two sets of American stories of three volumes each, and two sets of children's stories, three volumes each. During that period, she wrote *Julian*, a tragedy, which was produced at Covent Garden; *Foscari*, a tragedy, also at Covent Garden; *Rienzi*, a tragedy, at Drury Lane; *Inez de Castro*, a tragedy, *Sadock and Kalesrode*, an opera, at the English Opera House; and *Charles I.* at the Coburg, now the Victoria Theatre. In 1827, she published a volume of *Dramatic Sketches*, and other poems, and edited Finden's *Tableaux* for 1838, and the three following years. In 1853 she published her *Recollections of a Literary Life*, in which she sketched in a light and playful manner the story of her life, and, with a partial appreciation, some of the numerous writers with whom she had associated. In 1864 she gave to the world *Atherton, and other Stories*, and the same year her dramatic works were for the first time collected and published in two volumes, including several plays not previously printed, though marked by all the pathos and vivacity that characterized her other dramas.

In 1842 she lost her father; and in the autumn of 1851, left her old cottage at Three-Mile Cross for another at Swallowfield, about three miles farther south, where her later works were written. In



the immediate neighborhood resided Lady Russell, who generously ministered to the wants of the aged but ever-cheerful authoress. A few miles off in a quiet valley lies Strathfieldsaye, the doors of which were ever open to Miss Mitford, whence, too, by special command of the great Duke, the choicest fruits of the season, which meant all the year round, were sure to find their way to Swallowfield. At Eversley, Kingsley preached and labored as a country parson, and found much pleasure in his walk to the cosy cottage and in the lively talk of its occupant.

In her youth, Miss Mitford was much in London, with every opportunity of seeing and mingling in the best society, with occasional glimpses of shadow that brought out the brighter points of the picture. Admired and appreciated by a large number of literary folk of her own standing, she saw much, spoke freely, and in her later years became the kindly critic and literary adviser of many of the rising and now risen spirits of the age. In middle life she visited several parts of England, especially the north and south; but never, so far as we know, had the good fortune to cross the Channel, and enjoy the gayeties and wonders of Paris. She spoke French well, and had, by reading, become acquainted with all the master-pieces of the best authors of France. In later years her life was passed in the serene quiet of a country village, cheered by the kindness of neighboring families, enlivened by the frequent visits of admiring friends, and keeping up a free but almost voluminous correspondence with distinguished people on both sides of the Atlantic.

During the last two or three years of her life she suffered great pain from injuries received by the accidental overthrow of her pony carriage, and from which she never altogether recovered. For two winters she was entirely confined to the house, and unable to enjoy those country rambles which at all seasons had been her chief delight. Here and now it was that she produced *Atherton*, her last work; and those who wish to see gleams of sunshine illuminating the home of suffering cannot do better than turn to those sunny pages. The manner of its production she briefly states in her preface:

"During the summer I had been lifted down stairs, and driven through our beautiful lanes in hopes that the blessed air, to which I had been almost as much accustomed as a gypsy, would prove a still more effective remedy; but the season was peculiarly unfavorable. I gained no strength. The autumn again found me confined to my room: wheeled with difficulty from the bed to the fireside, unable to rise from my seat to stand for an instant, to put one foot before another, and when lifted into bed, incapable of turning or moving in the slightest degree whatever. Even in writing I was often obliged to have the ink-glass held for me under my pen, because I could not raise my hand to dip the pen in the ink. In this state, with frequent paroxysms of pain, was the greater part of *Atherton* written. . . . I tell this as a fact, not as an apology, and certainly not as a complaint. So far, indeed, am I from murmuring against the Will which alone shows what is best for all, that I cannot be sufficiently thankful to the merciful Providence which, shattering the frame, left such poor faculties as were originally vouchsafed to me, undimmed and unclouded, enabling me still to live by the mind, and not only to enjoy the never-wearying delight of reading the thoughts of others, but even to light up a sick chamber and brighten a wintry sky, by recalling the sweet and sunny valley which formed one of the most cherished haunts of my happier years."

The introduction to her dramatic works is an admirable *résumé* of the incidents that made her a writer of plays. Among other exciting causes, she mentions with exceeding pleasure the boys of Dr. Valpy, at Reading school, when they gave their public nights; and she in the character of recorder and historian of the occasion, wrote for the *Reading Mercury* columns of the "profoundest philosophy"—"albeit as ignorant of Latin or of Greek as the snuggest alderman or the slimmest damsel present:" there it was she made the acquaintance of Talfourd, her ever-constant friend; there, too, she had to commend the high talent of young Jackson, whose admirable acting of *Hamlet* won for him the sobriquet of "Hamlet Jackson," originally given, we believe, by Miss Mitford, and this Hamlet Jackson is now the able, learned, active, and admirable Bishop of Lincoln.

Among other friends who at this time comforted her, were the Dean of Windsor and John Ruskin; through the Dean came the sympathy and liberal kindness

of the Queen, while Mr. Ruskin took care that she was well supplied with the luxuries that are necessities to the sick and aged.

On the 10th January, 1855, she died, and was quietly laid in a corner of the adjacent churchyard of Swallowfield, in a spot chosen by herself; there a few friends erected a simple granite cross to perpetuate the memory and mark the resting place of one of England's purest and sweetest writers.

So far I am indebted for very valuable help to my friend, Francis Bennock.\* I add to his history of her life our own *Memories of Mary Russell Mitford*.

The family name was originally Midford: when or why it was changed I cannot say; but in a book that came accidentally into my hands, I find it so, as shown by an engraving on the cover. Her father was a remarkably fine old man—tall, handsome, and stately, with indubitable indications of the habits of refined life.

These are Mrs. Hall's recollections and impressions of Miss Mitford:

It is a source of intense, yet solemn, enjoyment, that which enables me to look back through the green lanes of Memory, to recall the people and events of the "long-ago time."

"You may break—you may ruin the vase, if you will;

But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

They are all, or nearly all, gone, "the old familiar faces," from the old familiar places; but they have been, and I can bring them back! I can even hear their voices, and quote some of the sentences that passed from their lips to my heart.

If I remember rightly, it was Maria Edgeworth who introduced me to Mrs. Hofland, and Mrs. Hofland who introduced me to Mary Russell Mitford, in 1828. In those days, I had an intense admiration for *Our Village*: a desire—which I thought most presumptuous, and hardly at first dared confess to myself—to do something for my native Bannow, like what Miss Mitford had

done for Aberleigh. My natural veneration for genius led me to seek the acquaintance of those who had achieved literary distinction. I was content to be considered young and insignificant by the great ones so long as I was permitted to enter the charmed circle. Miss Mitford had visited her old friend, Mrs. Hofland, then living in Newman-street, to superintend the getting out her play of *Rienzi*—certainly the most perfect of her dramas—at Covent Garden; and Mrs. Hofland invited us to meet her there one morning. All the world was talking about the expected play, and all the world was paying court to its author.

"Mary," said the good lady, "is a little grand and stilted just now. There is no doubt the tragedy will be a great success; they all say so in the green room; and Macready told me it was a wonderful tragedy—an extraordinary tragedy '*for a woman to have written*:' the men always make that reservation, my dear; they cramp us, my dear, and then reproach us with our lameness; but Mary did not hear it, and I did not tell her. She is supremely happy just now, and so is her father, the Doctor. Yes, it is no wonder she should be a little stilted—such grand people coming to call and invite them to dinner, and all the folk at the theatre down upon knee to her—it is such a contrast to her cottage life at Three-Mile Cross."

"But," I said, "she deserves all the homage that can be rendered her—her talents are so varied. Those stories of *Our Village* have been fanned by the pure breezes of 'sunny Berkshire,' and are inimitable as pictures of English rural life; and she has also achieved the highest walk in tragedy"—

"For a woman," put in dear Mrs. Hofland. She had not forgiven our great tragedian—then in the zenith of his popularity—for his ungallant reserve.

I certainly was disappointed, when a stout, little lady, tightened up in a shawl (why will short, stout ladies wear shawls?), rolled into the parlor, in Newman-street, and Mrs. Hofland announced her as Miss Mitford—her short petticoats showing wonderfully stout leather boots; her shawl *bundled* on, and a little black coal-scuttle bonnet—when bonnets were expanding—added to the

\* For a long time before her death her friend, Mr. Bennock, visited Swallowfield, on Saturdays, in every month, and from these visits gathered the facts he has put together in this memoir.

effect of her natural shortness and rotundity; but her manner was that of a cordial country gentlewoman: the pressure of her fat, little hands, for she extended both, was warm; her eyes, both soft and bright, looked kindly and frankly into mine; and her pretty, rosy mouth dimpled with smiles that were always sweet and friendly. At first, I did not think her at all "grand or stilted," though she declared she had been quite spoilt—quite ruined since she came to London, with all the fine compliments she had received; but the trial was yet to come. Suppose—suppose "*Rienzi* should be"—and she shook her head. Of course, in full chorus, we declared that impossible. "No! she would not spend an evening with us until after the first night; if the play went ill, or even coldly, she would run away, and never be again seen or heard of; if it succeeded!"—She drew her rotund person to its full height, endeavored to stretch her neck, and the expression of her beaming face assumed an air of unmistakable triumph. She was always pleasant to look at, and had her face not been cast in so broad—so "outspread"—a mould, she would have been handsome; even with that disadvantage, if her figure had been tall enough to carry her head with dignity, she would have been so; but she was most vexatiously "dumpy." Miss Landon hit off her appearance, when she whispered, the first time she saw her, and it was at our house—"Sancho Panza in petticoats!" But when Miss Mitford spoke, the awkward effect vanished—her pleasant voice, her beaming eyes and smiles, made you forget the wide expanse of face; and the roly-poly figure when seated did not appear really short.

I remember asking her if she would go to the theatre the first night of *Rienzi*. She gave a dramatic shudder, and answered, "No: the strongest man could not bear *that*." She, however, had a room somewhere in the theatre, or very near it; her friends ran to her repeatedly during the evening to tell her how the play went, and she often rejoiced in the fact that Haydon, the painter, was the first to bring her the assurance of its unmistakable success. It achieved a triumph, and deserved it.

Miss Mitford, like Miss Landon, was,

in conversation, fond of producing startling effects by saying something extraordinary; but what L. E. L. would cut with a diamond, Miss Mitford would "come down on" with a sledge-hammer. I remember her saying out boldly, that "the last century had given birth only to two men—Napoleon Bonaparte and Benjamin Robert Haydon!"

She kept her word, and after *Rienzi's* triumph, spent the promised evening at our house—"the observed of all observers." She did not, however, appear to advantage that evening: her manner was constrained, and even haughty. She got up tragedy looks, which did not harmonize with her naturally playful expression. She seated herself in a high chair, and was indignant at the offer of a footstool, though her feet barely touched the ground; she received those who wished to be introduced to her *en reine*; but such was her popularity just then, that all were gratified. She was most unbecomingly dressed in a striped satin something, neither high nor low, with very short sleeves, for her arms were white and finely formed; she wore a large yellow turban, which added considerably to the size of her head. She had evidently bought the hideous thing *en route*, and put it on in the carriage, as she drove to our house, for pinned at the back was a somewhat large card, on which were written, in somewhat large letters, these astounding words, "Very chaste—only five and threepence." I had observed several of our party, passing behind her chair, whispering and tittering, and soon ascertained the cause. Under pretence of settling her turban, I removed the obnoxious notice; and, of course, she never knew that so many wags had been merry at her cost.

I valued Miss Mitford far more at her humble dwelling, Three-Mile Cross, than in the glare of London: here, she was by no means "at home;" there, she was entirely so; and though our visit to her was brief, during "a run" through Berkshire to Bristol, I had opportunities of properly estimating her among the scenes she has made famous. It was very pleasant to make acquaintance with her and her greyhound Mayflower, a familiar friend of all who love her writings; to walk in her tiny garden, and

to stroll through the green lanes she has lauded so often and so much.

She was a very Flora among her flowers; she really loved them and enjoyed them as flowers are not always enjoyed; she treated them with a loving tenderness, not because they were the "new kinds," but because they were old, dear friends. One rosetree I recall now — a standard, quite six feet high, I think — certainly much taller than herself, for she stood under it.

Before I had seen her in her cottage home, I had accomplished my purpose, and dedicated my first book to her who had inspired me with the ambition to do for my native village what she had done for hers: she encouraged me to "write novels and prosper," cheering me onward with heart and hand. Advice she never tendered, and there it was that I felt the superiority of Miss Edgeworth, who, for some years, at the sacrifice of time and with much trouble, took whatever I wrote to pieces, and did much to overcome faults which, but for her kind and judicious advice, would have certainly retarded my advance, and impaired my usefulness; but the objects these two remarkable women had in view were totally distinct. Miss Edgeworth was the precursor of utility; her great ambition was to be useful in her generation; the perfect independence of her circumstances left her at liberty to cultivate her "estate" after her own fashion. I repeat, her great ambition was to be useful. Miss Mitford was differently constituted: even when she wrote prose, she felt poetry; she knew nothing, and cared nothing for literary responsibility — she never outraged a moral or religious feeling; but she never cultivated either the one or the other. No utilitarian thought ever entered her head; she did cultivate imagination, and its offspring, the Muse, had a home in her heart. Her simplest village tales have a dramatic flavor — not the drama of the footlights, but the natural drama; and she maintained a hand-to-hand battle with adversity — not the growth of her own mismanagement or extravagance — which commands intense respect; her sacrifices, we know, were made, sometimes with tearful eyes, but always with smiling lips!

She was deeply-read in the old poets

and it was a rich treat to hear her talk, and quote from them, filling her small sitting room with their richest gems. I never saw her after she left Three-Mile Cross; never saw her at Swallowfield (although I did visit it after her death), where, if the neighboring cottagers speak truth, she must have grown strangely eccentric: they say she would not leave her house and garden in the daytime; but that at night she would put on strong boots, and staff in hand, take long and lonely walks. That must have been some time before her departure from earth, for of late, her unfailing friend, Mr. Bennoch, tells us she became very feeble; indeed, in some of her later notes to me, she complained of weakness. Her letters in general were full of life and spirit, close, and to the purpose; she was a vigorous letter-writer, though not prone to give an opinion as to books — not that she was churlish of praise; but I should not have called her a good critic, and that was another difference between her and Miss Edgeworth. Miss Mitford would be frequently pleased,

"She knew not why, and cared not wherefore."

Miss Edgeworth would be ashamed if she could not at once define why she was pleased or displeased, and she invariably did so, when she gave an opinion at all.

In Miss Mitford's *Recollections of a Literary Life*, a work in three volumes, singularly deficient of interest, and almost entirely free from personal "recollections" of any kind, she speaks of her grief at leaving the cottage that for thirty years had been her shelter. But "in truth," she adds, "it was leaving me:" the foundations were damp and rotten, the rain came dripping through the roof, and, in fact "it was crumbling about us."

So far go the memories of Mrs. Hall.

Miss Mitford had "associations with the old walls" that endeared them to her: there she had "toiled and striven," and tasted deeply of anxiety, of fear, and of hope.

There, in that poor and dull home, friends, many and kind — "strangers, whose mere names were an honor," had come to tender to her their homage. There Haydon had "talked better pictures than he painted." Talfourd had



"brought the delightful gayety of his brilliant youth;" Amelia Opie, Jane Porter, the translator Cary, and a host of others, had been her guests—in that ill-furnished parlor, and in that natural, yet ungraced garden.

It is pleasant to recall some of them to memory.

She did not go far: from Swallowfield to Three-Mile Cross was but a walk; she took that walk one autumn evening, and in her new dwelling she lived thenceforward and died.

She calls Three-Mile Cross "the prettiest of villages," and her cottage "the snuggest and cosiest of all snug cabins;" hers must have been that continual feast, a contented mind, to have been so easily satisfied; for the village is one of the least attractive in broad England; and the cottage one of the least pretty and picturesque that could be found from John O'Groat's to the Land's End.

Macmillan's Magazine.

#### THE BLACK CROSS.

TOWARDS the close of the summer of 1848, I was invited by a dear friend to accompany him to a part of Bohemia which I had not hitherto seen, although I had resided many years in the country, and traversed it in various directions.

In the contrast which it offered to the towns and populous districts of Bohemia in that memorable revolutionary year, it formed the fittest place for repose we possibly could desire. Contrast is an acknowledged promoter of distinctness of perception, and probably a few glances at the welcome scenery sufficed to teach me more of its character than had entered into the consciousness of any hoary-headed peasant of the neighborhood in a life-long acquaintance with it.

The more I climbed and looked around me, the greater was the pleasure I derived. But although the grandeur of the scenery had an elevating effect, the great extent of dark forest made a melancholy impression on the mind, and disposed to reveries partaking of that character. In this mood, seated upon a rocky eminence, and using a telescope to become better acquainted with

the details of the picture, I remarked upon an isolated ledge of rock rising above the forest trees, an ominous-looking black cross. Nearer to the monastery, on other rocks overhanging mountain paths, larger and brighter crosses were likewise to be seen, serving no doubt as stations for rest and prayer to the pilgrims on their way to the shrine. But the smaller black cross, quite among the pines, and far from the track of men, seemed to have some history of its own, to be a record of some dire misfortune, or deed of blood. A presentiment of its meaning flashed across my mind, and the curiosity it aroused I determined, if possible, on my return to the village to gratify.

The following tale will serve to embody the information I received.

About twenty-five years anterior to the date of my visit to Lieberwerda, there was born in the town of Friedland a girl whose father was the apothecary, and one of the principal citizens of the place. She was an only child, and from early infancy had been remarkable for beauty and sweetness of disposition. As she grew up, in the soft and earnest glance of her dark eyes, a thoughtfulness and depth of feeling seemed to speak, which exercised a fascinating influence over all around. Years rolled on, the child expanded into the full-grown virgin; her mind accumulated impressions from without. The romantic old castle frowning upon the quaint and quiet town cannot have been without influence on the dawning imagination of the girl. Man is said to be the creature of circumstances, and an old German proverb on the other hand says; "An ounce from the mother has more value than a pound from the school." Either view contains deep truth, but neither can be taken as the sole and absolute key to human conduct. For the right comprehension of individual character, the inborn and hereditary disposition is the first and most important point to be attended to; for however much it may be modified by circumstances, it is the framework which displays its peculiar fashion through life. There are some natures, however, so soft and pliant, that the methodical and casual education of school and circumstances will appear mainly to give the

coloring to their history. It was not so with Rosalie, our heroine; most decidedly not as far as her inward life was concerned. By nature she was affectionate, and disposed to concentration of feeling and thought, as her full and straight brow, her long, finely-arched, and backward curving head, would have disclosed to the eyes of a practiced phrenologist.

There are girls so fond of amusement, and of variety of occupation, so vain and frivolous, so soon tired by continuous work, that no regularity or earnestness of their surrounding circumstances can give them a serious turn. Rosalie was the opposite of these, and the quiet and uniformity, almost amounting to stagnation, of the world around her, harmonized but too well with her inborn disposition, strengthening it in its bias. Her education, in the usual sense of the word, had been carefully attended to; kind parents had watched over it, and her instinctive tendency to respond to love and affection had met with sufficient encouragement for its growth. Before the attainment of her sixteenth year, already had she attracted the attention of the young men of the neighborhood, and whenever she went abroad had been received as the acknowledged belle of her native town. Yet she displayed no sign of vanity, and seemed rather to shrink from than to court admiration. She was not seventeen years of age when her health declined. Perhaps more variety in her mode of life, more stimulus from without, were necessary; perhaps her pallid looks and languor were but the not unusual consequences of the transition from girlhood to womanhood. Whatever the cause might be, her anxious parents believed that some change was necessary, and it was decided that she should go with her mother to drink the strengthening waters of Lieberwerda.

At that time this little Bohemian watering place enjoyed a greater reputation than at present; the great thermal and mineral-water magnates of the country—Carlsbad, Marienbad, etc.—had not so completely thrown it into the shade. On the arrival of the apothecary's wife, the inns and lodging houses of the place were all nearly filled with guests. In that otherwise quiet valley,

soon after break of day, a mixed crowd collected in the neighborhood of the springs, to walk about in the intervals of drinking, chatting or listening to a band of musicians posted in the centre of the square promenade.

The principal well is strong in iron and carbonic acid gas, and has a powerfully stimulating effect on the brain and nervous system. All who undergo a so-called "cure," find, as a rule, their more prominent mental qualities brought into unusual activity. Thus the vain will be more than ever disposed to court admiration; the proud and passionate will become more irritable, and intolerant of opposition to their wishes; while kind and loving dispositions will cling more tenderly to the objects of their affection, form new friendships, or indulge in day dreams in accordance with their nature.

The advent of a young and lovely girl among these morning promenaders naturally excited much attention, and the men, especially, did willing homage to her fascinating exterior.

Among the visitors to the place were two brothers, officers in the Prussian army. Though both were young, yet, in consequence of some constitutional weakness, they had been sent for a time from a hot and dusty garrison in the sandy plains of Prussia, to drink the strengthening waters of Lieberwerda, and breathe its pure mountain air, tempered by the aroma of the pine forests over which it sweeps. They were in the same regiment, the elder brother about twenty-three, the younger only nineteen years of age. Both were slender and handsome, with dark brown hair and grayish eyes.

In the elder brother these mirrors of the soul, as they are not inaptly called, had a somewhat unsteady, and at times disagreeably sharp and sinister expression. In the younger, however, with a bluer tinge, the expression of the eyes was softer and more concentrated. Both were proud and reserved, though in the younger brother these qualities were moderated by genuine kindness of heart.

The brothers were sincerely attached to one another, but the elder had always been accustomed to take the lead in the affairs of life in which both were concerned. Although, in general, he was

outwardly calm and self-possessed, yet he was nervously susceptible and suspicious; and occasionally, when offended, or checked in his desires, irritability would break forth with an almost overwhelming force. Military discipline, the necessity of obedience, had imparted to him self-control in the presence of his superiors, but he was not loved by his comrades or those under his command. Towards his younger brother, however, his despotic temper was curbed by his affection, and that satisfaction which proud natures derive from an undisputed sense of superiority and influence over others.

These young officers soon sought and obtained an introduction to the belle of Friedland, and both in a short time felt more than a common interest in the possessor of such physical and moral charms. The poor girl, though ignorant of love and all its ways, was not long in perceiving that her new acquaintances paid her more than usual attention; that, in fact, she had unwittingly excited a commotion in their hearts. Whether, and if so to what extent, she responded to the feelings of either of the brothers, was known only to herself. It was believed, however, by the observers of their morning promenades, that for the younger much warmth of feeling had been awakened in her heart; and, alas for her future peace, the elder brother thought so likewise.

Too proud to speak to Adolf—for so was the younger named—of his feelings, of his distracting suspicions, he gave way to moody broodings and irritability with all around, indulging in that wretched kind of pleasure, known to many of his egotistical turn of mind, of consciously tormenting himself while inflicting pain on another. Rosalie, young and inexperienced as she was, may have had some intuitive feeling of what was working in the young man's mind. She strove, therefore, by gentleness and reserve to give no cause of offence, and particularly to avoid walking alone with Adolf.

One unusually fine afternoon a little excursion was arranged by some of the visitors at the baths, to a distant forerster's house, where coffee was to be taken. The Friedland citizen's wife, her lovely daughter, and the two offi-

cers were of the party. On the way to the place of their destination, the elder brother was constant in his attention to the fair Rosalie, and appeared to be far more cheerful than was his wont. On the return, however, another lady had drawn him into attendance at her side while the younger brother kept in the neighborhood of the fair one. In crossing one of those numerous little rills, which, wherever there is an indenture in the mountain side, trickle down through the forest glades to swell the larger stream below, a tributary of ocean-destined Elbe, a profusion of lovely forget-me-nots were seen blooming on a green and boggy sward, a kind of oasis amid a *débris* of rocks. Rosalie incautiously expressed her admiration of those pretty flowers. What more natural than for Adolf to hasten to gather a bunch, and present it to her? This little act did not escape the jealous eyes of the brother in the rear. The young girl carried the flowers in her hand, and continued to do so the rest of the way. But on nearing the house where she resided, and before she took leave of her companions, she unconsciously placed the bunch in her girdle, and on that side, too, nearest to her heart. Our great poet, and others versed in human nature, have too well expressed the influence of trifles on the jealous, to permit of further observations on the well-worn theme.

"The green-eyed monster" now fairly took possession of Otto's soul, choking his better feelings. The brothers walked in silence to their lodgings, which they no sooner reached, than the elder, in a voice hoarse with ill-suppressed passion, announced to his companion that he was going back to the forest to look for his signet ring, which he said he had been playing with, and had lost by the way. He would retrace his steps, he declared, and try to make good his loss before he went to bed. He peremptorily refused the offer of his brother's company, adding, that should he be late he could enter his room on the ground floor by the open window, and see his brother in the morning. The tone in which these words were spoken jarred upon Adolf's feelings and left a painful impression on his mind. Still, as he had no suspicion of his brother's real motive for hurrying out again,

he expressed himself satisfied with the arrangement.

Otto now sallied forth, back to the woods and the mountain streams. Amid the blocks of granite and gneiss, which are there plentifully scattered about, he wandered without purpose, a burning pain in his brow, a cold choking agony in his heart; one dreadful feeling having full possession of his distempered, maddened brain. Yes! distempered, maddened; we use the words in full consciousness of their meaning; for passion in its ungovernable paroxysms is nothing less than temporary insanity. What thoughts flitted this night through the young man's brain, what determinations he now formed, now rejected, no one can tell. His natural pride and susceptibility, heightened by the stimulating effects of the mineral waters he had been drinking, led to his working himself into the full conviction that the girl he loved so passionately was lost to him for ever, and that he had a rival in his own hitherto subordinate brother. Too deficient in moral and kindly feelings to understand the beauty of a calm and resolute self-sacrifice to promote the happiness of others, and too proud to give way to grief, rage and despair filled his heart, and there was no relief to his misery to be found. The night was calm, the moon near the full, shone soft and bright, unobscured even by passing clouds; no storm, no turmoil without, to stimulate to exertion and distract attention from within. Now running, now sitting on a piece of rock, his aching forehead resting on his hands, gradually towards morning he retraced his steps, and found himself at last half unconsciously in his apartment. That he had not returned till very late his brother knew, and he felt anxious to learn the cause.

At the usual hour for going to the springs, Adolf arose, and as all was quiet in his brother's room, he supposed him to be asleep, and went out alone. The inns and lodging houses at Liebwerda are all grouped around the springs, commanding views of the promenades in the central garden of a kind of square. Adolf soon joined his fair companion of the evening before, and was walking by her side, sympathizing in her admiration

of the golden streaks that the sun, now rising above the mountains, cast upon the intervening woodland slope.

Presently he beheld his brother approaching with hurried, unsteady steps, and without a hat. He had something in his hand, and his wild and haggard looks at once filled Rosalie and himself with alarm. Instinctively they stood still, as if transfixed to the ground. It was but for a moment, for the jealous, maddened brother rushed on, and halting before the trembling girl, and muttering some words about removing an impediment to her happiness, he placed a pistol to his breast, fired, and fell dead at her feet.

We drop the curtain on this fearful scene. The consternation and misery it produced may be easily conceived.

Adolf and Rosalie met no more. The swooning girl was carried to her room, and taken back in the evening to her home in Friedland. Time, her friends hoped, would restore peace to a mind thus rudely shaken, yet without any fault of her own. "Grief that is born of reason," says Metastasio, "partakes of the character of calmness." Misfortunes which we are fated to experience by circumstances beyond our control produce sufferings but small in comparison with those we have to undergo, when the sad consequences of errors fall upon a weak and conscience-stricken soul.

Still, Rosalie's sensitive nature, inclined as she was to concentration of thought and feeling, was slow to recover from the blow it had received. Though the affection of her parents and friends was unaltered, yet to her eyes the world was no longer the same. It was the inward life of the young girl which had received a shock—her day dreams which had been rudely dissipated. She was like a lovely spring flower which, though still rooted in its native earth, had been bruised in its stem by a storm. One violent, mad act, of a proud, irritable, and selfish man, whose intellectual acquirements, manners, and outward appearance she had found superior to anything she had previously met with in her native town, had shaken her faith in human nature, and in those manly virtues upon which her imagination had delighted to dwell.



And then the poor brother, the yet more serious victim of selfish passion!—thoughts of him, and pity for his sufferings, overwhelmed her with grief. That he had emigrated to America she had been told, but in the dark prospect of his future she could see no relief. No wonder, therefore, that her thoughts should turn to the cloister, that she should wish to renounce a world her first steps into which had proved so disastrous. Her mother unintentionally contributed to this resolve; for regarding her daughter only in the light of one who had been greatly sinned against, she gave way to her angry lamentations about the untoward past, and displayed impatience at her daughter's grief. Good housewife as she was herself, she could not understand the continuance of her child's depression and want of interest in the practical duties of every-day life. But Rosalie's father was of a more thoughtful and imaginative nature, and he both comprehended his daughter's state of mind and entirely sympathized with her. He became aware that a complete change in her outward circumstances was requisite. Before the winter set in, he took her, therefore, to Prague, to pass some months under the roof of a brother of the same profession as himself, who, with his wife and numerous family, resided in that ancient city.

The expectations of the good man were not disappointed. The following summer his daughter returned to her home, much improved in health and spirits. Intercourse with cheerful cousins of about her own age, and the advice of an enlightened and benevolent priest, the friend of her uncle, had induced her, to the great joy of her parents, to renounce the idea of becoming a nun. Thus was Rosalie restored again to her parents and her home, and able cheerfully to pursue her former daily avocations. Her wound was healed, though a scar remained.

Two quiet years now rolled over her head, not the less happy ones to her from the absence of stirring events. In the course of this time she had made the acquaintance of a young forester of the neighborhood, whose heart had been taken captive by her beauty and goodness. He was a man frank and

courageous, of kind and modest character; and though, when he first ventured to speak of his love, she withdrew from his advances, declaring that she could never wish to marry, yet in the end she became aware that he was not indifferent to her, and she yielded to solicitations on the part of her lover, to which the wishes of her parents were earnestly joined.

He was in every way worthy of her affection, being tender without weakness, sensible, and ever active in his profession. This led to his being much abroad; but Rosalie had her household duties to attend to, his dinner to prepare; and who so happy as she, what face so bright as hers, when the hour of his return drew nigh?

The young couple resided in a small and cheerful house, not far from the high road which runs from Liebwerda to Friedland, and close to the rapid stream which flows in the same direction. Their happiness was complete, for, to the joys of reciprocal love, soon was added the bright prospect of its coming pledge.

It would be well could I close here my little history, and leave the mind to dwell on this sunny picture of domestic bliss!

Nearly eight months of married life had passed away in happy uniformity—so happy that, to Rosalie, time seemed to have the eagle's wing—when one day the forester received a letter from a friend of his youth, now residing in the capital, who offered soon to pay him a visit. The offer was joyfully accepted, and Rosalie, proud of her husband and her home, busied herself, in many of those little ways so dear to women, to prepare to do honor to her expected guest. He came, and she had the pleasure of seeing the fine manly qualities of her husband stand out more prominently in intercourse with his townsman friend.

Even grown-up men and women, when they wish to impart pleasure, may be often likened to a little child, that offers the sugar-plum from its mouth to those whom it likes. The forester, anxious to amuse his friend, naturally proposed to him a day's sport in the woods. They were to start together at break of day, and as the

weather promised to continue fine, it was arranged that Rosalie, with her maid, should join the sportsmen at noon, on one of those ledges of rock which tower above the trees, and are favorable for viewing the surrounding country. She was to take with her provisions for the mid-day meal.

At the appointed hour, the forester led his friend to the place of meeting. His beloved Rosalie was already there, and as he drew near he saw her waving her handkerchief in token of a joyful welcome. He hastened his steps, and alas! his friend from the capital, who was unaccustomed to the use of firearms, hurried forward too. The husband approached his wife, and was but a few paces from her, when his companion in the rear, on climbing the last ledge of rock, missed his footing and fell. A barrel of his gun exploded, and the shot penetrated the back of the forester, who sank, mortally wounded, to breathe his last in the arms of his wife!

On this second tragical and still more dire occurrence, which Rosalie was doomed to witness, again we drop the curtain, to lift it once more for a moment only.

For many years after the loss of her husband, Rosalie never quitted the premises of her parents, with whom she again resided, taking exercise only after sunset, in the garden at the back of their house. But the originally healthy and well-balanced mind, though twice thus violently shaken, was not unshaken. Inborn kindness of heart, a true religious spirit, her duties towards her child, her parents, and the cherished remembrance of her short span of bliss, gave her strength to live.

The wife of the friend whom I had accompanied to Liebwerda, perceiving the deep interest I felt in the heroine of the tragedy she had related to me, offered to take me to call on the apothecary's wife, with whom she was well acquainted. One fine afternoon we drove together to Friedland, and found the family at home. In the course of our visit, the young widow entered the room, leading a lovely little girl by the hand. It was a picture never to be forgotten. I saw before me a face of transcendent beauty, pale as an antique marble bust. The eyes, now deeply

set, with broad dark rims beneath, gave evidence of a kind and loving nature, and, at the same time, of sufferings long sustained.

I have only to add, that the black cross upon the ledge of rock, which I had originally discovered with my telescope, had been placed by the widow on the spot where her husband had fallen.

#### Temple Bar.

#### FRENCHWOMEN UNDER THE EMPIRE.

"No one," says M. Michelet, "can have failed to remark the gradual but rapid separation of the two sexes in France. They appear to have nothing in common, neither ideas nor interests. There is no sympathy between them, scarcely mutual forbearance. They are coming to regard each other not only as necessary evils, but as natural enemies, restrained alone by the force of circumstances from coming into collision. The domestic hearth," he continues, "is cold, the family dinner a silent meal; and at night, each retires to a separate chamber. Even in society, the amiable hypocrisy of ordinary politeness is insufficient to draw the men towards the women. If there be several rooms open for the reception of company, the ladies will be found crowded together in the most spacious and resplendent apartment, where they are left to their own devices, except when at long intervals some fine old gentleman, one of the few survivors of the ancient school of courtesy, ventures within the magic circle to offer a graceful compliment, or to say a few kindly words, to the wife or daughter of an old comrade or fellow-collegian."

This reciprocal alienation of the two sexes, so faithfully depicted by M. Michelet, is particularly observable by the seaside, where, in England, an exactly opposite state of thing usually prevails. The men there pass their time in playing at cards or billiards, in reading the papers, in sipping coffee or absinthe, while the ladies are left to amuse themselves as best they may. Immediately after dinner, perhaps, the "happy family" will sally forth in a group to the terrace, or jetty, but no sooner do they en-

counter another "happy family" of their acquaintance than the constituent elements fly apart—the gentlemen invariably falling to the rear, and presently vanishing from the scene. Even on public ball-nights at the Saloon, or Casino, it is only the very young men who are intrepid enough, or sufficiently fond of dancing for its own sake, to enter the arena—the *gens braccata* for the most part contenting themselves with blocking up the doorway and craning their necks to mark the results of waltzing in short skirts. The dance over, the lady is conducted straightway to her seat, previously secured by her mantle and cane, and her partner, seemingly half ashamed of the exhibition he has made of himself, slinks back among his fellows. But there is no attempt at conversation, no interchange of ideas or sentiments, and certainly no love-making, or less serious flirtation. A few whirls round the room, followed by a soulless smile and an unmeaning bow, constitute the chief pleasure of the bi-weekly ball at a fashionable French watering place; while on other nights the two sexes are divided by a barrier not the less real for being invisible.

Public manners are the reflection of public morals. It is not merely a question of politeness and good breeding, that there should exist a cordial and sympathetic understanding between the component parts of each section of society—but of love and reverence for all that is good and true and noble, in the conduct of life. The most careless and superficial observer can hardly fail to be struck by the deterioration of the upper classes of society in France, during the last ten or a dozen years. The type of a thorough gentleman has become almost a curiosity. The very countenances of the men begin to betray the gradual lowering of the moral tone. Nine faces out of ten wear the same expression of coarse selfishness, of habitual disregard for the feelings of others, of disbelief in the present, and of reckless indifference as to the future. The women, too, are vain, conceited, insolent, and supercilious, though they can be exceedingly graceful in manner, and at times even fascinating, notwithstanding their harsh, shrill voices, which are usually pitched in a particularly high key. Their

only object in life appears to be, to enrich their milliners at the expense of their husbands, and to display on their persons the greatest possible quantity of silk, or satin, or muslin, of every hue under the sun. In the company of men they are comparatively silent, though quivering with "nods and becks and wreathed smiles;" and it is only among themselves that they give the reins to their tongues, and show of what volubility female utterance is capable. To their children they are excessively indulgent, so long as they are too young to enter into rivalry with themselves, but they take no trouble to impart a sound moral training, or to set up for their guidance any higher standard than the ruling fashion of the day. To float with the stream, to go with the multitude—that is, the fashionable multitude—is the sole principle they teach, or pretend to illustrate by example.

The fact is, the Empire is Materialism. It is the reign of brute force tempered by sensuality. Success, however achieved, is alone respected. The means are as nothing, the end alone is regarded. Somewhere in Louis Napoleon's writings it is laid down as an indisputable dogma, that there is nothing demoralizing in the supremacy of the sword; and that while the arts of peace and the pursuit of riches corrupt and enervate the national character, a thirst for martial glory elevates and purifies it. M. Eugène Pelletan, indeed, is of a different opinion, for he insists that under a military and warlike government the men are enslaved by the women, that is, through their personal charms; and as there can be no real union where the man alone is possessed of sound knowledge and useful ideas, he draws the conclusion that in such circumstances the society of the equally beautiful but more amusing *Hetaïra* will be preferred to that of her insipid, if virtuous, sister. And to satisfy ourselves of the general truthfulness of this theory, we need only turn to authentic pictures of the court of the first Napoleon. At the same time it may be freely conceded that a too assiduous devotion to mammon is also apt to lower the moral tone, by engendering a hard selfishness, by confounding wealth with desert, and by exalting the acquisition of wealth to the rank of a meritori-

ous achievement. But it is at least equally unquestionable that the certain consequences of passing one's children through the fire to Moloch are a vain egotism, an intolerable insolence of demeanor, a habitual contempt for human sympathies, an unhappy disdain for all that is weak, an immoderate admiration of all that is strong. And history tells us that the restless excitability induced by frequent indulgence in warlike enterprise, and consequent imperilment of life and limb, seeks a natural outlet, during the intervals of peace, by plunging headlong into the most hazardous speculations, airily based upon the doctrine of chances. Reckless gambling supersedes legitimate commerce; patient industry is held to indicate the absence of ingenuity and self-reliance; and the episodes and accidents of life are reduced to a system of lotteries. And of these, not one contains fewer prizes or a greater number of blanks than the lottery of marriage; for though, according to M. Michelet, Frenchwomen make the best as well as the worst of wives, little, if any, circumspection is displayed by the generality of Frenchmen in their choice of a partner for life. It is not so much a bosom friend and companion they seek, as a dowered and unsalaried housekeeper, who shall also transmit their name and property to another generation. They have been, besides, so harassed by wars, and revolutions, and all sorts of acts of political violence, that they have come to look upon wedlock, likewise, as a matter for a *coup d'état*. The Rape of the Sabines, that brilliant writer sarcastically remarks, would have suited them exactly. The unmarried men would like nothing better than to organize an expedition and make a *razzia* among the unmarried women. As for the feelings and affections of the bride, that is quite a secondary consideration. She is free, however, to weep in private over the desolation of mind and heart into which she has been sold, or flung, through the interested calculations or utter indifference of her parents, with full knowledge of the dire consequences that might be expected to ensue. But fidelity to the nuptial couch is a question that concerns the husband, not them: and it would be an insult to him, to their daughter, and to themselves, to

anticipate the bare possibility of public scandal.

In his clever, but certainly not profound or satisfactory, review of the position held by the mother in a French family, M. Pelletan asserts that the question at issue between man and woman does not touch upon their relative superiority or inferiority, but turns upon the special calling of the latter. This riddle he proceeds to solve according to the popular notion, by proclaiming a young girl's vocation to be—to please; a woman's—to love; a mother's—to rear her babe; and a grandmother's—to go to confession and to entertain company. The first part of this programme is carried out with minute deliberation. The maiden is carefully fitted out as a privateer, and duly provided with letters of marque; but a capture once effected, she must dismantle as fast as possible. To employ her means of captivation after she has secured a husband would be a pure loss of time and power if directed against her captive, and perilous to herself if directed against any other individual.

All writers on the state of society in France at the present time agree in this, that female education is either totally neglected, or shamefully misconducted. The father, seldom, if ever, interferes in the affairs of his household, or with the bringing up of his children, certainly not of his daughters. The result is, that they are brought up in such hopeless ignorance of all which they ought to know, and with such a pernicious familiarity with all which they could dispense with knowing, that no man of refined feelings and liberal ideas can, for a continuance, experience heartfelt pleasure in their society, or make them his real friends and companions. Marriage thus becomes a mere union of bodies: a simple affair of eating and drinking in the same room, of sleeping under the same roof, and of raising up a successor to the joint property. Such is the mature judgment passed upon the women of France of the present day by the most earnest and thoughtful writers among their own fellow-countrymen.

In what class of society in France, asks M. Pelletan, shall a man look for a wife with whom he can freely interchange ideas and sentiments? Not



among the agricultural laborers: for the peasant girl is a mere machine, prematurely used up by hard labor. Exposed to all weathers, indifferently fed, coarsely clad, she watches the sheep, thins the leaves of the vine, hoes the field, looks after the broodlings, makes hay, helps in harvest time, prepares the soup, bakes the bread, and attends to the washing. For her there is no repose, no relaxation, no time for the mind to form—nothing but work, work, work. Above this substratum is seen the Norman farmer's wife, well-to-do in worldly goods, abundantly fed, and comfortably attired; but she, too, is busy all day with her poultry yard, garden and dairy, and her mind remains imbedded in matter. The condition of the manufactory girl is still worse, from every point of view. She is only a "hand," only a part of the steam-engines, an inferior adjunct to the costly machinery. She eats and drinks when she can, and what she can, and sleeps in a miserable garret with one who is not her husband; and if a child be born and survive the first half hour, it is carried off to a foundling hospital, or to a *Salle d'Aïse*. The position of the well-employed, skilled artisan is, indeed, superior to any of these. His wages enable his wife to devote herself to the promotion of his material comforts, to keeping his house in order, and to cooking his food to please his palate. The children are brought up at home, and early trained to habits of industry until of an age to be sent out into the world to earn their own livelihood. But even here nothing is thought of but work—the body is everything, the mind a cipher. There remains, then, the class that styles itself wealthy and independent, and in France there are very few girls belonging to this section of society who do not possess a dowry more or less considerable.

The education of a young lady begins with what concerns the toilet. She learns to sew, to embroider, to tie a ribbon, to put in a pin, to fit on a dress, to arrange a flower in her hair. In other words, she is taught that dress is the first consideration. Her personal attractions, however, can hardly be said to be of secondary importance. She, therefore, acquires the art of walking, or rather of gliding, with grace. She is bidden

to hold herself upright without stiffness, and to assist nature, when needful, by hiding a little here, by showing a good deal there. Then she must know when to smile, and how much to bestow on this person and how much on that. To droop the eyelids and assume an air at once modest and provocative is also an art that one day may stand her in good stead. In addition to these outward and visible attractions, a well-bred damsel is expected to possess the accomplishments that are indispensable in good society. While yet in her early youth she will dance with languor, she will martyrize the piano, she will sing—falsely, perhaps, but with abundant fire and animation. Should her voice fail her altogether, she must be content to handle the pencil and the brush, and to improve upon nature. As for the development of her intellectual faculties, continues M. Pelletan, she is sent for a year or two to a boarding school, or a convent, where she obtains a vague notion of orthography, and begins to suspect that it is the earth revolves, and not the sun. After a while she will even affirm that two and two make four, and become almost capable of checking the different items in the cook's marketing account. Here and there an ambitious mother adds a smattering of English or Italian, but such polyglot erudition is apt to be mistaken for pedantry, and, after all, it is only the most superlative aristocrats who, aiming at eccentricity, care to read the *Vicar of Wakefield*, or the works of Metastasio without the intermedium of a translation.

In the matter of ideas a well-born maiden remains to her wedding day a blank page. Of the world, of life, of man, of herself, she knows no more than she does of her catechism, which she once learned by rote without attaching more importance to it than to her first communion, "a sacramental ceremony performed in white muslin." She is willing to believe that there is a Paradise—perhaps, even a place for future punishment for common people—since M. la Curé affirms such to be the case, and it would be ill manners to doubt his word. A certain amount of religion is requisite for all who have the privilege of moving in good society, though usually considered preferable if seasoned

with a good dash of superstition. Every young lady who has had the advantage of a fashionable education is expected to confess herself once a month, to go to Mass on Sunday, to make the sign of the Cross, with holy water, and to eat fish on Friday; but in all this she need see no more than a respectable formality, to be placed in the same category with the etiquette relating to morning calls. From time to time the marriageable damsel takes up a book, but history wearies her, though, as Mme. de Staël observes, in a country where they cut off women's heads it is as well to know something of politics. Serious books of any kind are voted a bore, and conjure up the blue devils, but with the aid of a sentimental love-story even an autumn day in the country may be endured. The theatre, however, is prized far above any novel, for there romance is seen in action. The impulsive maiden feels as if she herself were a part of the spectacle and one of the performers; she vibrates in common with others; she swims, as it were, in a flood of electric passion. There, too, for the first time she forms some idea of the meaning of love, and upon that idea may depend the whole course of her future life. She sees, moreover, after what fashion a point-blank declaration of love is made and received, and how a too presumptuous admirer may be kept at arms' length without being offended and sent adrift. Such, according to M. Pelletan, is the usual extent and character of the education bestowed upon a young girl destined to move in the higher circles of French society. The only chords in her heart that have been developed are coquetry and a sentimental imagination. She has been taught how to attract, and she has learned how to dream. But is such training likely to fit her for becoming a suitable companion for a man, or a sensible mother for his children?

The lively, if biting, satire of M. Eugène Pelletan is more than confirmed by the grave and sorrowful strictures of M. Michelet, who does not hesitate to affirm that all French girls belonging to the more opulent classes—with, of course, a few rare exceptions—are inspired by their mothers with ideas and fancies long since exploded among men. Female education as at present

conducted in France, he stigmatizes as *negative et stérilisante*, not only as regards the worldly and precocious maidens who become women without ever being girls, but as regards those also who have enjoyed national or adventitious advantages over their fellows, but are nevertheless as devoid of color and vitality as a plant cultivated in a dark cellar.

As Frenchwomen generally marry at an early age, the husband's influence would probably in time counteract the errors of their youthful training were matrimony an affair of the heart, and not a sordid calculation of the brain. Everybody who has ever been to Antwerp knows how love, in the case of Quentin Matsys, out of a Mulciber wrought an Apelles, and were a fair chance afforded to that potent magician there is no reason why he should not work equally marvellous transformations in the case of the fair daughters of France, even under the sway of the sabre. Unhappily, there is no standing-point for the mighty wizard whence to apply his lever to move a world of ignorance and frivolity. Men and women in France are matched according to their respective means and prospects, and without the slightest reference to congeniality of tastes and pursuits. On attaining his thirtieth year, says M. Pelletan, a Frenchman begins to weary of extravagance and dissipation, and settles down to his work in sober earnest. In one way or another he contrives to purchase a share in some mercantile or professional occupation, and then looks around him for a wife to act as his Minister of the Interior. Within the circle of every marriageable young lady's acquaintance there exists an elderly person apparently created for the express purpose of providing her with a husband. To this matrimonial broker, or Sister of Charity, it seems the most natural and proper thing in the world that a girl with a fortune of her own should be united to a man who happens to want such an article. She therefore names the amount to the latter, and, if the figure suits his views and expectations, she sets about establishing mutual relations between the owner of the fortune and her chosen client. As soon as the ice is broken on both sides

the suitor solicits a personal interview, because, as the Code confers upon the damsel the privilege of a veto, it may be assumed that she is entitled at least to see the face of the man in whose house it is proposed she should reside for the remainder of her days. A meeting is accordingly arranged to come off in the presence of the young lady's mother, or other discreet and experienced matron. At the appointed time the maiden descends to the drawing room in a toilet the very embodiment of simplicity and unstudied elegance—so thoroughly has she mastered the art of concealing art. She seats herself on a low stool by her mother's side, and becomes intensely interested with her embroidery. The suitor arrives, also got up for the occasion, his outer man fresh from his tailor, and with the air of one who expects to carry the place by assault. Salutations are politely exchanged, and also a few remarks on the current topics of the day. A pause then ensues, until the gentleman, gathering himself together, rushes at the "bull-finch" before him and clears it at a bound. Having expounded his budget, he takes his leave perfectly satisfied with the impression he has made, if not with that which he has himself received. For, all this time the other high contracting party has remained silent, or answered only in monosyllables, though naturally prepossessed in favor of the man who has paid her the compliment of selecting her from among her fellows to preside over his house. Should the wooer not repent of his morning's work, both sides proceed to the negotiation of the marriage contract. This is done in a business-like manner, and as between entire strangers. When the respective signatures have been affixed to the irrevocable deed, a little love-making is permitted, and the young people see each other daily, for an hour or so at a time, and even walk together in the garden, if there happen to be one, but of course always under the vigilant guardianship of the maternal eye. The young lady is probably not displeased to have a male companion, though now and then she may, perchance, be tempted to ask herself why, if this be love, so much fuss should be made about it. But time

and the hour run through the longest day, and at last the twain become one—one in name, one in interests, but still as widely severed as the poles in all that concerns the mind and the heart.

Devoid of occupation, destitute of internal resources, and for the most part neglected by their husbands, married women in good society, in France, have only the alternative of bigotry or pleasure, and they naturally commence with the latter—frequently in the end crowning a life of futility, not untainted by sin, with a fit of sour devotion, just as in olden times men compounded for a life of lawless self-indulgence by being buried in a friar's "garb of woe." It may be questioned, however, if there is as much actual infidelity to the marriage-bed in the present as in the past generation—not so much, indeed, through the influence of religious belief, or of a higher moral standard, as through the comparative absence of temptation. In fact, if a woman be not companionable as a wife, she is not likely to be so as a mistress. Besides, married women have nowadays to contend against a large field of competitors, with all the chances against them. Frenchmen of the present day, if not less frivolous, are certainly less impressionable than their predecessors of the old school of gallantry; and having become practical and prosaic, they have lost their passion for *bonnes fortunes*. An affair of the heart takes up time that might be more profitably devoted to affairs of the Bourse. If not less expensive, it is less troublesome and less dangerous to keep a mistress, with regard to whom there need be no restraint and no self-sacrifice, except of a pecuniary nature, and the association with whom is terminable at pleasure. It must not be forgotten that the social evil in France wears a very different aspect to what it has assumed in England. There is none of the coarse brutality, the rampant shamelessness, that render the streets of London impassable after dark for women who have any respect for themselves, or even for their sex. But for that very reason it is all the more to be dreaded. Vice, in Paris at least, puts on the most seductive forms, employs the surest arts of fascination, and arrays itself in the most attractive colors. There is nothing to

shock or disgust the yet unperverted mind, but everything to throw it off its guard, to ensnare and finally corrupt it in the absence of good example and precept, or the fear of public censure and reprobation. When the Cyprian goddess fled from Hösels, it was surely in Paris she fixed her shrine, for there the most dashing equipages, the most costly robes, the most sumptuous furniture, the most exquisite dainties, and the "red, red gold," are openly and lavishly laid upon her altar, and it is her nymphs and priestesses who set the fashion in dress and in every style of eccentric extravagance. Indeed it was only last spring season a subject of complaint among "the daughters of marble," that the respectable women aped their manners and imitated their costume so closely and successfully that it was a hard task to distinguish between "professionals" and "amateurs." And it was regarded as a flash of genius when one, more inventive than her fellows, suggested that on the Longchamps Derby day the frail sisterhood should surcharge their carriages with cut flowers. How the signal passed through the rebel ranks is a mystery, but it is certain that the votaries of the Foam-boon appeared on that occasion in great force, each with her brougham or calèche stuffed and loaded with bouquets, to the utter discomfiture of the uninitiated.

M. Dupin, in his recent attack on "the unbridled luxury of women," has been accused of wilful exaggeration, and it must be admitted that he laid on his colors too unsparingly, through confounding two things all too similar and yet not the same. He omitted to make any sort of distinction between the *luze effrené* of the *grand-monde*, and the *luze effronté* of the *demi-monde*. There is this excuse, however, to be made for him, that in outward appearance it really is very difficult to draw such a line. The reckless mania for dress, which just now rages with the fury of an epidemic among the women of France, is even more glaring by the seaside than in Paris. There the one end and object of life appears to be to surpass all others, not only in costliness, but in originality of attire. The most fantastic fashions are flaunted though the narrow, dirty streets of dreary little

bathing villages; while the richest silks and satins of the most delicate hue are trailed over the moist sands, or exposed to the burning sun on the terrace of the *etablissement*, their speedy destruction furnishing a welcome though unneeded excuse for some fresh and still more startling novelty. If rich people alone indulged in such follies, it would be a less serious, if still a very regrettable, matter; but the evil is rapidly spreading downwards to the lower strata of society, in spite of the opposition it there encounters on the part not only of husbands and fathers, but also of youthful aspirants to connubial bliss. Not many months ago an open-air meeting was held at Marseilles, at which some hundreds of young men pledged themselves not to change their condition until women had come to their senses, and learned to be more moderate in their personal expenditure. But it is clear that the remedy must come from the same quarter whence the distemper first broke out. Notwithstanding the pure and simple elegance of her present style of dress, and while entertaining sincere and profound respect for her many virtues, no one can deny the fact that the Empress Eugénie is answerable for much of the wild extravagance that is rendering the women of France an object of mingled ridicule and terror to their own countrymen. Her Imperial Majesty cannot be held altogether guiltless of having given the first impulse to the present inordinate passion for brave apparel and outward adorning of the person, and, therefore, to her does it belong to check the further spread of the fatal and outrageous folly by discountenancing its indulgence within the walls of her palace. The disorder has now grown to such a height that the most disastrous results must ensue to the national character, if prompt measures be not adopted for its immediate mitigation, and eventual subjection to the rules of good taste and common sense. It were vain to attempt to legislate against it, for sumptuary laws in the nineteenth century would certainly be an anachronism and an egregious blunder. Equally vain is the idea of writing it down, unless women in "good society" can first be persuaded to read something more serious than a Journal



of Fashions, or the last novel by George Sand. As for poor M. Dupin, all that he has yet succeeded in doing is in furnishing the design of an additional costume, and in raising a good-natured laugh at his own expense, as even the fair objects of his vituperation admit, with a smile, that he is—"very amusing."

#### ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

A SKETCH BY THE EDITOR.

AN eminent author has called Mrs. Browning the female Shakespeare of England. Female poets hold a more distinguished place in English literature at this day, and their works fill a larger space in our libraries, than in any previous period in literary history. And among these Mrs. Browning has no superior, and few if any equals. Her name and fame, her character and works, will live and be held in cherished remembrance by all admirers of fine writing for ages to come.

In the fine portrait which adorns our present number, her friends may see and retain a very accurate expression of her face and features almost up to the close of her life. "This portrait is all that I could desire," wrote her bereaved husband to Theodore Tilton, editor of the *Independent*, soon after her decease, when inclosing her photograph, from which the present engraving has been copied by the kindness of Mr. Tilton. With a cherished reputation, so world wide as that of Mrs. Browning, it is needful to record on these pages, only a very few of the leading events of her life as an accompaniment to her portrait.

Elizabeth Barrett was born in London in 1809, of a family in affluent circumstances. Educated with great care, she gave early proofs of genius. At the age of ten she began to write both poetry and prose. At the age of fifteen her powers as a writer were well known. We have no room in this brief sketch to enumerate her works, which enlisted so much interest in her rising fame. In 1838 a blood-vessel burst in her lungs, which did not heal for a year. This reduced her strength to great weakness, and she was removed to Torquay. During her residence there, while slowly re-

gaining her health, a most painful event occurred. One fine summer morning her favorite brother, with two other fine young men, his friends, embarked on board a small sailing vessel for a trip of a few hours. They undertook the management of the boat alone, sending back the boatman. In a few minutes after their embarkation, and in sight of their very windows, just as they were crossing the bar, the boat went down and all on board perished. Even the bodies were never found. This tragedy nearly killed Elizabeth Barrett. She was utterly prostrated by the horror and the grief of the sad event. It was not till the next year that she could be removed in an easy carriage, twenty miles a day, to her afflicted family in London. She told a friend that, during the whole winter, the sound of the waves rang in her ears like the moans of one dying. We record this sad narrative just here because its influence seems to have tinged her productions to the close of her life. A deep current of religion—sometimes it might be regarded as religious melancholy—pervades most of her poetry. This, in the opinion of many of her readers, adds a rich charm to her thoughts. For many years in London she confined herself to one large and commodious, but darkened chamber, admitting only her own affectionate family and a few devoted friends, reading almost every book worth reading, in almost every language, and giving herself heart and soul to that poetry of which she seemed born to be the priestess.

Miss Barrett became the wife of Robert Browning in the autumn of 1846. Strange to say, the invalid was suddenly restored to the world as if by magic. She left her sick chamber, and walked abroad with her husband. The newly-married pair went to Pisa and Florence, where they chiefly resided since, and where Mrs. Browning composed her last poems, "Anora Leigh," "Poems before Congress," and others. In 1851 Miss Mitford says: "This summer I have had the exquisite pleasure of seeing Mrs. Browning once more in London, with a lovely boy at her knee, almost as well as ever, and telling tales of Italian rambles, of losing herself in chestnut forests, and scrambling on mule-back up the sources of extinct

volcanoes. May Heaven continue to her such health and happiness!"

"Mrs. Browning lived in one house in Florence for fourteen years, and went out of it to her grave."

"Mrs. Browning died at Florence June 29th, 1861, half an hour after day-break." And Mr. Tilton, in his beautiful memorial volume, adds: "A life of suffering ended in peace. A frail body, bearing the burden of too great a brain, broke at last under the weight. After

six days illness the shadows of the night fell upon her eyes for the last time, and half an hour after daybreak she beheld the eternal vision. Like the pilgrim in the dream, she saw the heavenly glory before passing through the gate. 'It is beautiful!' she exclaimed, and died: sealing these last words upon her lips, as the fittest inscription that could ever be written upon her life, her genius, and her memory. In the English burial ground at Florence lie her ashes."

## POETRY.

### THE OPERA BOX.

'Tis the Gretchen's piteous story  
That I hear, yet do not hear,  
And its wailing, warning accents  
That awake nor awe nor fear;  
For I move in a dream Elysian,  
I have only ear and sight  
For a voice that sweetens music,  
And a face that brightens light.

It came with the curtain's rising,  
That face of a faultless mould,  
And the amber drapery glistened  
With the lustre of woven gold.  
I could hear a silken rustle,  
And the air had fragrant grown,  
But the house from my sight had faded,  
And I looked on that face alone.

In the midst of the grand exotics  
That blossom the season through,  
It is there, a rose of the garden  
Fresh from the winds and the dew—  
Fresh as a face that follows  
The hounds up a rimy hill,  
With hair blown back by the breezes  
That seem to live in it still.

So fresh and rosy and dimpled—  
But, oh! what a soul there lies,  
Melting to liquid agate  
Those womanly tender eyes!  
How it quickens under the music  
As if at a breath divine,  
And the ripening lips disparted  
Drink in the sound like wine!

Passionate sense of enjoyment,  
Absolute lull of delight—  
They are hers as the sorrowful story  
Awakens her heart to-night;  
And those strains deliciously tender  
Hold her in mute suspense,  
Delighting each quick perception,  
Regaling each subtle sense.

River-like, slowly and broadly,  
The music dreamily flows,  
And the tale of sin and repentance  
Draws to its terrible close:

And she listens, rapt and musing,  
Till stirr'd by some happy thought  
Some phrase of silvery sweetness,  
Some cadence airily wrought.

The music surges and ceases  
As the sea when the wind is spent,  
And the blue of heaven brightens  
Through cloudy fissure and rent.  
It ceases, and all is over—  
The box is empty and cold—  
And the amber drapery deadens  
To satin that has been gold.

—*London Society.*

### CORN-FLOWERS.

From dawn till dusk, we followed up  
The reapers through the wheat;  
And tied the rustling corn, that lay  
Like sunshine at our feet.

Kate laughed with Willie all day long,  
And Kate sang merrily;  
He said she sang like any bird,  
And then she laughed to me.

For Kate he reaped the poppies red  
That nodded in the corn;  
For me he broke a pale sweet rose,  
And pulled away the thorn.

He said the flowers were like her cheek.  
My heart was sore all day;  
And when he held the rose to me,  
I turned my face away.

The blue shades fell; and by the stile  
At dusk we sat to rest;  
Through tears, I watched the angels' wings  
That flickered in the west.

They gossipped; and I heard them say:  
"Oh, she is never seen  
When Kate is near! She's slight and pale;  
And Kate is like a queen."

And they went gayly by the fields:  
And I, to hide my pain,  
Slipped from them at the dusky stile,  
And went home by the lane.

I heard his step—I would not stay—  
And when he came so near,  
I felt him breathe—I would not look,  
And dried a silly tear.

Then bitterly he spoke. He held  
The rose I would not wear;  
And I said: "Give it Kate; she twined  
The poppies in her hair!"

"Oh, hear me now, below the moon  
That watches from above!  
I jest with merry Kate," he said,  
"But never speak of love."

"And what is Kate between us two?  
I love but you alone:  
Oh! take the sign, and take my heart;  
Since, Love, it is your own!"

I took the rose. A little bird  
Sang out a song for me;  
And broadly smiled the harvest-moon,  
Our happy looks to see.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

#### NEMESIS.

THE London *Punch*, rhyming upon the war  
cloud, says:

There's a funeral shadow lying  
Athwart Europe far and wide;  
Drifts and scuds of terror flying,  
Fierce and fast on every side.  
Over Germany they darken,  
Over Italy they gloom;  
Sea-girt England's hushed to hearken  
For the trumpet of the doom.

What is it, this black terror?  
Is't but the cloud of war,  
By some pernicious error  
Drawn near, from seeming far?  
No 'tis a deeper dark'ning  
Than e'en war's cloud can spread;  
And the voice for which we're heark'ning  
Thrills with more than battle's dread.

'Tis Nemesis that speaketh  
In the thunder of these clouds—  
The Nemesis that wreaketh  
Kings' wrongs on guiltless crowds.  
'Tis Nemesis preparing  
Bloody crop from evil seed—  
The Nemesis, ne'er sparing  
Ill-doer or ill-deed.

So England naught rejoices,  
In the view of godless fight;  
Has no well-wishing voices,  
Where none are in the right.  
Sees not Freedom's angel springing  
From the blood that shall be shed;  
Only Nemesis slow winging  
O'er her due track, strewn with dead!

#### JUNE MUSIC.

O MINNA mine, it is the rich mid-June;  
In green pavilions royal Summer dwells;

And the alien cuckoo chants his endless tune—  
Two sweet quaint syllables:  
Soon must he pass across the seas, and sing  
Elsewhere, beneath a leafy canopy  
Veiling the unclouded sky,  
And other nations hail his dusky wing.

You twine not now white violets in your hair,  
Wan as despair, and half as sweet as love;  
But richer blossoms glimmer everywhere,  
Hang on the boughs above,  
And slumber in the swathes of meadow-grass—  
Straight purple cones of orchis—water-flags  
Where the slow brooklet lags,  
Dimpling the marish green with spots of glass.

O golden Summer, thy voluptuous breath  
Flatters the weary world to magical trance,  
While through the haunted woodland still as  
death

No wings I the noontide glance.  
Coolness is only where the river bends  
Brim fresh and plenteous like a giant's chal-  
lice,

Or where to rock-strewn valleys  
Earth's briny cestus life and beauty lends.

Still eventide beholds the Norman spire  
Of old gray granite with an ivy crest  
Set like a gem in crimson sunset fire  
Far in the marvellous west:  
Still eventide will listen to the pipe  
Of bullfinch swaying on the ash-tree top,  
And mellow notes that drop  
From blackbird, keen athirst for cherries ripe.

Will pleasant Summer yield a joyous myth  
Fit to be said or sung beneath the trees,  
Where murmurs evermore the rivulet blithe  
Freshening the verdurous lens—  
Moulded in rhyme as sweetly musical  
As whetting of the scythe in morning fields,  
What time the hillside yields  
In numerous echoes to the cuckoo's call?

Ah, rhyme has no such music! But to hear  
The long oar dip into the flashing water—  
Creak of the mill-sail—rustic carol clear  
Sung by the miller's daughter—  
Twitter of merry birds in twilight time—  
Rush of the glancing bat on leathern wings—  
These have a tune that rings  
Sweeter than all the melody of rhyme.

—*Temple Bar.*

MORTIMER COLLINS.

#### A MOTHER.

I FEEL within myself a life  
That holds 'gainst Death a feeble strife;  
They say 'tis destined that my womb  
Shall be its birthplace, and its tomb.  
O child! if it be so, and thou  
Thy native world must never know,  
Thy mother verily must weep  
That she may never kiss thy face;  
But oh! how lightly thou wilt keep  
The forfeit due from Adam's race.  
Thou wilt have lived, but not have wept;  
Have died, and yet have known no pain;

And Sin's dark presence will have swept  
Across thy soul, yet left no stain.  
*Mine* is thy life, my breath, thy breath;  
I, only, feel the dread, the woe;  
And in thy sickness or thy death,  
Thy mother bears the pain, not thou.

Life nothing means for thee, but still  
It is a living thing I feel,  
A sex, a shape, a growth are thine,  
A form, and human face divine;  
A heart with passions wrapped therein;  
A nature doomed perforce to sin;  
A mind endowed with latent fire  
To glow, unfold, expand, aspire;  
Some likeness from thy father caught,  
Or by remoter kindred taught;  
Some faultiness of mind or frame,  
To wake the bitter sense of shame;  
Some noble passions to unroll  
The generous deed, the human tear;  
Some feelings which thy mother's soul  
Has poured on thine while dwelling near.  
All this must pass unbloomed away  
To worlds remote from earthly day;  
Worlds whither we, by paths less brief  
Are journeying through joy and grief,  
And where thy mother, now forlorn,  
May learn to know her child unborn.

—*Fraser's Magazine.*

#### SONNET.

Uron a rosetree bending o'er a river  
A bird from spring to summer gayly sang,  
For love of its sweet friend, the rose, for ever  
Its beating heart with happy music rang,  
In sunshine warm and moonlight by the shore,  
Whose waves afar its voice melodious bore,  
Blent with its own. But when alas! the sere  
Gray autumn came withering those blooms so  
dear,  
Still full of love, but full of sadness too,  
Changed the sweet song as changed the roses'  
hue,  
Mourning each day some rich leaf disappear.  
Until the last had dropp'd into the stream,  
Anguished by wintry breezes blowing keen.  
Then on the bough forlorn, mute as a dream  
Awhile the poor bird clung, and soon was seen  
no more.

#### CAROLS FROM THE CANCIONEROS.

BY DENIS FLORENCE MAC CARTHY.

##### I.

"Vista ciega, luz oscura."  
—*Cancionero General*. Valencia, 1811.

LIGHTSOME darkness, seeing blindness,  
Life in death, and grief in gladness,  
Cruelty in guise of kindness,  
Doubtful laughter, joyful sadness,  
Honeyed gall, embittered sweetness,  
Peace whose warfare never endeth,  
Love, the type of incompleteness,  
Proffers joy, but sorrow sendeth.

##### II.

"Turbias van las aguas, madre."  
—*Romancero General*. Madrid, 1604.

Turbid the waters flow, mother,  
Turbid they flow, oh! mother, dear,  
But they will clear.

When from mine eyes the waters glide  
That so disturb my joy's bright stream,  
And when my heart in boding dream  
Is tossed upon its troubled tide,  
The jealous phantom I deride,  
With love and time 'twill disappear—  
Turbid the waters flow, mother,  
Turbid they flow, oh! mother, dear,  
But they will clear.

When tyrant thought usurps the brain,  
And memory reigns with ruthless sway,  
And when the pleasure passed away  
Is mingled with the present pain;  
When sighs are breathed and tears seem vain,  
Hope whispers softly in mine ear—  
Turbid the waters flow, mother,  
Turbid they flow, oh! mother, dear,  
But they will clear.

##### III.

"Alguna vez."  
—*Christoval du Castillejo*.—Otras. Anvers, 1568.

One day, one day,  
Oh! troubled breast,  
Thou'lt be at rest.

If love's disdain  
Of thee makes mirth,  
Six feet of earth  
Will end his reign;  
Escaped his chain,  
Oh! troubled breast,  
Thou'lt be at rest.

The life uncrowned,  
The true love crossed,  
The peace here lost  
Will there be found:  
Beneath the ground,  
Oh! troubled breast,  
Thou'lt be at rest.

##### IV.

"Del rosa vengo, mi madre."  
—*Gil Vicente*.—Otras. Lisboa, 1568.

I come from the rose tree, mother,  
I come from the red rose tree.

By the side of the streamlet flowing  
I saw the rose bud blowing—  
I come from the red rose tree.

By the side of the stream swift flowing  
I saw the ripe rose growing—  
I come from the red rose tree.

With a sigh, where the stream was flowing,  
I plucked the red rose glowing—  
I come from the rose tree, mother,  
I come from the red rose tree.



## BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

*Running the Gauntlet. A Novel.* By EDMUND YATES, author of "Broken to Harness." Boston: Loring, Publisher. 1866. *Broken to Harness* was a novel of very considerable interest, and the present one, though not equal to that, is a pleasant story of London life, in which human passions, as usual, are made to play the chief part.

*The Fixed Stars; or, the Goodness of Truth and Justice.* New-York: James Miller. 1866. A queer book—too transcendental for us to comprehend or enjoy, especially in this extremely sultry weather. There may be meaning and interest in the story, but we have failed to discover them. Such absolute nonsense—such a jargon of thought and expression, we have seldom seen. It is too silly a book to be criticised. "God save my country from Puritanism and Romanism," prays the author in the Preface; and we pray to be kept from the necessity of reading such trash.

*The History of Usury, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time; together with a Brief Statement of General Principles concerning the Conflict of the Laws in different States and Countries, and an Examination into the Policy of Laws on Usury, and their Effect upon Commerce.* By J. B. C. MURRAY. 8vo, cloth, pp. 154. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1866. The right to receive money for the use of money has, until our own time, strange to say, been looked upon by governments and communities as an act worthy of condemnation. Indeed, one half of the sufferings the Jews have undergone in various countries may be traced to this feeling. Yet usury was actually sanctioned by Scripture, as far as strangers were concerned, though strictly forbidden among brethren. The difference between interest and usury was supposed to be broad and palpable; thus, interest was a fair and legal profit, and usury an exorbitant profit for money lent. Yet money being a commodity, at times scarce, and at other times plentiful, it seems to us now a mystery how statesmen could attempt to fix what was fair and legal, and what was exorbitant, for an article ever varying in value. In Alfred's reign usurers not only forfeited their chattels and estates, but lost all right to Christian burial. In the time of Edward the Confessor, to these punishments were added outlawry and the disinheriting of the heir of the usurer. William the Conqueror added whipping, exposure to the pillory, and perpetual banishment. The excessive severity of these laws doubtless originated in the fact that the Jews were considered the main transgressors, and no punishment was deemed too severe for them. But about the year 1235, we find that Christian craft came into operation, according to Matthew of Paris, much to the amusement of the Jews. A number of Italian "merchant strangers," agents for the Pope in England, opened up a very lucrative trade, by advancing money for the first three months without interest, covenanting that they should receive fifty per cent. for every month afterwards that it should remain unpaid; this evasion of the law they justified on the ground that they lent their money absolutely without interest, and what they were to receive afterwards was a con-

tingency that might be defeated; supported by the Pope, these adventurers laughed to scorn the anathema and excommunications of the English bishop. Notwithstanding the laws against usury, the expulsion of the Jews, and the denunciations of the church, usurious practices continued to prevail, and down to the 17th year of her present Majesty's reign the history of usury seems to have been one continued attempt on one side to extinguish legitimate traffic and on the other a systematic scheming to avoid the pains and penalties of law. We have found it to our advantage to allow negotiations in money to be as free as any other transaction of commerce. In the United States the old system prevails, but every State has its own peculiar laws and penalties on the subject; thus in California the legal rate for money is ten per cent., in Alabama, Florida, and Texas eight per cent., in Georgia, Michigan, Minnesota, New-York, South Carolina, and Wisconsin seven per cent., in Arkansas, Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Missouri, New-Hampshire, New-Jersey, North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Vermont, Virginia, and Columbia the legal rate is six per cent., while in Louisiana the rate is as low as five per cent. The penalties for breach of law are very varied—in Delaware the whole debt becomes forfeit; in New-York not only is the contract void, but the act is a misdemeanor and punishable as such; in Virginia the contract is void, and the lender is liable to a penalty of twice the debt, recoverable in *qui tam* action; in North Carolina a forfeiture of double the amount of the loan is the penalty for the offence. In other States the punishment varies from a forfeiture of the excess of interest only to a forfeiture of three times the usury. Mr. Murray, in the very interesting volume before us, contends, we think justly, that these usury laws embarrass business, check enterprise, and offer a premium for unfair dealing, and strongly commends the example of England in this respect as deserving of imitation. His volume is very comprehensive, and presents in a comparatively brief compass a mass of information on this subject nowhere else to be met with. As a manual for the guide of reformers in the United States it is of value, but as a historical monograph it cannot be too highly estimated—it should take its place by the side of our standard histories, and hereafter, when the laws against usury are forgotten, it will be treasured alike by the antiquarian and the historian for its curious facts and its indirect references to curious social problems.—*Trübner's American and Oriental Literary Record.*

*The Lost Tales of Miletus.* By SIR EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON, Bart., M.P. London: John Murray. New-York: Harper & Brothers. One of our greatest modern novelists has given us in this volume some specimens of the earliest fiction. He has rescued from comparative oblivion some of the fascinating legends to be found in Athenæus, Diodorus, and Parthenius, and from his extensive acquaintance with classic literature, has produced for us in modern English an idea of those "Lost Tales" in which the Milesians are supposed to have luxuriated. He has caught up the broken lyre of the early min-

strel, has re-strung and tuned its chords, brushed away its defilement, gilded it with new fancies, crowned it with fresh olive leaves, and struck from its sounding strings thoughts as worthy and as noble as were ever conceived by ancient Greek, but more profound and far purer than was possible to the licentious age in which they were originally produced. Sir E. B. Lytton has had another object in view, and has proved, more successfully than the advocates of English hexameters have ever done, the compatibility of unrhymed metre with the expression of English thought. He has carefully shunned all direct imitation of classic measures, and has created four or five new forms, which, in themselves, will amply repay careful study. At times, for a verse or two, he has indulged in clever alliteration, but the elasticity, adaptation, and expressiveness of his rhythm are often magical. He has given us a new sense of enjoyment. We hardly know which of these eight tales to admire the most. The delicious romance of the "The Secret Way;" the terrible satire and grim grotesque suggestiveness of "Death and Sisyphus;" the affluence of fancy, mystic sweetness, and far-reaching speculation of "The Oread's Son;" the magnificent conception of the Gaul in "The Wife of Miletus"—which like an unfinished sketch of Michael Angelo—looms strangely out of rough marble, as

"The grand destroyer went his way forlorn,  
Through glimmering darkness down barbarian forests;"

and the luxurious sweetness of "Cydippe and the Apple," have an almost equal fascination, while the remaining three well sustain the reputation of the author of *The Rise and Fall of Athens*, and *The Last Days of Pompeii*.—*British Quarterly*.

*Essays on the Supernatural Origin of Christianity, with special reference to the Theories of Rénan, Strauss, and the Tubingen Schools.* By Rev. GEORGE P. FISHER, M.A., Professor of Church History in Yale College. New-York: Scribner & Co. In this volume Professor Fisher has given proof of his familiarity with the speculations of modern Germany touching the origin of Christianity and the canon of the New Testament. The papers included in this publication are reprints from the periodical press of the United States; but they have been carefully revised, and they all bear on the one object. We know not where the student will find a more satisfactory guide in relation to the great questions which have grown up between the friends of the Christian revelation and the most able among its assailants within the memory of the present generation. The headings of the different chapters will convey the best idea as to the timely character of the discussions with which they are occupied. I. The Nature of the Conflict of Christian Faith with Skepticism and Unbelief. II. The Genuineness of the Fourth Gospel. III. Recent Discussions upon the Origin of the First Three Gospels. IV. Baur on Parties in the Apostolic Church, and the Character of the Book of Acts. V. Baur on Ebionism and the Origin of Catholic Christianity. VI. The Mythical Theory of Strauss. VII. Strauss's re-statement of his Theory. VIII. The Legendary Theory of Rénan. IX. The Critical and Theo-

logical Opinions of Theodore Parker. X. An Examination of Baur and Strauss on the Conversion of St. Paul. XI. The Nature and Function of the Christian Miracles. XII. The Testimony of Jesus concerning Himself. XIII. The Personality of God, in reply to the Positivist and the Pantheist. To all these topics the author has brought a fulness of learning, a masculine discernment, and a steady impartiality which we greatly admire. We could wish to see the volume republished in this country. It would be a treasure to many a theological student, and to many an intelligent layman, desirous of the kind of help that should bring him into an acquaintance with what these German Iconoclasts have been doing during the last thirty or forty years, and which should give him at once the bane and the antidote. Many a Christian man who feels that nothing which these Philistines can say would suffice to shake his faith, may, at the same time, wish to know what they have said, and how their equals in this field have met their utterances. To all such persons we commend Professor Fisher's volume with much confidence and earnestness.—*British Quarterly*.

*Poems, by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc.* Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. This neat little volume of the *Blue and Gold* series contains much genuine poetry. Many of these poems have appeared from time to time in *Chambers's Journal* and elsewhere, and are now collected by the gifted authoress, and, with many additional ones, given in this form to the public. All who have read and been charmed with her prose—and who has not?—will be anxious to possess these poems.

*The Atlantic Telegraph.* By W. H. RUSSELL, LL.D. Illustrated by ROBERT DUDLEY. London: Day & Son. 1865. The beautiful volume before us is a fitting record of the great labor which last year saw begin and terminate. It is the history of the voyage, written by Dr. W. H. Russell, and while it is instructive and interesting as a narrative, it is highly ornamental as a sketch book. Messrs. Day & Sons have reproduced Mr. Dudley's drawings in the best style of chromo-lithography, and altogether the book is one of which it would be hard to speak too favorably. Dr. Russell gives an account of the earlier efforts to unite the old and new continents, and shows us that the first submarine telegraph cable projected on the other side of the Atlantic was the scheme of an English engineer. The melancholy circumstances attending the rupture of the cable are conveyed as only Dr. Russell is capable of conveying them. Every little incident in connection with the great project is sketched with minuteness, and the reader's attention and sympathies are excited and engaged by this fascinating writer. Perhaps the most noteworthy portion of the work is that which refers to the probability of success attending the next effort to lay the cable. The cable of 1865, though capable of bearing a strain of seven tons, did not experience more than fourteen cwt. in being payed out into the deepest water of the Atlantic. Owing to the improvements introduced into the manufacture of gutta-percha, it insulated a hundred times better than cables

made in 1858, and still working. The improvements, too, effected since the beginning of 1851 in the conducting power of the copper wire, by selecting it, have increased the rate of signalling through long submarine cables by more than thirty-three per cent. Now, if a steam engine be attached to the paying-out machinery, so as to permit of hauling in the cable immediately a fault is discovered, and a slight modification made in the construction of the external sheath, the cause of the faults which have yet presented themselves will be entirely done away with, and even should a fault occur, it can be picked up before it has reached the bottom of the Atlantic. All these things should make us hopeful of the success of the effort which is soon about to be made, and for which the Great Eastern is undergoing the necessary alterations. "Remembering," says Dr. Russell, "all that has occurred—how well-grounded hopes were deceived, just expectations frustrated—there are still grounds for confidence, absolute as far as the nature of human affairs permits them in any calculation of future events to be, that the year 1866 will witness the consummation of the greatest work of civilized man; and the grandest exposition of the development of the faculties bestowed on him to overcome material difficulties. The last word transmitted through the old telegraph from Europe to America was 'Forward,' and 'Forward' is the motto of the enterprise still!"—*Popular Science Review*.

#### SCIENCE.

*Lakes with Two Outlets.*—Some time ago considerable discussion took place (arising out of Captain Speke's Nile discoveries) as to the possibility of lakes having more than one permanent outlet. Mr. Squier, the well-known traveller in Central America, thus wrote to *The Athenæum*: "Two years ago I travelled from Puno, the principal town in the great terrestrial basin of Lake Titicaca, to Cuzco, the Inca capital. In doing so I was obliged to pass the 'divide' between the Titicaca basin and the slope of the Amazon. The dividing point is the Pass of La Raya, in lat. 14° 30' S., long. 70° 50' W., and fourteen thousand five hundred feet above the sea, at the base of the great snowy mountain of Vilcanota. At this point, lapped in the very crest of the 'divide' is a small lake or tarn, the waters of which seem to well up amid masses of peaty and vibrating turf, looking clear but dark under the cold, steel-like sky of that inhospitable region. A few water-fowl ruffled the sinister waters of this inky tarn, around which were the ruins, perfectly traceable in plan, of a number of Inca *tambos*—retreats for travellers, such as Spanish civilization has failed to preserve, much less to provide. From this lake, only a few hundred feet across, two distinct streams were flowing: one southward, forming the source of the Rio Pucura, falling into the lake of Titicaca; and the other running northward, forming the source of the Rio Vilcanota, which under its successive names of Vilcamayo, Urubamba, and Ucayali, forms, probably, the true parent stream of the Amazon."—*Leisure Hour*.

*Meteorite Explosion.*—The Shreveport (La.)

*Southwestern* reports the following: "Two gentlemen, a few days ago, while riding along the road a short distance from this place, witnessed a curious occurrence during the daytime: A rain was coming up, preceded by a slight sprinkling, when at a short distance ahead they saw a large ball of fire descend slowly from the clouds and affix itself to the trunk of a tall dead pine, at the height of a few feet from the ground. Both called to each other simultaneously to notice the strange object, which, to use their own words, 'blazed up where it stood like a candle.' It so continued for a few seconds, when it suddenly exploded with a tremendous detonation, tearing the tree into a thousand splinters and setting fire to the portion of the stump that remained. A considerable area was filled with falling foliage, and fragments scattered in every direction. Immediately upon the explosion, a streak of fire was seen shooting off horizontally from the tree, following the surface of the ground, passing within fifty or sixty feet of them, and of the character of a stream of lightning, as often seen descending from the clouds when it strikes. The sight was terrific in the extreme. The air became strongly impregnated with a pungent, sulphurous odor."

*Statistics of Crime in France.*—A circumstance is mentioned by M. Moreau-Christophe, which, however strange it may appear, must be taken as established. In France, the courts of justice take cognizance, one year with another, of 207,500 crimes of every kind, and there is but an exceedingly slight variation in the numbers presented by any two years, either with reference to the gross total, or to that of either of the great divisions—crimes against property, and crimes against the person, or the sub-divisions: 175,600 attempts on property, and 31,900 against the person, are yearly made, and continue steadily at these figures, from year to year, with very slight deviations. Each class embraces 16 divisions, and the proportion of the accused to the entire population is between 1 to every 4000 and 1 to every 5000. To raise our wonder higher still, the returns of the annual murders remain at nearly the same figure every year, even of the instruments by which they are respectively achieved. There is a wonderful similarity in the other categories of crime, even in their predisposing causes and other circumstances, and the amount of money secured for the "Rogues' Budget" during every twelve months. Together with the fright and annoyance given to the honest and virtuous portion of the French people by knaves and villains, and the amount of property they extract from them, they cost the State twenty millions of francs per annum (say £800,000), for supporting them in confinement and bringing them to justice. The long and multitudinous array of State gamekeepers, custom-house officers, police commissaries, prefects of departments, mayors of communes, justices of the peace, magistrates, attorneys general, and particular, gaolers, sheriffs, etc., is so awful to contemplate that we turn our eyes from the bead-roll, wondering where *Jacques Bonhomme* can find a franc to buy bread, and wine, and garlic, for his family and himself, after providing for the maintenance of all these guardians of the lives and properties of the honest portion of the community, and being pillaged by beggars and

thieves to the tune of two hundred millions and upwards. Two hundred thousand offenders are annually put under lock and key in France, and, out of this number, fifty suffer the extreme penalty of the law. Many escape their deserved punishment by that ingredient in French criminal procedures known as "extenuating circumstances," by which juries can relax the deserved penalties. Our retired inspector finds great fault with this privilege, and shows the superior advantage of the English system, where the foreman merely recommends to mercy. For it would appear that in many cases those circumstances presented by the French juries as extenuating, often belong to the opposite or aggravating class. It will be felt before this that M. Christophe is not so lenient to the defects of his culprits as that paragon of cruel schoolmasters, poor Copperfield's *Mr. Creakle*, who reserved all his sympathies for the *Mr. Littimers* and *Uriah Heeps* of society. He takes it keenly to heart that the industrious and upright portion of the community should be plundered and taxed by an unprincipled, selfish, and unfeeling crew, whose only thought from dawn to dark is the procuring of comforts at the expense of their neighbors, the gratification of every sensual appetite, or fell revenge for some fancied wrong. The extent to which they are allowed to gratify their dearest wishes is exemplified by the case of a hoary-headed wretch, Fontaine by name, apprehended at the ripe age of 71. "One of the gendarmes employed in his arrest having thus reproved him: 'How could you, unhappy man, put yourself in the way, at your time of life, of spending the remainder of your days in prison?' 'Oh, not so unhappy as you think, my brave brigadier,' answered old Fontaine. 'I have robbed and stolen for sixty years, and never was caught till now.'"—*Dublin University Magazine*.

*The Poisonous Effects of Alcohol.*—Supporters of teetotalism will be pleased to peruse an essay on this subject by M. G. Pennetier, of Rouen. The memoir we refer to is a "Doctor's" thesis, and it treats especially of the condition known as alcoholism. The following are some of the author's conclusions: 1. Alcoholism is a special affection, like lead-poisoning. 2. The prolonged presence of alcohol in the stomach produces inflammation of the walls of this organ and other injurious lesions. 3. The gastritis produced by alcohol may be either acute or chronic, and may be complicated by ulcer or general or partial hypertrophy, or contraction of the opening of the stomach, or purulent submucous infiltration. 4. In certain cases of alcoholic gastritis, the tubular glands of the stomach become inflamed, and pour the pus, which they secrete, into the stomach or into the cellular tissue of this organ.

*Diamond Traders' Tricks.*—A very common mode of fraud, practiced on inexperienced persons in cut stones, is the "doublet" or "semi-stone." In this case the top of the stone is genuine, and the under part glass, joined together artistically with cement; sometimes, for instance, the top is sapphire and the under part a gem of less value, such as garnet. When set, these stones are very difficult to detect, and frequently deceive the most experienced. When the under part is of glass, however, the application of the

file to the under as well as the upper surface will, of course, at once show the imposition. Set stones which are set with a back are generally of pale color or small lustre, painted or set with colored foil to enhance their beauty. Sometimes, however, stones which are set open, or, to use the technical term, "azur," have the interior of the setting enamelled or painted, to throw a tint of color into the gem; or, in the case of the diamond, have the inside of the setting of polished silver, to correct a yellowish tinge. In all these cases, to be forewarned is to be forearmed, and a careful examination will prevent any one being deceived by these means. "Doublets" are frequently sold by the Cingalese at Colombo to Europeans, and to the passengers by the Peninsular and Oriental steamers; sometimes blue glass, cut into facets, and sent there from Birmingham and Paris, is palmed off for the real stones.—*Mr. Emanuel*.

*Anthropoidological.*—The following is a specimen of the conjectural materials which compose the so-called science of anthropology. It is extracted from *Lectures on Man*, by Dr. Carl Vogt; translated by Dr. James Hunt, and "published for the Anthropological Society." "Twenty years ago fossil monkeys were unknown; now we have nearly a dozen. Who can tell that we may not in a few years know fifty? A year ago no intermediate form between *Semnopithecus* and *Macacus* was known; now we possess a whole skeleton. Who can assert that in ten, twenty, or fifty years, we may not possess intermediate forms between man and ape?" Here is another extract: "If the Macaci in the Senegal, the baboons on the Gambia, and the gibbons in Borneo could become developed into Anthropoid apes, we cannot see why the American apes should not be capable of a similar development! If in different regions of the globe anthropoid apes may issue from different stocks, we cannot see why these different stocks should be denied the further development into the human type, and that only one stock should possess this privilege; in short, we cannot see why American races of man may not be derived from American apes, Negroes from African apes, or Negritos, perhaps, from Asiatic apes!" The "anthropologists" seem largely to direct their attention to proving the simian origin of man, and they might, therefore, be better distinguished as "anthropoid-ologists."

*Weed Seeds.*—In a pint of brand-clover Professor Buckman detected 39,449 weed seeds; in two prints of Dutch clover he found 25,560 and 70,400 respectively. When seeds are saved wholesale it is often very hard to keep all weeds out; there are so many things, for instance, which flower almost exactly like the turnip; but even 20,000 to the pint must be due to something more than carelessness. "Save your own seed, then, if you can," is the best advice to the farmer. It is troublesome, no doubt; but it must pay somebody to do it—why not you? You will have to pay less for hoeing the next year.—*The Scottish Farmer*.

*Petroleum as a Substitute for Coal.*—Some recent experiments with petroleum oil used for heating water, gave results from which it is estimated that petroleum had more than three times the



heating effect of an equal weight of coal. Mr. Richardson's experiments at Woolwich, however, gave an evaporation of 12.96 to 13.66 lbs. of water by one pound of American petroleum; 9.7 lbs. of petroleum being burnt per square foot of grate per hour. With shale oil the evaporation was 10 to 10½ lbs. of water per pound of fuel. The evaporative power of good coal may be taken, for comparison, at eight to eight and a half lbs. per pound of fuel. Taking into account the saving of freight due to the better quality of the fuel, and the saving of labor in stoking, it is possible that at some future time mineral oil may supersede coal in some of our ocean steamers.

*Frith of Forth Bridge.*—Parliamentary sanction has been obtained for a bridge over the Frith of Forth, of a magnitude which gives it great scientific interest. It is to form part of a connecting link between the North British and Edinburgh and Glasgow Railways. Its total length will be eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty-five feet, and it will be made up of the following spans, commencing from the south shore: First, fourteen openings of one hundred feet span, increasing in height from sixty-five to seventy-seven feet above high water mark; then six openings of one hundred and fifty feet span, varying from seventy-one feet to seventy-nine feet above high water level; and then six openings of one hundred and seventy-five feet span, of which the height above high water level varies from seventy-six to eighty-three feet. These are succeeded by fifteen openings of two hundred feet span, and height increasing from eighty feet to one hundred and five feet. Then come the four great openings of five hundred feet span, which are placed at a clear height of one hundred and twenty-five feet above high water spring tides. The height of the bridge then decreases, the large spans being followed by two openings of two hundred feet, varying in height from one hundred and five to one hundred feet above high water; then four spans of one hundred and seventy-five feet, decreasing from one hundred and two to ninety-six feet in height; then four openings of one hundred and fifty feet span, varying in height from ninety-five to ninety-one feet; and lastly, seven openings of one hundred feet span, ninety-seven to ninety-two feet in height. The piers occupy one thousand and five feet in aggregate width. The main girders are to be on the lattice principle, built on shore, floated to their position, and raised by hydraulic power. The total cost is estimated at £476,543.—*Engineering*, Jan. 5.

#### VARIETIES.

*Lord Macaulay.*—Lady Trevelyan, Lord Macaulay's only sister, has edited his works in eight volumes. The contents are thus arranged: Vols. I. to IV. History of England since the Accession of James the Second. Vols. V., VI. and VII. Critical and Historical Essays; Biographies; Reports and Notes on the Indian Penal Code, and Contributions to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*. Vol. VIII. Speeches; Lays of Ancient Rome; and Miscellaneous Poems. The last division of the work is completed by the insertion of the Cavalier's Song and the Poetical

Valentino to the Hon. Mary C. Stanhope, two pieces which were not included in the editions of Lord Macaulay's *Miscellaneous Writings*, published respectively in 1860 and 1865. In a short preface, Lady Trevelyan states that it has been thought right to include some portion of what he placed on record as a jurist in the East. The papers selected are the Introductory Report upon the Indian Penal Code, and the note appended to that code, in which most of its leading provisions were explained and defended. These papers were entirely written by Lord Macaulay, but the substance of them was the result of the joint deliberations of the Indian Law Commission, of which he was president. They are by no means merely of Indian interest, for while they were the commencement of a new system of law for India, they relate chiefly to general principles of jurisprudence, which are of universal application. In the fifth volume are three papers on James Mill, for writing which Macaulay offered an apology to the eminent historian of British India—perhaps the only public apology which he ever made in his life. Their repudiation by Macaulay himself, when collecting his *Edinburgh Review* articles, ought to have prevented their reproduction, it is generally thought, in any edition of his writings.—*American Literary Gazette*.

*Bad Light Literature.*—The prevailing tendency of literary men in these days is to be funny at any cost and under any circumstances. No matter how forced and false the fun is, it is welcomed by certain persons. Slang, puns, intricate sentences, profane swearing, are all pressed into the service by the writer of articles intended to tickle the crowd. The consequence is that the writing with which the unthinking are gratified produces disgust in the minds of the educated.—*The Reader*.

*Mr. Huggins, F.R.S.*, who has rendered good service to astronomy by his spectrum analysis of stars and nebulae, has added somewhat to our knowledge of the constitution of comets. In the course of last month, he got an observation of Comet I, 1866 and found the nucleus to be in the condition of ignited gas, shining by its own light; but the coma, or tail, having no light of its own, shines by reflected light, in the same way as clouds do in our own atmosphere. This is an interesting branch of cosmical science, and when next a brilliant comet appears in our sky, the opportunity will be seized for a series of observations.

*Cheap Newspapers.*—There is published in Switzerland a weekly paper called the *Telegraph*, which contains the ordinary amount of general and literary matter published in an ordinary London hebdomadal (eight pages, the size of the *Times*), which is sold for one franc a year, or not quite half a cent per number.

*Agnes Strickland.*—This historian of the Queens of England and Scotland has just completed, in one volume, "Lives of the Seven Bishops who were committed to the Tower in 1688, enriched and illustrated by most interesting personal letters, now first published from the Bodleian Library."

*Tourists in America.*—Sir Morton Peto, M. P., has published the results of his tour in the United States last autumn, as *The Resources and Prospects of America*, ascertained during a Visit to the

*States in the Autumn of 1865*, which gives a highly favorable view of our condition and prospects. Mr. W. H. Bullock, a young Oxonian, "with keen eyes, good spirits, and plenty of animal daring," made a rapid tour through Mexico in the winter of 1864 and the spring of 1865, and has thrown his experience into a volume entitled *Across Mexico in 1864-5*. His verdict, from what he saw and heard, was that the French had made everything worse than they found it. He describes the French soldiers as little better than thieves and assassins.

*Tennyson Illustrated by Doré*.—It is stated that Gustave Doré has finished a series of thirty illustrations of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, which he was commissioned to execute by a London publisher. As Doré does not know the English language, Tennyson's blank verse was translated into French prose, and on this somewhat subdued text Doré had to work.

*Ireland's Shakespeare Forgeries*.—There was to have been sold in London on the 7th ult. William H. Ireland's own Collections relative to the Shakespeare forgeries with the *Confessions* in his own handwriting. It may be remembered that Ireland pretended to have discovered numerous manuscripts by Shakespeare, including two entire plays, called *Vortigern* and *Henry II.*; that Dr. Parr and other litterateurs fully believed in the authenticity of these papers; that *Vortigern*, purchased by Sheridan, was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1796, where it failed, with John Kemble in the leading part; that the two plays were published in 1799; and that Ireland's *Confessions* which appeared in 1805, revealed the history and mystery of the whole elaborate and specious forgery. Ireland died in 1835, and the manuscript of his *Confessions* must be of no small interest to Shakespearian scholars. It is singular that in the "Shakespeare" documents manufactured and produced by Ireland, the signatures of the poet, of Lord Southampton, and of Queen Elizabeth were curiously unlike any of the originals, of which numerous fac-similes had been published.

*Marie Antoinette's Letters*.—Last year a number of letters were published, said to have been written by the unfortunate wife of Louis XVI. Reference having been made to Louis Blanc, as to their authenticity, he has written: "No sooner did I glance over them than it struck me how little, in many respects, they were in accordance with the idea I had been led to form of Marie Antoinette, by a patient and strict investigation of all the facts referring to the part she played during the French Revolution. I was not, therefore, surprised at the authenticity of those letters being called in question; and I feel bound to say that, after having paid due attention to the controversy to which they have given rise, I am most decidedly under the impression that they are not genuine." These letters were purchased for 80,000 francs, from M. Feuillet de Conches, Imperial Master of the Ceremonies in Paris, by Count Vogt von Honolston, who believed, of course, in their authenticity. It is now imputed to M. Feuillet that he was concerned in the production of seventeen letters from Racine, lately sold at auction and since proven to have been fac-similes of an equal

number in the Imperial Library, which he (M. F.) had retained in his possession for nearly two years.—*American Literary Gazette*.

*Noble Authors*.—Among the recent English announcements is the *Memoirs and Correspondence of Field-Marshal Viscount Combermere*, who died last year in his ninety-third year, after over sixty-four years of military service, and was supposed to have been the oldest soldier in the world. This biography is written by his widow (an accomplished Irish lady, daughter of Dr. T. Gibbins, of Cork), and Captain W. W. Knollys. Viscountess Enfield has just published *The Dayrells: a Domestic Story*, which is critically commended as "pure and honest in intention, and full of good morals for young people of a marriageable age." And Lord De Ros has nearly completed *Memorials of the Tower of London*, a subject hitherto much neglected, not having been treated with any degree of fulness in Mr. Brayley's pretentious *History of the Tower*, though agreeably in several of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth historical romances.—*American Literary Gazette*.

*Isa Craig*.—This lady, born in Edinburgh in 1830, won the first prize for her Ode recited at the Burns Centenary Festival in 1859, there being 620 competitors. In 1856, Mr. Blackwood, of Edinburgh, published for her a volume entitled *Poems, by Isa*. When Mr. Hastings organized the National Social Science Association, he secured Miss Craig's help as assistant secretary. She has resigned that office on the occasion of her marriage, and the members of the Association have presented her with a silver tea-service and salver, suitably inscribed.—*American Literary Gazette*.

*The Lottery of Battle*.—A Paris paper notices the fact that, notwithstanding the invention of rifled guns, the disproportion of killed and wounded in battle remains about the same as ever, justifying the statement made in the time of Marshal Saxe, that each man killed in battle represented a quantity of bullets equal to his own weight. At Solferino, for example, the Austrians fired 8,400,000 musket shots, while the number of killed among the French was but 2000, and of the wounded 10,000. Thus one man was hit for every 700 shots, and one killed for every 4200.

*Army Officers*.—Besides Benedek and Gari-baldi, the generals who are assigned to commands in the different armies are experienced and famous. The Austrians have Marshal de Hesse, who is seventy-three years old, and whose career dates from the battle of Wagram; Prince Schwartzenberg, seventy-two years old, who commanded Austrian cavalry in Italy in 1848, and was at Magenta and Solferino in 1859; and Count Clam-Gallas, who has been in active command since 1848. Marshal Benedek is fifty-eight years old, and since the death of Radetzky has been regarded as the first warrior of Austria. While a colonel, in 1848, he fought in the campaign against the Piedmontese. In 1859 he commanded the Eighth corps at San Martino.

Rossini has written to the Pope, praying him to remove the interdiction which prevents the employment of female voices in most of the churches in Italy.





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